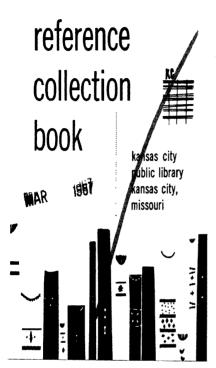
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Va. Robertson

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OLLEGE presidents are asking for men who can teach students to speak. Superintendents of city schools are looking for teachers of reading. The demand is much greater than the supply. Of a certain kind of teachers there are more than can

find positions. These are the teachers who think that to commit a selection and recite it with beautiful gestures and with an exhibition of voice training is to interpret literature. School men are suspicious of what they call elocution. They don't want it. If they "Elocution" know it they will not engage an elocutionist. One high school principal illustrated the difference in this way, "If you call a dog and he comes to you, that is talk: if he runs from you, that is elocution."

Schools and colleges that have teachers of "elocution" are trying to get rid of them. The tendency of the time is toward debate. This is because of the excellent training which debate gives, but quite as much a protest against the over-elaborate, sophomoric oratory, and against the unnatural elocution. There is also a growing protest against the severely analytical, the philogical methods of teaching literature. The demand of the time is for teachers who can help students to interpret literature, who can make students comprehend the emotions as well as the thought for which words are but symbols.

Changes in the educational world come slowly, almost imperceptible, but it is not difficult to perceive the changed attitude toward the teaching of reading in schools and colleges. Some leading school men have said that reading is the worst taught subject in the public schools. This admission is significant. It not only means that reading is poorly taught, but that other branches do not accomplish what may be reasonably expected of them in the development of the child.

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Changes
Coming

As a prominent educator in North Carolina said, "There is too much grammar taught, and too much of the wrong kind of geography." He illustrated his point by deprecating the drills in the apothecaries' tables, and frequent reviews of a list of all the promontories on the eastern coast of America. "Think of the folly," he said, "of drilling a child of twelve to repeat the capital of Afghanistan." What a waste of time, when the child with the same effort might be brought to comprehend great thoughts and emotions which would develop character.

The reading lesson must be something more than calling the words correctly. The lesson in literature must be something more than the facts in the life of the author, even something more than the origin of the words read, and a knowledge of their different meanings in other centuries. As Professor Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, said of his courses in literature, "My test of a student's fitness to pass is whether or not they cry in the right place." And as Professor Hill, of the State College of North Carolina, adds, "and if they laugh in the right place."

Great insistency has been put upon the importance of discipline in education. One of the objects of school training is mental discipline, but we have gone too far in that direction. The end of education is character. Information and wisdom are essentials in education, but imagination and sympathy are even more essential. These are much more difficult to teach. The best subjects for developing them in the child is the reading lesson, by which I mean not the calling of words, but the sympathetic comprehension and the sympathetic expression of what is written.

The age is commercial. Men want their children to be educated so that they may succeed. Backed by their parents and encouraged by their teachers children insist on bread-and-butter studies,—just those studies that they can use in getting on in their calling. Many such studies should be given. But there is something more in education than that. Taste is as necessary as skill. Sympathy and imagination are even more important than wisdom and information. As

Bliss Carmen says: "An education which does not quicken the conscience, and stimulate and refine all our senses and instincts, along with the growing reason must still remain a faulty process."

We will not agree as to how far our nation has become purely commercial, but we must all agree that more attention is given to wealth and the mere comforts of life than to the needs of our spiritual lives.

"One cannot but recognize the shameless materialism of the age, its brutal selfishness, ignoble avarice, and utter disregard of all the generous ideals of the spirit. We have gained the whole world, but in doing it we have lost our own soul," to quote again from Bliss Carmen.

What are we to do about it? The business of literature is to minister to this condition. If poetry, the highest form of literature, is interpreted to the child, if the child, and the young man are taught to interpret poetry, the next generation must care less for material and more for spiritual things. As Shelly says, "Poetry is a record of the best thoughts and happiest moments of the best and happiest men." A man who has loved poetry in his youth is likely when he grows up to hold some such idealistic views of life as will prevent his entire devotion to money, or mere success in any line of endeavor. Consequently he may not succeed as some of his fellows in adding acres and a fat bank account to his store of goods, but he should add a great deal of character because of his love of the ideal. How can he help it, when he has been associating with the best and happiest men at their best and happiest moments?

How are we to secure these results in our schools? Give the children a teacher who can read well, and they will learn to love poetry. Reading can't be taught by precept. No child ever learned to love poetry by being told to love it. Let the teacher learn to read sympathetically, learn to interpret the literature, there will be no trouble then in getting the children to read well. The teacher who excels in arithmetic, grammar, or history, and who is fond of these subjects always has classes who are fond of them. The

children do not read well because they do not hear

good reading.

A common excuse which teachers make is that they must not read for pupils because they will come to be But the same teachers set a copy for the imitators. writing lesson. The beginner in any-Imitation thing must have his copy: he must imi-Poe imitated Coleridge: Stevenson confesses that he imitated a dozen masters of style. Longfellow's early poems were modelled after Bryant's: Kinling's early tales show plainly the influence of Bret Harte: Harte was affected by Dickens: Dickens says his early sketches were imitations of Smollet: Smollet in a preface avows he followed the style of Le Sage. Yet in maturity all these were unlike. Let the child imitate. Give him a good copy, and let him have it constantly before him. Read well to the child and he will learn to read well.

Foreign Lands

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

UP INTO the cherry tree Who should climb but little me? I held the trunk with both my hands And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie, Adorned with flowers before my eye, And many pleasant places more That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass And be the sky's blue looking-glass, The dusty roads go up and down With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree Farther and farther I should see, To where the grown-up river slips Into the sea, among the ships,

The Speaker

To where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairy land, Where all the children dine at five, And all playthings come alive.



Mr. Dooley on Lawyers

BY PETER F. DUNNE.



YE raymimber Grogan? He was me lawyer in thim days. Whin I had wrongs that I didn't propose to have trampled on, I took thim to Grogan an' Grogan presinted thim to th' coort. Dear me, but 'twas a threet to see an' hear him. He'd

been a pedlar in his youth an' ye cud hear his voice as far as th' Indyanny State line. Whin he talked to th' judge ye'd think he was hollerin' insthructions to a ship-wrecked sailor against th' wind. I can see him now as he knelt on th' flure an' called Heaven to witness th' justice iv his cause, or stalked acrost th' room to where me opponent sat an' hissed in his ear, 'Polthroon.' Whin he spoke iv th' other lawyer as 'me larned brother' he done it in such a way that ye expected th' other lawyer to reach f'r a gun.

"An' it wasn't all talkin' ayether. Twas th' hardest kind iv exercise. His arms were always in motion. He wud bate th' table with his fist till th' coort house thrembled. He wud shake his head till ye'd think he'd shake it off. If he was th' lawyer in a case of assault an' batthry he'd punch himself in th' jaw an' fall over a chair to show th' jury how it happened. If 'twas a murdher thrile he'd pretind to shoot himself through th' heart an' sink to th' ground dead with his head in a waste-paper basket an' his foot in a juryman's lap. If 'twas a breach iv promise suit he'd kneel on th' flure in front iv a juryman that looked soft an' beg him to be his. There was no kind iv acrobat that ye iver see in a circus that cud give annything to Grogan. An' whin' he'd filled th' air with beautiful language an' baten th' coort room furniture

into slivers, he'd sink down in his chair overcome be his emotions, with th' tears pourin' fr'm his eyes, an' give ye th' wink fr'm behind his han'kerchief.

"He was th' gr'reat man, an' whin th' likes iv him were alive 'twas some fun goin' to law. But now, mind ye, if ye consult a lawyer he receives ye in his office, looks out iv th' window while ye'er tellin' the' story iv th' crool wrong done ye be ye'er neighbor, taps his nose with his eyeglasses an' says: 'Ye have a perfectly good case. I advise ye to do nawthin'. Ninety-four dollars, please. Oh, if ye insist on thryin' th' case, I'll sind the office boy over with ye. He always riprisints th' firm in coort.

"'What wud I be doin' in a smelly coort room, talkin' up to a man that was me chief clerk last year?' says he. 'No, sir, th' law is a diff'rent profissyon fr'm what it was whin Dan'l Webster an' Rufus Choate an' thim gas bags used to make a mighty poor livin' be shoutin' at judges that made less. Th' law to-day is not only a profissyon. It's a business. I made a bigger honoraryum last year consolidatin' th' glue inthrests that aftherwards wint into th' hands iv a receiver, which is me, thin Dan'l Webster iver thought was in th' goold mines iv th' wurruld. I can't promise to take a case f'r ye an' hoot me reasons f'r thinkin' ye'er right into th' ears iv a larned judge. I'm a poor speaker. But if iver ye want to do something that ye think ye oughtn't to do, come around to me an' I'll show ye how to do it,'" says he.

The Speaker

Zetto, the Story of a Life

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

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O you want a guide, Signore?"

"What is your name?" I asked. "Zetto, Signore, at your service."

I stopped to look at him, curiously. This was no ordinary guide, such as one might see at any time in Rome, but a boy

of the streets clearly; and therefore dirty and disreputable, but with a face that might have descended straight from Ceurtius.

"Listen, Zetto, I don't want a guide, but I do want somebody to talk Italian with, when I am inclined. I'll give you a franc and a dinner of macaroni to stay with me the rest of the afternoon. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, Signore, it is a bargain."

That was the beginning of our acquaintance. Afterwards we went out several times together and I found him useful, though I could never depend upon Gradually I grew to like the boy, and became thoroughly interested in him. I was kind to him, and he seemed to like me after a time.

Late one afternoon I was on my way home from beyond the Tiber, when I stopped at the historic island to "nose" round a minute for anything of interest. Zetto appeared suddenly, surprising me not a little; for I had seen him with some companions miles away earlier in the afternoon. They had all dodged into an alley before I could speak with him. He was unusually quiet that afternoon, I remember. Generally he was bright and chatty.

On the bank of the river I stopped suddenly.

"By the way, Zetto, the old Romans made bulwarks all around that island to protect themselves from the floods. Have you seen a bit of smooth wall there?"

Zetto thought a moment; then he glanced past me and his face lightened.

"I don't know, Signore, but there are two gentlemen yonder. Perhaps they live here and can tell us."

I approached and asked the same question. They sprang from the wall, hats in hand, all politeness on the instant. A rapid conversation ensued. They drew close about me, offering their service, pointing out where I could find the thing I wanted. With Zetto they were apparently perfect strangers. Even yet I can only admire the artistic way in which the thing was done.

Fifty feet away a curious conviction struck me without any warning whatever. "Those beggars have picked my pockets," I said to myself suddenly. I slipped my hand into an inside coat pocket where I kept my money. It was gone!

Like a flash the thought came, "If I turn suddenly they will know I have missed things."

I took out my note-book and began to write, turning gradually as if for more light. They were moving off slowly. I wrote on. They moved further and further away, looking back at me slyly. When they thought I had forgotten them, they turned and walked rapidly, their three heads close together, examining the booty. Then I made a dash, running swiftly on my toes.

I was almost upon them when Zetto turned. I heard a name yelled, probably a rendezvous, then they vanished into three different alleys among hundreds of poor people coming from work. One might as well have chased three cats in an alley with hope of catching them.

I went home slowly, half humorous, half sad. The loss was trifling, but Zetto!

That night was wild and stormy until ten, when the clouds broke and the moon came out. The desire swept over me to see the Colosseum by moonlight, and alone.

At eleven I was there, on a broken column, drinking in the wonder of it. By daylight the ruin is stupendous, impressive beyond words; by night it is mar-

vellous, wonderful. And I see it alone at last, flooded by moonlight. Its vastness overpowers me.

Before me stretch the sands on which so many thousands have poured out their lives; gladiators in the fierce lust of blood; captives in the fiercer lust for freedom; Christian martyrs, women, little children, with the charging roar of lions in their ears. I see them marching, their faces lifted, an endless throng. Over all hangs the moon, clear, still, impassive—that saw it all.

The place is full of creeping shadows. Down in the dens there, under that broken arch, is a tiger, the moonlight striping his skin with dark bands. Out there lies a broken pillar, like a man dying, his knees drawn up. A cricket chirps, the cue owls cry; a roosting crow croaks in his sleep. The sounds are magnified in the intense stillness of the great tunneled corridors. I hear the beasts growling in their dens. How many good men and women, whose only crime was their belief in God, have heard that same hungry, awful growling beneath their feet, here in this very spot, and shuddered in horror!

Up there where the seats were, are shadows too. I shall go up presently. Now I like to sit here alone, filling the place with life again. See how the poplar tops outside take strange shapes through the open arches! There is one over the Podium, swaying back and forth, with an Emperor's crown. He is sated with flattery for his entertainment, sleepy with the sight of blood. And there are two others in the second tier, grasping at a captive who is trying to escape. It is far away; but there is a murmur, as of wind in the poplars. Look! The two sway more violently. Something flashes—my God!

I sprang to my feet, hurling off the illusions. That was no cricket, but a human shriek that came ringing along the dark corridors. Another! I gripped my heavy stick and dashed across the arena.

There was a scurry of feet in the dark as I reached the steep incline that led up to the second tier over a great arch still unbroken. Somehow I scrambled up. It was inky black in the crumbling tunnel. A groan above guided me. I groped till a beam of moonlight shot in through the broken vault overhead. Then I leaped out to the tier of seats—and found him at my feet.

"Poor Zetto! What is it? Where are you hurt?" There was no need to ask.

He turned at the voice, his hands grasping his side. "Is it you, Padrone? Help, take me away! No, no, too late!"

The effort exhausted him, and he fell back. I was over him, on the instant, doing what I could. His head turned again. He looked up at me wondering, half doubting.

"You are good, Padrone, but it's no use. Listen—" He caught his breath sharply. "I have only a minute. I have seen a man this way before. We followed you all the afternoon to rob and murder you if we got you in a lonely place. I'm glad we didn't. It might have hurt. We picked your pockets instead. There were seventeen francs, and we couldn't divide it even. We quarrelled. Can you forgive, Padrone?"

"O Zetto! don't talk. I'll have it bound in a minute. There, let me carry you."

But at the first movement there was a cry of pain.

"No, no; let me be easy, so! It won't be long. Listen! I've been dishonest mostly, and it doesn't pay—it doesn't pay ever—but this is the meanest thing I ever did; because you were kind, and sometimes fed me when I was hungry. I'm sorry now; but it's too late. Can you forgive, Padrone?"

There was a pleading, a softness that I had never heard before from Zetto. It was dark where I knelt and his eyes were dim. He put up his two hands and took my face between them, feeling it as a child does. Something fell on his cheek. He pulled my face down closer, closer. A ray of light fell across it.

"What; tears, Padrone? For me?" The hands tightened their clutch convulsively. "Nobody ever did that for me before. I'm glad to see them though; for you do forgive, and I know it. Is, is it true, Padrone, what the priests say? I mean about another pardon—over there?"

"It is true, Zetto."

Tighter and tighter grew the clasp of his hands. His voice was a whisper when he spoke again.

"Closer, Padrone! Nobody ever cared for me before. Closer, till I see your face! There, I can see. I—believe—it—now.

There are insects whose whole life consists of a single moment in the sun. It was so with Zetto. In one moment he had learned all of life, love and God. And when that moment had passed he was dead—with his lips upon my feet.

Billings of '49

BY EDWIN BALMER.

[Arranged by Margaret Slifer Lancaster. Copyright 1906 by The American Magazine. Reprinted by special permission.]



T was Commencement day at Harvard. On the campus were assembled many old graduates. The band struck up: "Hail, hail! Harvard's here—Harvard's here!" and as the chorus died away, from the ancient buildings all about were seen the

numerals, standards of the different classes. "99 Reunion" and "92. This way!" "The class of '85," "73 Here," and "Here '67," and so on down to the last but dearest of all, plain "'51."

Up in one of the large buildings which overlooked the best of the old yard, were congregated the Juniors. They had in their midst an old graduate whose room had at one time been between these same walls.

Young Stafford and Burton drew very close to him on either side as they sat in the window and looked down upon the crowd.

Suddenly Burton turned to the old alumnus and said: "You—you didn't find the name you were looking for this afternoon?"

"No!-No, I didn't, (he answered absently). How

did you know I was thinking about that? Do they

teach you now-"

"Mind reading? No; not yet. We don't need quite that you see, to be able to make out a vet—a Confederate veteran, but I was watching you go over those names, and you didn't seem to find the one you were looking for. And then just now I was watching you—"

The old man sat smiling. "All right. I see, and I was thinking about that just then." He pushed the white hair away from his forehead and leaned further back a little confusedly. "I'm old, you see, and always thinking about that sort of thing when I

shouldn't. But I won't here!" .

"Why shouldn't you think about it—here with us? Was he your classmate?—the one you were looking for?"

"No."

"Oh! But you knew him here?"

"No. I didn't know him here. I only-I only-I shot him."

"Oh! In battle."

"No, not in battle, (slowly at first) young man, you—you reckoned rightly a moment ago, that I was a Confederate. I'm from near Baton Rouge. There were mighty few others from thereabouts in Harvard when I came up in '45, and, of course, when I went back for the last time in '49, Harvard men were correspondingly scarce down there. It was twelve years before—before they came. They marched out of the yard, you remember, when Lincoln first called for volunteers; graduates, seniors, juniors, sophomores, even freshmen came. And we from the South marched up to meet them.

"It was April, '62; I had a company under Albert Sidney Johnston at Pittsburg Landing—Shiloh you call it, I believe. The first day, April 6th, was ours. It was a surprise. We went at them at sun-up and struck them in their camp. At the extreme right, where I was stationed, it was company to company. I had sixty and though the company opposite didn't have more than forty and only one young officer left, they squatted right where they were in the grass and

held us back. The young fellow bossing them kept walking up and down behind his line and somehow, no matter how we gave it to them, none of his men seemed to care to back across the path. Then another Louisiana company came up; one of their sharp-shooters got him—the officer; his Yankees broke and we moved away at once to support our centre. I mean my men did. I had a minie ball in my hip and a little piece of shell had taken part of the calf of my other leg. The wounds hurt, of course, and the loss of blood made me pretty weak; but as it was night then, I knew they'd be out searching for us before long.

"I'd been halfway between the line on the charge just after the Yankees broke, and as there weren't many lying near me, the first hospital patrols missed me. I'd about given them up till morning—it must have been midnight then—when I heard a movement in front of me. It was right quiet there, so though the voice was weak, it was distinct.

"Hello! If you're alive and care to spare something to drink, throw your can this way, will you? I've got about as far as I can."

"Now at night, when the wounded are on the field, it matters about as much which side you're on, as whether you're Presbyterian or Baptist; so, without asking I called back, 'Catch,' and heard the other fellow scramble after my canteen.

"Say," he wound up his thanks, "Whoever you are, you're all right. Reb. or Union?"

"Confederate."

"Call it your own way. I'm Union. I'll see if I can come a little closer if you won't talk politics. It's mainly one arm and one leg out of commission for me; but, fortunately, as they're both on the same side, maybe I can make it by sticking to the good half."

He managed to crawl on his good side till he got about twenty feet away and then he had to give it up. We could talk pretty comfortably at that distance, however.

"Confed, every now and then there's a familiar sort of adulteration in that Southern tone of yours. Most of the time you 'reckon,' but you've 'guessed' at least twice in the hour. So I guess that you've been north of Louisiana more than once."

"Guessed or reckoned right. I went to college North."

"Where?"

"Harvard. I told him and could see him making some sort of an effort with his body; but it was no use.

"Shake, that is, just imagine you're shaking hands with me. I can't get any nearer; but I'm from Harvard, too. Willoughby's my name. Would be through next year. '63 was my class. I knew something was bringing me here in the right direction."

I remember I moved my hand toward him the way he was doing to me. It seems funny now, but it was serious enough and somehow helped a lot just then.

"I'm Billings of '49."

We began talking and as we lay there, in spite of our wounds, it seemed but a short time till three o'clock—Willoughby had a watch. Just then I heard a man walking our way. Hoping it might be a hospital patrol I called out to him and in a moment the fellow—he was dressed in blue—bent over me.

"Shut up," he said, sort of half frightened. "Who are you?"

A little more light came from between the clouds then, and before I could answer he went on. "Oh. it's you, Billings. Why can't you keep quiet? Johnston's been shot and Beauregard has sent me to find out just what is left of the Yanks and what they're going to do. Sorry I can't send you in; but you'll appreciate my position just now. But I'll see what I can do for you in an hour—if they don't catch and hang me meanwhile. We were at the extreme right, you remember; and as that was where the Federal position came nearest to ours," he moved quickly away without giving me a chance to say anything. He seemed not to have noticed the Union officer, Willoughby, who likewise hadn't said anything.

"Billings," Willoughby said to me after a moment, "I think I ought to tell you something. Just now you

and I were just two Harvard men together; and if we weren't anyway there'd be no call for just you and me to fight this war between us here in the dark. But—but—I'm sorry, Billings, but when that spy of yours comes back, I'm a Unionist and you're a Confederate and he's a Confederate spy. Do you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"Why, I mean I can't let that spy of yours get back to your lines—if I can help it. He might find out something by which our army could be wiped out. I've one good hand yet, and my revolver. So when he comes back, I'm going to warn him and you—I can't murder even a spy—and then I'm going to shoot. Do you understand, Billings?"

I don't remember what I said at first, but it wasn't long, I remember, before I lost my temper. I remember anyway, that I made it clear that, even if our man was a spy, I couldn't see him shot, and that if he was going to be so nasty and particular about his duty. I should have to be, too. I believe I tried to make him agree to 'pair off' as they do in Congress and Parliament, by not taking sides about the matter, if I But he said that he would keep that spy wouldn't. from getting back to Beauregard, and at the end of the hour we were just where we started-except that I was angrier every minute and he was cooler. Yet no matter how angry I got, I couldn't help but admire the nerve of the man with only one good hand and wounded in other places so he couldn't move, yet warning me he was going to fight us both if he had to.

We had said about all there was to be said, and had waited about ten minutes more in an awful still strained silence, when Willoughby seemed to make out our man coming from the Union lines.

"Billings, and you spy there, I give you fair warn-

ing! I'm going to shoot!"

I waited a minute and I thought that, at the last, he wasn't going to do it, when his revolver rang out. The bullet was so close that at first I forgot that he wasn't shooting at me, but over my head at the other man. He ignored me entirely, even when I covered him with my gun and told him to throw down his pistol. He must have known from the way I spoke

and from what had been said before that I meant to back that, too, but he only laughed queerly and prepared to shoot again. I couldn't—I couldn't let him do it, for in spite of the warning the other man didn't seem to realize what was happening; and he was so near that it would have been murder if I had let Willoughby fire again. But, boys, I reckon—I reckon it was murder, anyhow, but I know—I have tried to be sure that I only shot to knock the gun from his hand. He paused and sank back in the deep cushions of the big chair, but the boys eagerly enquired:

"And—and is that all?"

"Yes—all, except that the third man was not the spy. He was a Union ambulance doctor, and went to Willoughby first. But Willoughby made him come to me. He said he was done for and that I—they carried me away. I never saw him again or even knew where he was buried."

Just then the band started the firm notes of "Fair Harvard." From the oldest white-haired grandfather to the youngest little brother in the great quadrangle, they rose to their feet and removed their hats.

"Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilees throng, And with blessings surrender thee o'er"—

They sang all the verses and after it was finished, while they still stood together, somebody suggested another last cheer for the oldest class. Over on Holworthy hung the '51; and seeing that first, the crowd cheered it again and again. When the song had begun the old graduate and young Stafford had joined Burton standing at the window of Hollis, but Burton suddenly left them. He worked at his desk for a moment and quickly returned with a big cardboard with black numerals hastily cut and pasted upon it. Opening the window he waved it to and fro before he fastened it.

"Forty-nine!" some one in the yard called. "Look at Hollis," he cried. "Forty-nine, by George! they have a man of ''49' up there!" And the great crowd took up the cry, following the leader as he swung his sign:

"Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! Rah! rah! rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Forty-nine! Forty-nine!"

On the far edge of the crowd was a commotion, and a tall man with one arm was pushing his way forward. He was still quite a distance from the window where showed the "'49" sign, but he stopped and looked up. "Hello! Have you a man of the class of '49 up there? Who is he?"

Billings leaned far out of the window, but Burton answered for him. "Yes, we have a man of '49 up here. It's Billings—Billings of '49. Are you of his class?"

They stared down at the man in the yard, but he seemed paralyzed and unable to move. Finally, however, with an effort he raised his voice, and his tone though hoarse and indistinct, yet came full of happiness and joy.

"My God! Billings? Billings, you say? No, no! I'm not of his class. I'm not '49. But tell him I'm Willoughby, I'm Willoughby of '63!"

A Hymn

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.



Dick's Pleasant Dream

BY BIDE DUDLEY.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

I HAD a dream the other night.

I wisht it would come true.

I'd git revenge fer lots of things;

That there's jist what I'd do.

I dreamed I got to be a king,

An' say—the things I did

Wus so derned fine it broke my heart

To wake up jist a kid.

I dreamed I set there on my throne,
All dressed in garments glad,
When in there came a dook an' prince,
An' with 'em wus my dad.
"Ah, ha!" I says. "I got you now.
Look here, old boy!" says I.
"You made yer son work, didn't you?
Jail fer you till you die!"

My mother wus the next one in.

She says, "Hello, my son!"

Says I, "Jist call me 'Majesty.'"

Then I sure had some fun.

"You spanked me, Mrs. Smith," says I;

"You recollect it well."

An' then I had her spanked six times.

She left there with a yell.

Then next my sister happened in.

I had her grabbed right quick.

"I'm glad yer here," I says to her.

"Bow down; this here's King Dick.

You slapped me one day, didn't you?"

An' then, in spite of tears,

I had a lord er some big guy

Jist box my sister's ears.

My sister's beau got in somehow, An', my! but I wus glad. "Don't smile, old boy," I says to him; "It's time you got real sad. You called me worthless—recollect? Well, things has changed a bit:" An' then I had 'em kick him out. Gee! how that feller fit!

Well, I wus 'bout to fine Bill Link, The kid who stoled my girl, When some guy chanced to drop his sword,— I think it wus a earl,— It woke me up, an', dern it all! bed but the I found it wusn't real. Gee whiz! I'm disappointed bad: You don't know how I feel.

The Going of the White Swa

BY GILBERT PARKER.

[Arranged by Katherine L. Mereness. Copyright 1892 by Gilbert Parker. From "Pierre and His People.

HY don't she come back, father?"

The man shook his head, his hand fumbled with the wolf-skin robe covering the child, and he made no reply.

"She'd come back if she knew I was

hurted, wouldn't she?"

The father nodded, and then the big body shivered a little and the uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe. He felt the little heap tenderly, but the child winced.

"S-sh, but that hurts! This wolf-skin's most too

much on me, isn't it, father?"

The man softly, yet awkwardly too, lifted the robe. folded it back, and slowly uncovered the knee. The leg was worn away almost to skin and bone, but the knee itself was swollen with inflammation. He bathed

it with some water, mixed with vinegar and herbs, then drew down the deer-skin shirt at the child's shoulder, and the same with it. Both shoulder and knee bore the marks of teeth—where a huge wild-cat had made havoc—and the body had long red scratches.

The place was a low hut. Bare of the usual comforts as the room was, it had a sort of a refinement, joined to an inexpressible loneliness; you could scarce have told how or why. They sat there for a long time, not speaking, each busy in his own way. At last the boy lay back on the pillow, his eyes closed, and he seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered: "I haven't said my prayers, have I?"

The father shook his head in a sort of rude confusion.

"I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I?"
"Of course, Dominique."

Making the sign of the cross, he lay back, and said: "I'll go to sleep now, I guess."

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale, shining face, and the longer he sat, the deeper did his misery sink into his soul. His wife had gone he knew not where, his child was wasting to death, and he had for his sorrows no inner consolation.

When she fled from their hut one bitter day, as he roared some wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken from threatened death by wild beasts (of this he did not know), and his violence drove her mad. She ran out of the house, and on—and on—and on—and she had never come back. That was weeks ago, and there had been no word nor sign of her since.

Hours passed. All at once, without any other motion or gesture, the boy's eyes opened wide with a strange intense look.

"Father," he said slowly, and in a kind of dream, "I saw a white swan fly through the door over your shoulder when you came in to-night."

"No, no, Dominique, it was the flurry of the snow blowing over my shoulder."

"But it looked at me with two shining eyes."

"That was two stars shining through the door, my son."

The man's voice was anxious and unconvincing, his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. The legend of the White Swan had to do with the passing of the human soul. The Swan had come in—would it go out alone? He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse—it ran high; he watched the face—it had a glowing light, he got to his feet, and, with a sudden blind humility, lit two candles, placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. After a moment, standing with his eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said, in a shaking voice:

"Pardon, good Jesus, save my child and leave me not alone!"

The boy slept. The father stood still by the bed for a time, but at last slowly turned and went toward the fire.

Outside, two figures were approaching the hut—a man and a woman.

The man passed quickly to the door, and tapping very softly, opened it, entered, and closed it behind him—not so quickly, however, but that the woman outside caught a glimpse of the man and the boy. In her eyes there was the divine look of motherhood.

"Peace be to this house!" said the man gently, as he stepped forward from the door.

The father, startled, turned shrinkingly on him, as if he had seen a spirit.

"M'sieu', Father Corraine."

The priest's quick eye had taken the lighted candles at the little shrine, even as he saw the painfully changed aspect of the man.

"The wife and child, Bagot? Ah, the boy! Domi-

nique is ill?"

Bagot nodded, and then answered: "A wildcat and then fever, Father Corraine."

The priest felt the boy's pulse softly, and then with a close personal look he spoke hardly above his breath, yet distinctly too:

"Your wife, Bagot?"

"She is not here, m'sieu'". The voice was low and gloomy.

"Where is she, Bagot?"
"I do not know, m'sieu'".
"When did you see her last?"

"Four weeks ago, m'sieu'".

"That was September, this is October—winter— Bagot, you have been a rough, hard man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child!"

The hunter's hands clenched, and a wicked light flashed up into his eyes; but the calm, benignant gaze of the other cooled the tempest in his veins. The priest sat down on the couch where the child lay, and took the fevered hand in his very softly.

"Stay where you are, Bagot, just there where you are, and tell me what your trouble is, and why your wife is not here. . . . Say all honestly—by the name of Christ!" he added, lifting up a large iron crucifix that hung on his breast.

Bagot sat down on a bench near the fireplace, the light playing on his bronzed, powerful face, his eyes shining beneath his heavy brows like two coals of fire. After a moment he began:

"I don't know how it started. I—I laid my powder-horn and whiskey-flask—up there!"

He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin, where now his candles were burning.

"I didn't notice it, but she had some flowers there. She said something with an edge, her face all snapping angry threw the things down, and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—and I don't say now but she'd a right to do it. I said something pretty rough, and made as if I was going to break her in two. She threw up her hands to her ears with a wild cry, ran out of the house, down the hills, and away. I went to the door and watched her as long as I could see her, and waited for her to come back—but she never did. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her." Then with a sudden thought, "Do you know anything of her, m'sieu'?"

The priest turned for a moment toward the boy who

was now in a deep sleep, he looked at him intently. Presently he spoke:

"Three weeks ago I was camping at Sundust plains. I saw coming over the crest of a land wave, a band of Indians. As they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them."

Bagot leaned forward, his body strained, every muscle tense. "A woman!—my wife!"

"Your wife."

"Quick! Quick! Go on—go on, m'sieu'—good father."

"She fell at my feet, begged me to save her. . . . I waved her off."

The perspiration dropped from Bagot's forehead, a low growl broke from him, and he made such a motion as a lion might make at its prey.

"You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward!"
"Hush!... She drew away, saying that God and man had deserted her... We had breakfast, the chief and I. I told him then that I wanted to buy her, to give her back to her husband. I wrote down on a piece of bark the things I would give him for her: shot, blankets and beads. He said no.

"I added some things to the list: a saddle, a rifle, some flannel. But no, he would not. Once more I put many things down. It was a big bill—it would keep me poor for five years."

"Why didn't you offer rum—rum? They'd have

done it for that—one—five—ten kegs of rum!"

"You forget," answered the priest, "that it is against the law, and that as a priest of my order I am vowed to give no rum to the Indians."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God! What is a vow

beside a woman-my wife?"

"Perjure my soul! Offer rum! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God's church! What have you done for me that I should do this for you, John Bagot?"

"Coward!" was the man's despairing cry, with a sudden threatening movement. "Christ himself

would have broke a vow to save her."

The grave kind eyes of the priest met the other's

fierce gaze, and quieted the wild storm that was about

to break.

"Who am I that I should teach my Master?" he said solemnly. "What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He had saved her to you?"

The man shook with grief.

"Give—give!" he cried, "I would give twenty years

of my life!"

The figure of the priest stretched up with a gentle grandeur. Holding out the iron crucifix, he said: "On your knees and swear it! John Bagot."

There was something inspiring, commanding, in the voice and manner, and Bagot, with a new hope rushing through his veins, knelt and repeated his words.

The priest turned to the door, and called.

The boy, hearing, waked, and sat up in bed sud-

denly.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, as the door flew open. The mother came to her husband's arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterwards was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

Father Corraine now faced the man, and with a

soft exaltation of voice and manner said:

"John Bagot, in the name of Christ, I demand twenty years of your life-of love and obedience to God. I broke my vow; I perjured my soul; I bought your wife with ten kegs of rum!"

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and caught the priest's hand to kiss it.

"No, no-this!" the priest said, and laid the iron

crucifix against the other's lips.

As the father pledged his life to the service of God, Dominique looked up, the light of health replacing the fever which had shone from his eyes and his voice came clearly through the room:

"Mother, I saw the White Swan fly away through

the door when you came in."

The Negro in the Spanish War

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

[Delivered at the Peace Jubilee, Chicago, 1898.]



F there is one class of our citizens that has a right to rejoice more than another over the outcome of our recent war, it is the American negro. You knew he could clear your forests, mine your coal, build your railroads and raise your rice, sugar-

cane and cotton—yes, more cotton than the world can consume, but you doubted whether or not he could be depended upon to fight for liberty, to defend the honor and safety of this Republic. At Santiago and El Caney you trusted the negro with the highest interests of this country. Did he disappoint you in enduring the heat and fever? Did he disappoint you in the use of the bullet or the sword? As we measured up to the highest test of manhood at every point where we were trusted in connection with the Spanish-American War, in the same degree we can be depended upon to defend and preserve the highest interests of this country whether in war or peace.

During the last six months you have been testing us as if by fire, and you have it from the lips of Shafter, Roosevelt, and Wheeler, from the lips of Northern soldier and Southern soldier, that we did not fail you. Now we are going to turn the tables. We are going to put you on trial. We are going to prepare ourselves in property, thrift, economy, education, and character for the highest duties of citizenship. When we have so prepared ourselves as a race, we are going to ask that in every part of this country you accord us the same business and civil opportunities that you now extend to all classes and conditions who here find shelter and a home from foreign lands.

My friends, as we celebrate peace, let us learn this, that God has been teaching the Spanish nation a ter-

rible lesson. What is it? Simply this, that no nation can disregard the interest of any portion of its members without that nation growing weak and corrupt. Though the penalty may have been long delayed, God has been teaching Spain that for every one of her subjects that she has left in ignorance, poverty, and crime, the price must be paid; and if it has not been paid with the very heart of the nation, it has been paid with the proudest and bluest blood of her sons and with treasure that is beyond computation. From this spectacle, I pray God that America will learn a lesson in respect to the eight million negroes in the South. Amidst the excitement, the glamour, the interest, the deeds of heroism that have clustered around our war, let us not forget that there is a condition in the southern part of our country that will demand our deepest thought and most generous help for years to come.

There are some things too great, too precious to be measured by any standard of values. It seems to me that the highest duty which this nation owes to itself and its traditions is to put the Negro in the South on that plane of intelligence and civilization where no man will be tempted to degrade himself by interpreting the Constitution as meaning one thing when applied to a black man and another thing when applied to a

white man.

To be willi

To be willing to defend one's country with his life, you say, is the highest test of patriotism and usefulness. Here you have a race but thirty-five years out of slavery, but a few hundred years removed from savagery. You place the negro soldiers of this race. on the one hand, by the side of the wealth and culture of New England and New York, on the other side of him you place the chivalry and intelligence of the South. In front of him you place the soldiery of one of the oldest and most renowned countries of Europe. In this position, with the highest type of Caucasian civilization on his right, on his left, and in front, you say to him, "Now, son of Africa, prove your right to be called a man, prove your claim to the title of American citizen!" For answer, with a bravery and an impetuosity that shall ever live in song and story, with his country's national song, "My country, 'tis of thee,"

flowing from his lips, he scales the heights of San Juan and the battle is won for his country—but is it won for himself?

General Sherman

BY CARL SCHURZ.

[Delivered in New York City, 1891, at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce to pass resolutions on the death of William Tecumseh Sherman.]



EATH has at last conquered the hero of so many campaigns; our cities and towns and villages are decked with flags at half-mast; the muffled drum and the funeral-cannon boom will resound over the land as the dead body passes to the final rest-

ing-place; and the American people stand mournfully gazing into the void left by the sudden disappearance of the last of the greatest men brought forth by our war of regeneration—and this last also finally becomes, save Abraham Lincoln alone, the most widely beloved. He is gone; but as we of the present generation remember it, history will tell all coming centuries the romantic story of the famous "March to the Sea"how, in the dark days of 1864, Sherman, having worked his bloody way to Atlanta, then cast off all of his lines of supply and communication, and, like a bold diver into the dark unknown, seemed to vanish with all of his hosts from the eye of the world, until his triumphant reappearance on the shores of the ocean proclaimed to the anxiously expecting millions, that now the final victory was no longer doubtful, and that the republic would surely be saved.

Nor will history fail to record that this general was, as a victorious soldier, a model of republican citizenship. When he had done his illustrious deeds, he rose step by step to the highest rank in the army, and then, grown old, he retired. The Republic made provision for him in modest republican style. He was satisfied.

He asked for no higher reward. Although the splendor of his achievements and the personal affection for him, which every one of his soldiers carried home, made him the most popular American of his day, and although the most glittering prizes were not seldom held up before his eyes, he remained untroubled by ulterior ambition. No thought that the republic owed him more ever darkened his mind. No man could have spoken to him of the "ingratitude of Republics," without meeting from him a stern rebuke. And so, content with the consciousness of a great duty nobly done, he was happy in the love of his fellow citizens.

Indeed, he may truly be said to have been in his old age, not only the most beloved, but also the happiest of Americans. Many years he lived in the midst of posterity. His task was finished, and this he wisely understood. His deeds had been passed upon by the judgment of history, and irrevocably registered among the glories of his country and his age. His generous heart envied no one, and wished every one well; and ill-will had long since ceased to pursue him. Beyond cavil his fame was secure, and he enjoyed it as that which he had honestly earned, with a genuine and ever fresh delight, openly avowed by the charming frankness of his nature. He dearly loved to be esteemed and cherished by his fellow men, and what he valued most his waning years brought him in every increasing abundance. Thus he was in truth a most happy man, and his days went down like an evening sun in a cloudless autumn sky. And when now the American people, with that peculiar tenderness of affection which they have long borne him, lay him in his grave, the happy ending of his great life may sooth the pang of bereavement they feel in their hearts at the loss of the old hero who was so dear to them, and of whom they were and always will be so proud. His memory will ever be bright to us all; his truest monument will be the greatness of the Republic he served so well: and his fame will never cease to be prized by a grateful country, as one of its most precious possessions.

The Glory of the Republic

BY CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

[Delivered at Chicago, 1899, at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Federal Building.]



HE flag floats to-day over a domain ten times as great as that upon which its shining stars first shed their joyous beams. Its beneficial rule has been extended from time to time over vast new acquisitions, but it has never broadened

its sway without carrying freedom, progress, and enlightenment to the fortunate peoples who were brought under its protecting folds. It is the same flag to-day that it has always been, but with added lustre and higher renown and a far deeper respect throughout the world. It has the same import and the same virture. It signifies everywhere right, law, justice, and self-government within the limits of national sovereignty.

What citizen of the Republic shall so impugn the honor of his country and the integrity of her institutions as to proclaim before the world that her sceptre extended over rude and remote peoples means wrong and oppression and spoliation? What American shall discredit his own blood as to declare that the American people will either falter in the duty of their trust or fail in the capacity of their task?

Our inspiring past is the prophecy of our glorious future. The architect who plans a great capitol or cathedral sees with the eye of imagination the majestic structure in the full grandeur of its imposing proportions, and unless he could thus prefigure its finished beauty he would be unfit to lay its foundations. The builders and promoters of states also see with the eye of imagination. It is the function of creative statesmanship to penetrate the future and discern its course and its needs. The Republic has a mission among the

nations of the earth. It should be the highest exemplar of peace, liberty, humanity, and civilization. As the noble statue of Liberty Enlightening the World rises from its great harbor and first greets the visitor as he comes from foreign lands, it is a symbol that our country carries a torch of liberty to mankind, and its light must not be hid.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not."

The American Navy

BY JOHN D. LONG.

[Extract from a speech delivered in Chicago, 1899.]



SOMETIMES think that the great republic applauding the salient merits overlooks others which are quite as deserving. You cheer for the men behind the guns; you give swords and banquets here and there to an admiral—and both are richly de-

serving of the tribute—but remember that all up and down the line there are individuals whose names never get to your ears, or, if so, are already half-forgotten, who have earned unfading laurels. No man in the navy has rendered such service, however great, that others were not ready to fill the place and do as well. The navy is full of heroes unknown to fame. Its great merit is the professional spirit which runs through it; the high sense of duty; the lofty standards of service to which its hearts are loyal and which make them all equal to any duty. Who sings the praises of the chiefs of the naval stations and bureaus of the Navy Department who wept that there were no battles and glory for them, and who, remaining at their de-

partmental posts, made such provision for the fitting out, the arming, the supplying, the feeding, the coaling, the equipping of your fleets, that the commanding officer on the deck had only to direct and use the forces which these, his brothers, had put in his hands? Who repeats the names of the young officers who pleaded for Hobson's chance to risk his life in the hull and hell of the Merrimac? Who mentions the scores of seamen who begged to be of the immortal seven who were his companions in that forlorn hope? In the long watch of Santiago the terror of our great battleships was the two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, those swift, fiendish sharks of the sea, very engines of death and destruction, and yet, when the great battle came, it was the unprotected Gloucester, a converted yacht, the former plaything and pleasure boat of a summer vacation, which, without hesitation or turning attacked these demons of the sea and sunk them I have always thought it the most heroic and gallant individual instance of fighting in the war. It was as if some light-clad youth, with no defence but his sword, threw himself into the arena with armored gladiators and by his very dash and spirit laid them low. And yet who has given a sword or spread a feast to that purest flame of chivalrous heroism. Richard Wainwright?

Yes, my friends, the navy is, as the army is, as the school is, as the workshop is, as the counting-room is, as the college is—the navy is the State. You are the navy, you are the army, you are the State, for you are the citizen. On each are the responsibilities of your country, on you are its greatest duties. Awake to your high call! Do not fret, do not whine, do not fear to take up the responsibilities and discharge the duties. Put your shoulder to the wheel, put your cheer into the heart of the man who is at your front. Be a part of the great progress and beneficence of the United States.

Tubal Cain

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

"Cheer Up, Honey!"

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

I WAS but a little child,
Overwhelmed with sudden sorrow,
Torn by grief and anger wild,
Blind to any gladsome morrow.
Dear old Mammy, soul of grace,
Laid her hand upon my head,
And, with heaven in her face,
Softly, musically, said,
"Cheer up, Honey! Doan yo' fret!
Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

Mammy's wrinkled ebon face
Long ago was hid from me,
But her counsel still has place
In the heart of memory.
When grief tells me, o'er and o'er,
"Thou wilt nevermore rejoice!"
When I dare not look before,
Then I hear a loving voice:
"Cheer up, Honey Doan yo' fret!
Pow'rful good times comin' yet!"

Ramon

(Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico.)
BY BRETE HART.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man alive or dead,—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear, overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame,—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen nundred pesos down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,—
Stops the pumps that suck the death

From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well,—
To the poisoned pit of hell down below

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with death shall cope:
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained,—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine.
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards, Senor,—my name is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, Senor—" Here
He fell over, by that sign dead as stone!

The Martyr

BY OWEN OLIVER.

[From Lippincott's Monthly Magazine. Copyright, 1907, The J. B. Lippincott Co.)

HE MARTYR. Guido Renti." They say it is the picture of the year; and I see that you have put three crosses against it in the catalogue.

His best, you think? It is his last, any way. He went mad when he finished it.

A pity? No, I don't think so.

It isn't a story that I'd tell to every one; but you and I have known each other a good many years. Take the big chair.

As you say, it is a painful picture. No, I haven't been to the gallery; don't want to; don't need to. I saw it once, and that was enough. I am not likely to forget it. I could describe every line; every fold of the rope that binds her to the post and leaves her arms free to beat the air. They're twisted like this, if you recollect. And you can see her features twisting under the veil. Wonderful piece of painting, that veil, isn't it? You can make out a woman's face quite plainly; and yet you couldn't say what she is like; wouldn't know her if you met her in the street. I suppose that is the fascination of it. You can imagine any woman you know struggling there. The figure, even, isn't defined-just draped shoulders rising out of the smoke and flame, thin, licking flames, beginning to catch the drapery. And her hair—Just fancy a woman-Ugh!

The fellow who painted it was a mongrel Spanish-Greek Italian, with the bad qualities of all three races, and none of the good. He finished it at Algeciras the spring before last. I was staying at the Hotel Reina Cristina, and met him. If you can imagine a big, dark, handsome man, who had shrunk and grown pale

and wizened; and give him eyes like huge black beads,

and splendid white hands, you've got him.

There were seventeen of them, besides a consumptive young fellow and his wife—a wonderful butterfly woman. You might have thought she was nothing but wings and a laugh; a pretty little laugh. She was a singularly attractive woman, not much more than a girl; about twenty-three; now she'll be five-and-twenty.

The seventeen had a good deal to say about her. They thought that she ought to have been weeping over her husband all the time, instead of flitting about and laughing. I'd an idea myself that he liked to see her laughing, and it kept him going, poor beggar. He couldn't bear to be treated as an invalid, and it would have frightened him to death if she had fussed him too much.

They talked about her, as I said; and presently I heard. I think some of them made my acquaintance on purpose to tell me—the good, tabby people. It was Guido Renti, the painter, they whispered. She went to his studio every afternoon, while her husband had his nap. A hot climate always affected his liver, he explained, and made him drowsy. He would not confess his weakness, even to himself.

When he had lain down, and his butterfly wife had bunched up his pillows, and pulled the mosquito curtains round him, and blown him a kiss—I've seen her through the open window—she used to flit off to the studio. They knew it was to the studio, because some of them had followed her, to make sure.

About the time that her husband got up, she came back. When she came back she used to look overserious for a butterfly; as if she'd flown through a cobweb and wasn't quite happy about her wings! I met her once or twice, and she started and looked half-scared when I spoke to her. I always spoke to her after the seventeen began to cut her. I made friends with her, in fact, and with her husband. He was quite a good sort; and he trusted me, and was glad for me to look after the butterfly. I shan't tell you her name. I generally invited her to go for a walk in the morning, and she always seemed pleased to go.

One afternoon she came back to the hotel very pale and silent. She had "such a headache," she told me, when I stopped her, and she was going to lie down. She did not appear until dinner-time. She was feverishly lively then; but when the meal was over she went to bed. Her husband seemed lost without her, so I took him out in the gardens, and we sat in two chairs between the shrubs.

"She bears up well," he remarked; "but she worries more than you'd fancy. I—sometimes I think I

shan't pull round."

The next morning she did not care to walk, and I sat and talked to them. Just before lunch I invited her to come for a drive in the afternoon.

"I won't ask your husband to trust you with me,"

I said, "because he'd trust you with anybody."

We walked out of view from the hotel without speaking. Then she stopped. She knew that I wanted to keep her away from the studio.

"I understand," she said quietly; "but—I can be

trusted with—any one. Won't you trust me?"

I stared at her. She was very pale. I think I was. "I must," she said. Her eyes glittered with tears. She went.

Well, I would not make matters worse for her and for her poor husband. I waited about to take her back, so that the good seventeen should not know that she had left me. It was nearly two hours before she came. Her face was white—like a sheet. She tried to smile; and sobbed without any tears. Her eyelids were red. When I looked at her she flinched; and she walked unsteadily. I got a cab and drove her about for half an hour, till she was composed. We didn't speak all the time. When we reached the hotel she brushed her hair off her forehead, and drew herself up, and smiled, and walked up the path in her pretty, defiant way. I stopped behind to pay the driver, and I heard her gay little laugh as she walked up to her husband.

"I nearly ran away with Mr. Mordaunt," she cried. "He was so nice!" She laughed again.

The laugh scared me. I went up to my room, and —I don't know if I am responsible for the rest of it, but I hope so. I thought at the time that I had gone

mad. Anyhow I took out my old revolver and loaded it and went off to Renti's.

His house stood just out of the town. The doorway was open, and none of the servants were about. I walked up the stairs, and met no one. The studio was at the top, as I had guessed from the big windows, with the jalousies thrown open. The door was ajar, and I looked in. He was standing gloating over a picture on an easel—"The Martyr. Guido Renti." The picture of the year! Oh, merciful God!

The face wasn't veiled then. It was my little butterfly's face, drawn with pain and terror. There was a real stake for his model; and real ropes to tie her; and a real saffron gown; and—No; I won't. Curse him! She had done it to keep her dying husband a little longer in the southern air; and they thought her a butterfly—only wings—Old man, if there are winged angels—and if there aren't, God help us!

I went in quietly. He did not see me till I was just on him. Then he turned. He was a big man, and a strong man; but he felt like putty when I got hold of him. I lashed him with the knotted whip that lay beside the stake, till it tore his clothes; and throttled his cries. I meant to go on till I killed him. But after a time I ceased striking the cur, and dragged him to the picture.

"Paint out the face," I commanded, "and paint in another."

If he did that, I thought, he could not tell the story, as he could if I destroyed it.

"No," he groaned. "It's my masterpiece. I will die first."

I thrashed him again, and he grovelled before me and begged for mercy; but he would not do what I ordered. It was the work of his life, he protested; and he had hurt her no more than was necessary; and he had treated her respectfully—"most respectfully;" and he had paid her well. I was very nearly killing him then.

I made a bargain with him at last. He was to paint a veil over the face, so that no one could recognize her. I stood behind him with the whip and the revolver while he painted it. His body trembled, and he swayed on his feet, but his hand was steady. That

was when I noticed his splendid white hands. My little butterfly's agonized face was covered piece by piece; the big, frightened eyes, the parted mouth, the—all of her. And the veil grew. It is a wonderful piece of painting, that veil, isn't it?

The light lasted just long enough. He was jabbering like an idiot at the finish. I flung him on the floor, and left him there. They took him away to an asylum a few days afterwards. I think the magistrate—I forgot his Spanish title—guessed a little of the story. He was very courteous when he met me, and bowed and shook hands. Honorable men, he said, with a steely look in his old eyes, were all of one nation. If he was right—and I think he was—it is a nation that includes many Spanish gentlemen; and a nation that can hold the tongue He held his, anyhow; and I held mine.

Every one had finished dinner when I reached the hotel. I had mine alone. Then I strolled out into the garden and took my usual chair beside the butterfly and her husband. It was a dark, moonless night; and one could scarcely distinguish the sea. There was a vague little vessel, with a mast-head light, rocking gently at her moorings, that seemed to fix my eyes. Sometimes I see it now; and hear my butterfly girl breathing tremulously at my side.

When we had been silent for a long time, her hand touched my arm pleadingly. I pressed it gently and steadily—the only time. Presently her husband sighed, and spoke. He felt weak, he said—weak!

"My dear fellow," I remarked, in my every-day voice, "Algeciras is too relaxing for you, now the hot weather is beginning. You must go to Switzerland for the summer; and in the autumn to the Pincara; and in the winter you can come back here again.

He laughed a hollow laugh, like a cough.

"We're going back to England next week," he announced; and I saw that the butterfly was crying.

"Ah" I said. "I see. It's a matter of money, eh?"
"A matter of money," he agreed. "You see, we had only a few hundred pounds, and—it's gone. In fact, I can't think how Baby's made it last so long. We've had six weeks more than I expected. Still, I'm a lot better, you know, Baby dear."

"Ever so much better," she declared. Her voice shook, and she leaned her head on his shoulder undisguisedly. It was plain enough now that she loved him.

"Anyhow," he looked down at her affectionately-"we've had a good time together, Baby; and perhaps Providence—I don't believe there is a Providence." There was a sick man's sudden querulous anger in his voice.

"Hush, dear!" She put her arm around him.

"Hush!" I said. "I won't answer for Providence, but there is—an older man—a much older man—who loves both of you. I will send you to Switzerland, my dear boy and girl!"

He sat up quickly and held out his hand. "God bless you!" he said. "It is—like you, you know"—they had an exaggerated idea of me, I fear. "I-can't take it, of course, but-" He paused; and my butterfly girl put her hand over his mouth.

"I can take it!" she cried. "Be quiet, Jack, I will! Why"—she laughed softly—"I am proud to take it -for you. And"-she took my hand quickly and raised it to her lips—"from you!"

I sent them off from Algeciras the next day in a special invalid carriage. After we had put him in, I walked the platform with her. She wasn't her butterfly self-unless you can imagine a soft, tearful little butterfly.

"There is only one thing that worries me," she said,

clinging to my arm, "and that is leaving you."

"There's one other worry?" I suggested. "Isn't there, little-martyr?"

She looked at me breathlessly. "You know-?" she said.

"Yes, dear; I know. God will reward you."

"He has," she declared. "He has sent you! And everything is right except—if Jack should ever see

the picture!"

"He will never see you in it," I assured her. "No one ever will. A veil has been painted over the face. I stood there while he painted it. Do you understand that?"

She clasped both her hands over my arm.

"Dearest friend" she said "I understand that, and

more. All my life I shall love you, nearly as much as Jack."

I used to wonder, if he didn't get better—Well, he did get better. You have known me a long time. Can you believe that I am glad?

Lincoln's Heart

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"YOU are wounded, my boy, and the field is your tent, And what can I do at the last for you?"
"Yes, wounded I am, and my strength is spent, Will you write me a letter and see me through?"
And the tall man ruffled some papers there
To write a letter in sun dimmed air.

"What now shall I sign it?" "Twill give her joy, Whatever your name, my friend, may be, If you sign it just 'from the heart of your boy,' And put your name there so she may see Who wrote so kindly this letter for me."
"A. Lincoln" was written there, tremblingly.

The bleeding lad, from the hand unknown The letter took. "What? 'A. Lincoln!' Not he? Will you take my hand—I'm all alone—And see me through, since he you be?" And the Heart of the Nation in that retreat Held the little pulse till it ceased to beat.

The sun through the trees like an oriel shone, Like a gate of heaven reflected there, And a bird's heart song and a ringdove's moan Fell in the tides of the amber air! Both closed their eyes: both hearts in prayer Went up the steps of the silent stair.

And he, the boy, still holding the hand Of the heart he loved, no more returned; But far in the south an iris spanned The singing forests where sun rifts burned. And the Commoner closed in the amber air Two eyes and crossed two hands in prayer. And our Lincoln learned life's lesson there.

Abraham Lincoln

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

[These are the concluding verses of a much longer poem, inspired by the death of Abraham Lincoln on April 15, 1865.]

O HONEST face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!

Peace! Let the long procession come, For hark, the mournful, muffled drum, The trumpet's wail afar, And see, the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go, While cannon boom and bells toll slow. And go, thou sacred car, Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State, Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait To honor all they can The dust of that good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train As greatest kings might die to gain. The just, the wise, the brave, Attend thee to the grave.

And you, the soldiers of our wars, Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars, Salute him once again, Your late commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears indignant fall, But leave your muskets on the wall, Your country needs you now Beside the forge—the plough.

(When Justice shall unsheath her brand,— If Mercy may not stay her hand, Nor would we have it so,— She must direct the blow.)

And, children, you must come in bands, With garlands in your little hands, Of blue and white and red, To strew before the dead.

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes The Fallen to his last repose. Beneath no mighty dome, But in his modest home;

The churchyard where his children rest, The quiet spot that suits him best, There shall his grave be made, And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come, With memory proud, with pity dumb, And strangers far and near, For many and many a year.

For many a year and many an age, While History on her ample page The virtues shall enroll Of that Paternal Soul.

Sit Down, Sad Soul

BY BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

SIT down, sad soul, and count The moments flying:
Come,—tell the sweet amount That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep, And no more measure The flight of Time, nor weep The loss of leisure; But here, by this lone stream, Lie down with us and dream Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same:
We love—forever:
We laugh; yet few we shame,
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

Hark, Hark! The Lark

(From Cymbeline.)

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden; Thou needest not fear mine; My spirit is too deeply laden Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion; Thou needest not fear mine; Innocent is the heart's devotion With which I worship thine.

To____

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory—Odors, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken, Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heaped for the beloved's bed; And so thy thoughts, when thou art ogne Love itself shall slumber on.

Stanzas for Music

BY LORD BYRON.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me;
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving Her bright chain o'er the deep; Whose breast is gently heaving, As an infant's asleep; So the spirit bows before thee, To listen and adore thee; With a full but soft emotion, Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

A Petition to Time

BY BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

The Romance of the Swan's Nest

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."
—Westwood's "Beads from a Rosary."

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by, And her feet she has been dipping In the shallow water's flow; Now she holds them nakedly In her hands, all sleek and dripping, While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone, And the smile she softly uses Fills the silence like a speech, While she thinks what shall be done, And the sweetest pleasure chooses For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile Chooses—"I will have a lover Riding on a steed of steeds; He shall love me without guile, And to him I will discover The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan, And the lover shall be noble, With an eye that takes the breath: And the lute he plays upon Shall strike ladies into trouble, As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod All in silver, housed in azure, And the mane shall swim the wind; And the hoofs along the sod Shall flash onward and keep measure, Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my love will not prize All the glory that he rides in, When he gazes in my face; He will say, O Love, thine eyes Build the shrine my soul abides in, And I kneel here for thy grace!

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low, With the red-roan steed anear him, Which shall seem to understand, Till I answer, 'Rise and go For the world must love and fear him Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

Then he will arise so pale, I shall feel my own lips tremble With a yes I must not say, Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,' I will utter and dissemble—'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills To the wide world past the river, There to put away all wrong; To make straight distorted wills, And to empty the broad quiver Which the wicked bears along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page Swim the stream and climb the mountain And kneel down beside my feet— 'Lo, my master sends this page, Lady, for thy pity's counting! What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send A white rosebud for a guerdon, And the second time, a glove; But the third time—I may bend From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon, If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, Then my lover will ride faster, Till he kneeleth at my knee; 'I am a duke's eldest son, Thousand serfs do call me master, But, O Love, I love but thee.'

"He will kiss me on the mouth Then, and lead me as a lover Through the crowds that praise his deeds; And, when soul-tied by one troth, Unto him I will discover That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse, Winding up the stream, light-hearted, Where the osier pathway leads, Past the boughs she stoops—and stops. Lo, the wild swan had deserted, And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow. If she found the lover ever, With his red-roan steed of steeds. Sooth I know not; but I know She could never show him—never, That swan's nest among the reeds!

Sleep

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."-Psalm cxxxvi, 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is, For gift or grace, surpassing this,— "He giveth his beloved—sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved—sleep."

What do we give to our beloved? A little faith, all disproved,—A little dust to overweep, And bitter memories, to make The whole earth blasted for our sake, "He giveth his beloved—sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say, But have no tune to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep; But never doleful dream again Shall break the happy slumber when "He giveth his beloved—sleep."

O earth, so full of dreamy noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved—sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan A living, thinking, feeling man Confirmed in such a rest to keep; But angels say, and through the word I think their happy smile is heard—"He giveth his beloved—sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill, His cloud above it saileth still, Though on its slope men sow and reap; More softly than the dew is shed, Or cloud is floated overhead, "He giveth his beloved—sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go Most like a tired child at a show, That sees through tears the mummer's leap, Would now its wearied vision close, Would child-like on his love repose Who "giveth his beloved—sleep."

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be That his low breath is gone from me, And round my bier ye come to weep, Let one, most loving of you all, Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall! He giveth his beloved—sleep."

When Papa Holds My Hands

BY S. W. GILLILAN.

I ain't afraid o' horses ner street-cars ner anyfing; Ner aut-tomobiles, ner th' cabs; an' oncet—awa-a-a-ay las' spring—

A grea' big hook-an'-ladder fing went slapty-bangin' by

An' I was put-near in th' road, an' didn't even cry! 'Cause when I'm down town I go round wif papa, un'erstand,

An' I ain't 'fraid o' nuffin' when my papa holds my hand

'Cause street-cars wouldn't hurt him, an' th' horses wouldn't dare!

An' if a aut-tomobile run agin 'im—he won't care! He'll al'ays keeps between me an' th' fings wif danger in—

I know so, 'cause he al'ays has, ist ev'rywhere we been:

An' nen at night I laff m'self clean into Dreamyland An' never care how dark it is, when papa holds my hand.

'S th' funniest fing—one night when I puttended I was 'sleep

An' papa's face was on my hand, I felt a somepin' creep

Acrost m' fingers; an' it felt exactly like a tear,

But couldn't been, 'cause wasn't any cryin' 't I could hear,

An' when I ast m' papa he ist affed t' beat th' band—But I kep' wonderin' what it was 'at creeped out on my hand.

Sometimes my papa holds on like I maybe helped him, too;

An' makes me feel most awful good puttendin' like I do.

An' papa says—w'y papa says—w'y somepin like 'at we

An' God ist keep a-holdin' hands th' same as him an' me!

He says some uvver fings 'at I ist partly un'erstand, But I know this,—I'm not afraid when papa holds my hand.

A Man's a Man for A' That

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that—
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that—
His riband, star, and a' that—
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

The Sleepy Song

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

As soon as the fire burns red and low, And the house upstairs is still, She sings me a queer little sleepy song, Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft, Their colors are gray and white; They follow their leader nose to tail, For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

Watchwords

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

[This writer was born at Mendham, N. J., in 1818, was graduated at the University of New York, studied divinity and became a rector and later bishop of the Episcopal Church. He wrote a great deal of both prose and verse, most of which is of a religious character. He died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., in 1896.]

We are living, we are dwelling In a grand and awful time; In an age, on ages telling, To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth is creation's Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then! will ye dally, With your music, with your wine? Up! it is Jehovah's rally! God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in lazy lock? Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier! Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding! Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now the blazoned cross unfolding, On—right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers? 'Tis no time for idling play, Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers, Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not; spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition—trample thou!

Thou shalt find a long Hereafter,

To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

Diogenes Pauses

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE.

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HE political destiny of a great commonwealth was snugly tucked away in the pudgy palm of the Honorable Richard Fraker. He had but to wiggle a finger, and the executives of his State and a few odd cities kotowed humbly; he had but to

clench a fat, apoplectic fist, and a governor and a legislature scuttled to cover like frightened rabbits in a warren. When he raised his voice, chaos was come. Such was the power of one suavely porcine individual whose proudest boast was that he had "never done nobody dirt."

It was only by the grace of an inscrutable Providence that the Honorable Richard's fat arms were long enough for him to interlock his puffy fingers across his paunch, and 'twas thus he sat now, complacently facing Mr. Jim Heckler Smith, owner, president and active manger of a vast military supplies manufactory.

Mr. Smith's eyes had never before been gladdened by a sight of The Boss in person, and he looked him over curiously. The Honorable Richard submitted gracefully to the scrutiny. It was in Mr. Smith's private office, and the door was closed.

"You ain't interested in politics, Mr. Smith?" re-

marked The Boss casually, after a time.

"No," replied Mr. Smith. "I have no time for that

sort of thing." The Honorable Richard tastefully rearranged his shirt-front so that a seven-carat diamond

stuck out more obtrusively.

"Yet you must have at least a thousand voters on your pay-roll," he purred. "If they was organized right they'd give you a pull. As it is, there ain't more than six hundred of 'em who vote right."

"I don't happen to know their politics," remarked

Mr. Smith.

"Well, I do," declared The Boss emphatically, "and them who are voting wrong ought to be handled. Now look here, Smith, you vote our ticket. You ought to bring some influence to bear to get 'em in line. Every week you ought to drop a dozen or so who don't vote right. It would wake the others up."

"You'll see it that way after you study it a bit," he said. "But I just mentioned that casually. It ain't really what I came to see you about."

"Ah, indeed?" remarked Mr. Smith.

"Now, Jim, you have an annual million-dollar contract to furnish this State its military supplies," explained The Boss, and his voice was lowered cautiously. "You've had it two years and have made a bunch of money out of it. I know you're too good a business man to give 'em real guns and real ammunition, and I bet them tents you sold 'em are tissuepaper, eh, Jim?"

The Honorable Richard Fraker wheezed out a laugh and gayly poked Mr. Jim Heckler Smith in the ribs.

Mr. Smith smiled pleasantly.

"I gave you that contract," added The Boss.

He leaned back comfortably to watch the effect of the words. Mr. Smith smiled with polite incredulity.

"The contract was awarded to me because mine was

the lowest bid," he said.

The Honorable Richard wheezed another laugh, and for a fraction of an instant a heavy eyelid obscured

one pale blue optic.

"But your bid wasn't the lowest," he said. "The Weston Arms Company bid thirty-seven thousand dollars less'n you. But I gave the contract to you."

The smile left Mr. Smith's face; he was frankly sur-

prised.

"If Weston's bid was below mine," he inquired at last; "why didn't Weston get the contract?"

"Because he don't vote right," explained The Boss

naively.

"But," exclaimed Mr. Smith suddenly, "he knew what my bid was! Why didn't he make a fight? Why didn't he take it into court?"

"He don't vote right," repeated The Boss. "He

ain't got any standing in court."

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you say who and what shall be heard in the courts of this State?"

The Honorable Richard dismissed the question with

a deprecatory wave of his fat hand.

"I stand by the friends of the party," he said.

Mr. Smith suddenly became calm, and sat down

again

"You ain't got any kick coming, anyhow," continued The Boss, "because you've got the contract. In two years we'll say you've made—say half a million out of it. You've got a thousand men working nine hours a day. That's the point I'm coming to—nine hours a day."

Mr. Smith waited for elucidation.

"Next week an eight-hour bill will be introduced in the legislature because the labor men want it. If it passes, after present contracts run out, the State will have to have all its supplies made in factories where they work only eight hours."

"You don't want this here eight-hour law,"-resumed—the Honorable Richard, "and there's a way it can be beat in the legislature. It wouldn't take much money—only half a million."

"Only half a million!" mused Mr. Smith. His brows

were drawn together in deep thought.)

"A lobby against the bill is what I mean," The Boss went on. His brows, too, were drawn down; he was studying his man.) "Four other concerns hold State contracts and work their men nine hours. They are against this bill, and each one of them has contributed one hundred thousand dollars for a lobby. Another hundred thousand would complete the half million. This legislature goes on for two months more and then

goes out of existence. There is an election in the fall, and I might—I say I might—be able to arrange it so the eight-hour bill won't come up again for three years."

Mr. Smith arose and paced back and forth across the room several times. He was evidently making up

his mind.

"Pardon me just a moment," interrupted Mr. Smith. He left the room, was gone for half a minute, then returned.

"It's a good scheme," said Mr. Smith. "I've made up my mind on it. But don't you think it would be better—cheaper at any rate—to block the bill before it is introduced?"

"That ain't politics," remarked the Honorable Richard from the height of his superior knowledge. "We've got to introduce it and make a fight to keep the labor vote in line."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Smith, and he laughed. "Sort of coax 'em along, eh? Of course, I don't understand these things and you're a past master. I'll give you a check now."

"No, no, no!" (expostulated the Honorable Richard in sudden fright.) "No check. One of my men will fix that up with you later."

And for ten minutes they chatted on like friends of youth. It was Jim this and Dick that, and half a dozen funny stories, after which the Honorable Richard arose to go.

"Oh, by the way, Dick," temarked Mr. Smith, "you never have seen my factory. Step out this way into the shipping room a minute. It'll surprise you."

With radiant good humor beaming from his fat face, the Honorable Richard followed Mr. Smith through the offices and along a hall. Mr. Smith threw open a door, and the Honorable Richard walked out upon a small platform which overlooked a huge shipping-room. Then he stopped suddenly.

Packed in the room, elbow to elbow, were one thousand men—workmen with grimy faces, and in overalls. The Honorable Richard turned back precipitately.

"It won't do for all them voters to see me here," (he

blurted in sudden dismay.)

Mr. Smith closed the door to retreat and smiled pleasantly; after which he stepped to the front of the platform.

"Gentlemen," he said, "permit me to introduce to you the Honorable Richard Fraker, the peerless leader of our party in this State. I shall lead in the cheering."

There came a roaring response. The Honorable Richard recovered himself with a jerk, and blushed and bowed in embarrassment. His sacred figure had never before been placed on public exhibition. The roar continued until Mr. Smith, still smiling, raised one hand.

"I take particular pleasure in introducing the Honorable Richard Fraker to you in this informal manner," he continued, "because I know his natural modesty would have prevented a more formal meeting—a modesty, gentlemen," and Mr. Smith's voice dropped a little,) "which had made him almost unknown by sight to those thousands of voters of the great party which he so wisely directs."

The modest one tried the door behind him; it was fastened.

"In him you see labor's greatest friend," Mr. Smith went on, "a perfect embodiment of our governmental progression; the mast-head of political purity in our grand old State. In him you see the incomparable man whose word you accept as the final one; in him you see one whose leadership has placed labor in its exalted position of to-day. And, gentlemen, in him you see the dirty, sordid scoundrel who has just urged me to discharge those of my men who don't 'vote right;' the thief who wants one hundred thousand dollars from me as his pay to defeat an eight-hour law which you men want. There he stands. Look at him!"

There was one of those tense silences which follows violence. The Honorable Richard didn't say anything; he merely gurgled, and a hideous, new-born hatred glowed in his purple face. Mr. Smith paused as if waiting for him to speak; but he didn't speak. Mr. Smith continued:

"I don't know your politics, gentlemen. I have

never tried to say whom you shall vote for, but now I am going to say that if any man in my employ ever votes for a person who has the sanction and approval of the Honorable Richard Fraker, I shall dismiss him—fire him—kick him out! Meanwhile now, to-day, this minute, an eight-hour work-day goes into effect in this factory. Wages will remain the same."

There was another pause. A ripple of applause was started, then died away as Mr. Smith, with clenched fist, tickled the pudgy nose of the Honorable Richard Fraker.

"That is my answer to you!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Now get out of here!"

Mr. Jim Heckler Smith took a full day to digest the occurrence, then he sent for a lawyer—one Palmerton Guy, a wise, dispassionate, long-faced young man of thirty-five, who had, on divers occasions, achieved the impossible for him. Mr. Guy entered quietly and took a seat. Mr. Smith was pacing back and forth across the room. Finally he turned to the lawyer.

"Who is the Honorable Richard Fraker, anyway?" he burst out:

"The political boss of this State," replied the lawyer tersely.

"Well, what is he, then? Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"He came from the same place all political bosses come from—nowhere. No one knows who he is beyond the fact that, years ago, his father was a street-sweeper with companions of the gutter. As to what Fraker is, you can best judge by the fact that he served one year in prison for shooting at a man. That was when he was a boy—seventeen or so."

"Well, by George!" (And Mr. Smith sat down. He was learning something of politics.) "It's perfectly incomprehensible how a big, mud-brained, vulgar hog, who's so fat he hasn't seen his feet in fifteen years, can rule a State peopled by human beings."

At great length, broken frequently by explctives. Mr. Smith detailed to his attorney the happenings of the previous day. Then he was surprised because Mr. Guy wasn't surprised.

"Since you've antagonized him, he'll exert every effort to ruin you."

Mr. Smith arose angrily and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He walked twice across the office,

then stopped and glared at the lawyer,

"Ruin me, will he?" he asked. "Ruin me! I'd be a sad affair to stand still and let him do it, now, wouldn't I? Let me tell you, Mr. Guy, if ever I get after the Honorable Richard Fraker I'll make him climb a tree and pull the tree up after him. Ruin me!"

"How much would it take to find his mistakes?" demanded Mr. Smith. "I mean a mistake that a court must pay attention to."

"I don't know. It might take ten thousand dollars and it might take a hundred thousand."

Mr. Smith considered the matter in silence, and gradually a beatific smile grew upon his face.

"You know, Guy," he said at last, "I haven't indulged in a luxury all my life. I've been too busy. Now I'm going to revel in delight. I'm going to nail Mr. Honorable Richard Fraker to the wall. Do you understand me? Get the evidence that will send him to prison, the longer the better. I want something tangible—something real. Can you get it?"

"I can try to get it," was the modest rejoinder. "I'll

have to find his mistakes first."

Mr. Smith sat down and seized a check-book. He wrote for half a minute, then turned and handed the slip of paper to the lawyer.

"There's twenty-five thousand dollars," he said. "Go to work now, and, if that isn't enough, come back. Ruin me! I'll be right there when it happens! I've got this factory here, and, for the present, it's paying me a million dollars a year. I'll just blow myself now to put the Honorable Richard Fraker clean out of the game."

It was just four months and eleven days later that Mr. Guy called at the office of Mr. Jim Heckler Smith for a long consultation. When Mr. Guy had gone, Mr. Smith pressed the buzz-button for his stenographer.

"Take this letter," he commanded, when she appeared. "Honorable Richard Fraker, No. 1111 Fourth

Street, City. Sir: Come up to my office immediately, this afternoon, now. Yours, etc."

"Is that all, sir?"(inquired the stenographer.)

"It's quite enough," replied Mr. Smith-grimly. "I'll sign that; then mark the envelope personal, and send it down by special messenger. Tell him to wait for an answer."

One hour later the special messenger returned.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Smith.

The special messenger blushed and stammered in embarrassment.

"Well, well? What was his answer?"

"Excuse me, sir," faltered the messenger, "but he told me to tell you he'd see you in—in Hades first."

Mr. Smith pressed the buzz-button for his stenographer.

"Take this letter," he directed. "Honorable Richard Fraker, No. 1111 Fourth Street, City. Sir: If you don't come up to my office I'll come down to yours and bring you up. Yours, etc."

The Honorable Richard Fraker beat the messenger back. When he entered, his fat face was almost ashen with rage and a fear which his dull imagination had conjured up from the imperative command. He read danger because the Honorable Richard had been well aware of the interest certain persons had recently displayed in his past and he remembered, whether anybody else did or not, that he had made one grave mistake. His manner was almost apologetic.

"Sit down," commanded Mr. Smith curtly.

Some of the Honorable Richard's color returned at the sharp order.

"Now, look here, Jim, you can't bluff——" he began. (Mr. Smith turned on him with livid face.)

"Don't speak to me as if you ever saw me before!" he thundered. "My name is James Heckler Smith—Mister James Heckler Smith—and I'm an honorable, decent, honest man—something you are not. Call your pals in crookedness what you like, but I am Mister Smith."

The Honorable Richard's mouth dropped open. The flush of color in his face was gradually making it pur-

ple. The most malignant hatred coupled with a sort

of cringing fear shone in the pig-eyes.

"You have never in all your life been talked to as you deserved," continued Mr. Smith more calmly. "Now I'm going to tell you some things that are good for your soul."

He paused long enough to light a cigar. The Honorable Richard also lighted one with trembling, fat fingers. Mr. Smith's brows were drawn down and unrelenting, merciless gleams flashed in his eyes.

"I've read a great deal about political bosses, and I've heard a great deal about political bosses," Mr. Smith hegan evenly, "but I had never seen one until I saw you. I had supposed they were a myth, like the dodo-bird; that all this talk of their power and of corruption was a part of the game of politics. But, since I saw you, I have changed my mind. I know that this power and corruption exist; that a gang of crooks under your control get their share of every public dollar in this State."

The Honorable Richard drew himself up with a cer-

tain dignity.

"You forget that I—" he expostulated gurglingly. "Shut up!—I forget nothing!" blazed Mr. Smith. "I happen to know that, since I answered your demand for one hundred thousand dollars as I did"—and he paused to smile grimly at the recollection—"you have pulled every wire in your power to ruin me, to smash me. And you have power, because I've felt it in the last four months. I know that my contract with the State won't be renewed, and it shouldn't be."

The Honorable Richard was getting his nerves back. It seemed to be only a lecture; that wasn't so bad.

"You have felt it," he declared venomously, "and you will feel it more." He paused to puff from the violence of the remark. "I'll put you out of business if—"

—Mr-Smith shook his head.

-Mr. Smith shook his head:

"No, you won't have time—you're going away," he remarked, "and you're going suddenly. You're going to-morrow, and you're going to Europe, and you're going to stay until I get good and ready for you to come back—and I have no intention of getting good and ready. Don't make any mistake about that."

The Honorable Richard stared at this masterful person in amazement and awe. Mr. Smith leaned forward and took an envelope from his desk. From this he drew a slip of paper and held it before the other's eyes, but safely beyond his reach.

"This little slip of paper," Mr. Smith went on, "cost me precisely seventy-eight thousand, three hundred and forty-two dollars and ninety-seven cents, and four months and eleven days of mental anxiety. Do you happen to know what it is?"

"I don't care what it is!" blustered The Boss.

"This is the sole record of the one mistake of your political life," went on Mr. Smith: "It happened six years ago when you first began to get your grip as the big boss, and in the first flush of power you were not careful; you were money-mad. Now do you know what it is?"

The Honorable Richard knew. The deadly pallor of his face and the nervous workings of his fingers told his inquisitor that he knew.

"It's a check for fifty thousand dollars," continued Mr. Smith: "It was issued to and indorsed by Richard Fraker, and drawn by the Inter-City Traction Company in payment for a franchise granted by your dummy legislature." Mr. Smith drew two other papers from the envelope: "Now, don't you think there is any mistake or argument about it," he went on. "Here is the affidavit of the man who gave you the check, and here is the affidavit of the man who cashed it."

"I—I—what are you going to do with it?" he stammered huskily.

"It wouldn't do any good to put you in jail, so you're going to Europe to-morrow," Mr. Smith informed him. "When I receive a cable dispatch announcing your arrival I shall put the check and affidavits in an envelope, seal it and place it in a safe deposit vault. The first time you show your face on this side of the Atlantic Ocean that safe deposit vault will be opened, and you can guess the rest. I may say that I have altered my will and made provision for a sum sufficient to prosecute you in case I should die. In other words, you are exiled."

"But I don't want to go to Europe!" protested The Boss weakly.

"I don't give one continental whoop what you want to do," remarked Mr. Smith. "It's Europe or jail."

For a full minute The Boss stood staring at him, and the brain behind the pig-eyes was doing a tremendous amount of work.

"I had much rather retire from politics and remain in

this country," he ventured finally.

"You seem to misunderstand this thing," remarked Mr. Smith almost pleasantly. "You are not retiring—you are kicked out. Now is it Europe or jail?"

The Boss was silent for a long time. It was the first

time he had ever come up against a stone wall.

"Which is it?" demanded Mr. Smith again. "Europe," musmured The Boss feebly.

"Very good." And Mr. Smith arose. "It's rough on Europe, but I can't help that. You have had your filthy paws on this State long enough. Now, I'm going to be the boss here—a boss such as nobody else ever heard of—an honest one. And there isn't room enough for one honest man and you on the same continent."

Within something less than three years Mr. Jim Heckler Smith had made himself the political boss of his State. It is not within my province to explain miracles, but boss he was—an undisputed monarch, jealous of his rights. The Governor, Frank Terrell, had rolled into office on a floodtide of ballots, and his was the highest voice in the State—after Jim Heckler Smith. Palmerton Guy was Attorney-General, and one hundred and ninety legislators out of two hundred and thirty-four were pledged to vote Smith's way.

So the Smith Governor was inaugurated, the Smith Legislature listened to the Smith Governor's message—which detailed at some length what Smith thought about things as they were—and Smith's Attorney-General went in to clean the Augean stables. Then, one day, when the squeaky places had all been worked out of the new State machinery, Philip S. Baker called upon Mr. Smith.

Baker was a smooth, shrewd, gifted individual, who was looked upon generally as Mr. Smith's right hand,

for the reason that he had been able to untangle some knotty places in the campaign by right of superior political experience. He sat down modestly.

"Well," he began, "the Governor's on the job."

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith.

"And the legislature is at work."

"That's what it's there for," said Mr. Smith.

Baker leaned far back in his chair and studied the ceiling. Mr. Smith was staring at him inquiringly. Finally Baker's eyes were lowered.

"Well, what's the game?" he inquired casually.

"What game? What are you talking about?"
"The boys are waiting for orders," elucidated Baker.

"What'll you have?"

"What'll I have? I don't want anything." Baker smiled with polite self-effacement.

"Of course we all know you didn't do this thing for your health," he observed slowly. "If you'll just give me a tip—is it the military supplies contract?"

Mr. Smith came to his feet with blazing eyes and brought one clenched fist down on his desk so hard that it made the telephone jingle. Baker jumped.

"So that's the idea, is it?" demanded Mr. Smith. "Jumping Christopher! Am I the only honest man that ever lived?" He shook a long forefinger in Baker's face. "Go tell Terrell and Guy and my partyleader in the House to come here this afternoon at four o'clock, and you come, too. I want to say something!"

They came. Mr. Smith sat them all down in a little semi-circle and took a seat facing them.

"Now, look here," he began belligerently, "there seems to be some misunderstanding. First, I want you four men to know that I made you, and again I want you to know that I can unmake you. I am not the political boss of this State for a few months or a year—I'm the political boss of this State until they take me out feet foremost. Now you've got that, have you?

"And now I want to make you understand that I am an honest man. It's hard to believe, but it's true. You people have simply got to run this State machinery according to honest standards—and, if you ever have

any doubt as to what is honest and what is not honest, come to me. I'm not troubled with doubts, and I'll set you right." Mr. Smith banged his desk violently. "And so help me," he went on thunderously, "if I find out that any man in this State government has gotten away with as much as a one-cent stamp, I'll send him to jail! I've set a new standard in politics, and we're going to live up to it!"

Mr. Smith paused and thrust out one finger at Gov-

ernor Terrell.

"If you go wrong, I'll impeach you," he declared. "I'll be judge and jury, and there won't be any appeal. I don't want anything from this State; I won't accept anything from it—military supplies contract, or anything else. Nobody is going to get any favors. If somebody wants a franchise, make 'em pay the State full value for it—cash down. If a bill is introduced that should become a law, make it a law. If a lobbyist appears in the building, throw him down the steps with my compliments, and remember, I am holding you four men absolutely responsible. If you make mistakes you lose. That's all."

Four sadly bewildered men wandered down the

street, two and two.

"I wonder what the deuce his graft is?" mused Baker.

In the language of the amazed political world, Mr. Jim Heckler Smith took his State over the jumps during the next three months. When he banged his fist against the furniture and declared a bill was to pass, it passed with a unanimity that was dazzling. It was a lean time for legislators, and the State began to get real money for such rights as Mr. Jim Heckler Smith chose the State should grant. This was in violation of all precedent, because formerly this money had gone to individuals. Excessive pay-rolls were ruthlessly whacked off and dead timber thrown out of State departments.

And through it all Philip S. Baker was sitting up nights trying to fathom the impenetrable mystery of an honest man. He couldn't rid himself of the novelty of the idea, but he discreetly refrained from expressing himself on the point. One day he called upon Mr.

Smith with a suggestion.

"You know that eleventh assembly district was always a doubtful one," he began. "Well, there's a chance now for you to make yourself solid there. The storm yesterday afternoon wrecked the State recreation pier, which was only half-finished, and five laborers were killed. They were employees of the State, and all of them lived in the eleventh assembly."

Mr. Smith nodded. He had read an account of the

affair in a newspaper.

"The laborers didn't make but a dollar and a half a day," continued Baker. "Every one of them left a wife—and two of them several children. Of course, they are all poor, and now they are in want. Some one has suggested that a subscription be started for the widows and children, and it would help you in the district if you headed it with, say, five hundred dollars."

Mr. Smith tilted his desk chair back and looked at his right-hand man squarely.

"Baker, you're the most cold-blooded man I ever saw!" he said. "You've got to get over it, or you and I won't get along. Do you understand?"

"I merely suggested it," Baker hurried to explain.

"It's a good suggestion, but don't put it on such sordid grounds," warned Mr. Smith. "I would have helped, anyhow." He turned and wrote a check. "By the way, what does the State do in a case like this?"

"Nothing," replied Baker, surprised at the bare idea. "Don't their widows get a pension or something from the State?" demanded Mr. Smith. "The men were at work for the State when they were killed, weren't they?"

"I never heard of such a thing as a pension in this

State."

"Well, here's a thousand dollars," said Mr. Smith, and he passed over the check." "These widows and orphans are going to get a pension. You go up and tell Guy I said to shape a bill allowing each widow about twenty dollars a month, then tell my house leader to put it through."

"It's very unusual, Mr. Smith," ventured Baker.
"Yes, I know. A lot of things I do are unusual.

That's their chief beauty."

"Do you think it's quite—quite honest?" asked. Baker breathlessly. Mr. Smith glared at him, and Baker went away. An hour later Attorney-General Guy appeared with perturbed face.

"About this pension-" he began.

"Yes, I know. What about it?"

"It can't be done," Mr. Guy explained. It isn't with-

in the power of the legislature to do it."

"Not within the power of the legislature to do a simple act of justice?" exclaimed Mr. Smith belligerently. "Why isn't it?"

"The constitution," said Mr. Guy tersely.

"Oh, I see," observed Mr. Smith. "It doesn't fit the constitution? Well, I'll tell you what, Guy, we'll make it a law anyway, and, if it doesn't fit the constitution, then next election we'll change the constitution and make it fit the law. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but-"

"Well, put the bill through. I'm busy."

Slipping Away Unbeknownst

After the capitulation of General Lee, in April, 1865, the members of the Confederate Cabinet scattered in all directions. General Wilson, to whom Macon had surrendered, was chasing the President of the ex-Confederate States, who had not a last ditch for hiding. He asked for instructions in the dilemma—should he capture the fugitive or let him escape? Grant referred in person to Lincoln, who said:

"This reminds me of a story:

"There was once an Irishman who had signed Father Mathews's temperance pledge. A few days later, he became terribly thirsty, and finally applied to a bartender in a saloon for a glass of lemonade; and while it was being mixed, leaned over and whispered to him:

"An' couldn't yees put a little whiskey into it, all unbeknownst to mesilf?"

"Now, General, if Jeff can get away unbeknownst to us, I shall be glad."

The Set of Turquoise

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Act I. Scene I.

(Characters: Count of Lara, a poor nobleman; Beatrice, his wife; Miriam, a maid, who personates a page.)

Scene: Count of Lara's villa. A balcony overlook-

ing garden.

Lara. The third moon of our marriage, Beatrice! It hangs on the still twilight, large and full, Like a ripe orange.

Beatrice. Like an orange? Yes, But not so red, Count. Then it has no stem. Now, as 'tis hidden by those drifts of cloud, With one thin edge just glimmering through the dark.

'Tis like some strange, rich jewel of the east,

In the cleft side of a mountain.

And that reminds me-speaking of jewelslove,

There is a set of turquoise at Malan's, Ear-drops and bracelets and necklace—ah! If they were mine.

Lara. And so they should be, dear,

Were I Aladdin, and had slaves o' the lamp To fetch me ingots. Why, then, Beatrice, All Persia's turquoise-quarries should be yours, Although your hand is heavy with gems That tear my lips when I would kiss its white-

Oh, so you pout! Why make that full-blown rose

Into a bud again?

You love me not. Beatrice.

Lara. A coquette's song.

Beatrice. I sing it. Lara. A poor song.

Beatrice. You love me not, or love me over-much, Which makes you jealous of the gems I wear!

You do not deck me as becomes our state, For fear my grandeur should besiege the eyes Of Monte, Clari, Marcus, and the rest— A precious set! You're jealous, sir!

Lara.

Not I.

I love you.

Beatrice. Why, that is as easy said
As any three short words; takes no more breath
To say, "I hate you." What, sir, have I lived
Three times four weeks your wedded loyal wife,
And do not know your follies? I will wager
(If I could trap his countship into this!)
The rarest kisses I know how to give
Against the turquoise, that within a month
You'll grow so jealous—and without a cause,
Or with a reason thin as window glass—
That you will ache to kill me!

Lara. Will you so?

And I—let us clasp hands and kiss on it.
Beatrice. Clasp hands, Sir Trustful; but not kiss—nay, nay

I will not pay my forfeit till I lose.

Lara. And I'll not lose the forfeit.

Beatrice. We shall see. (Exit Beatrice.)

Lara. She has as many fancies as the wind Which now, like slumber, lies 'mong spicy isles, Then suddenly blows white furrows in the sea! Lovely and dangerous is my leopardess. To-day, low-dying at my feet; to-morrow, With great eyes flashing; threatening doleful death—

With strokes like velvet! She's no common clay,

But fire and dew and marble. I'll not throw So rare a wonder in the lap o' the world!

Jealous? I am not jealous—though they say Some sorts of love breed jealousy. And yet, I would I had not wagered; it implies Doubt. If I doubted? Pshaw! I'll walk awhile

And let the cool air fan me. 'Twas not wise.' Tis only Folly with its cap and bells

Can jest with sad things. She seemed earnest, too.

What if, to pique me, she overstep
The pale of modesty, and give bold eyes
(I could not bear that, nay, not even that!)
To Marc of Claudian? Why, such things have
been

And no sin dreamed of. I will watch her close. There, now, I wrong her.

Yet if she,
To win the turquoise of me, if she should—
O cursed jewels! Would that they were hung
About the glistening neck of some mermaid
A thousand fathoms underneath the sea!

(A page crosses the garden.)

That page again! 'Tis twice within the week The supple-waisted, pretty-ankled knave Has crossed my garden at this self-same hour, Trolling a canzonetta with an air As if he owned the villa. Why, the fop! He might have doffed his bonnet as he passed. I'll teach him better if he come again. What does he at the villa? O! perchance He comes in the evening when his master's out, To lisp soft romance in the ready ear Of Beatrice's dressing-maid; but then She has one lover. Now I think she's two; This gaudy popinjay would make the third, And that's too many for an honest girl I'll ask the Countess—no, I'll not do that; She'd laugh at me; and vow by the Madonna This varlet was some noble in disguise, Seeking her favor. Then I'd let the light Of heaven through his doublet—I would—yes, That is, I would, were I a jealous man: But then I'm not.

When he comes out again
I'll stop him, question him, and know the truth.
I cannot sit in the garden of a night
But he glides by me in his jaunty dress,
Like a fantastic phantom!—never looks
To the right nor left, but passes galy on,
As if I were a statue. Soft, he comes!
I'll make him speak, or kill him; then, indeed,

It were unreasonable to ask it. Soh! I'll speak him gently at the first, and then-(The page enters by a gate in the villa-garden, and walks past the Count.)

Ho! pretty page, who owns you?

No one now. Page. Once Signor Juan, but I am his no more.

Lara. What, then, you stole from him? O! no, sir, no, Page.

He had so many intrigues on his hands, There was no sleep for me night nor day. Such carrying of love-favors and pink notes! He's gone abroad now, to break other hearts And so I left him.

Lara.

A frank knave. To-night Page.

I've done his latest bidding—

As you should— Lara.

Page. A duty wed with pleasure—'twas to take A message to a countess all forlorn, In vonder villa.

Why! that villa's mine! Lara. (Aside.) A message to a countess all forlorn?

In yonder villa?

Ay, sir. You can see Page. The portico among the mulberries, Just to the left, there.

Ay, I see, I see. Lara.

A pretty villa. And the lady's name?

Page. The lady's name, sir?

Ay, the lady's name. Lara. Page. O! that's a secret which I cannot tell.

No? but you shall, though, or I'll strangle Lara.

In my strong hands your slender neck would snap Like a fragile pipe-stem.

You are choking me Page.

O! loose your grasp, sir!

Then the name! the name! Lara.

Page. Countess of Lara.

Not her dressing-maid? Lara. Page. No, no, I said the mistress, not the maid.

Lara. And then you lied. I never saw two eyes

So wide and frank but they'd a pliant tongue

To shape a lie for them. Say you are false! Tell me you lie, and I will make you rich, I'll stuff your cap with ducats twice a year.

Page. Well, then-I lie.

Lara. Ay, now you lie, indeed!

I see it in the cunning of your eyes; Night cannot hide the Satan leering there. Only a little lingering fear of heaven Holds me from dirking you between the ribs!

Page. What would you have? I will say nothing, then.

Lara. Say everything, and end it! Here is gold. You brought a billet to the Countess—well? What said the billet?

Page. Take away your hand.
And, by St. Mary, I will tell you all.
There, now, I breathe. You will not harm me,
sir?

Stand six yards off, or I will not a word. It seems the Countess promised Signor Juan A set of turquoise—

Lara. Turquoise? Ha! that's well.

Page. Just so—wherewith my master was to pay
Some gaming debts; but yester-night the cards
Tumbled a golden mountain at his feet;
And ere he sailed, this morning, Signor Juan
Gave me a perfumed, amber-tinted note,
For Countess Lara which, with some adieus,
Craved her remembrance morning, noon, and
night;

Her prayers while gone, her smiles when he returned;

Then told his sudden fortune with the cards, And bade her keep the jewels. That is all.

Lara. All? Is that all? 'T has only cracked my heart!

A heart, I know, of little, little worth— An ill-cut ruby, scarred and scratched before But now quite broken! I have no heart, then; Men should not have, when they are wronged like this.

Out of my sight, thou demon of bad news! (Exit Lara.)

Page. I did not think it would work on him like that.

How pale he grew! Alack! I fear some ill Will come of this. I'll to the Countess now, And warn her of his madness.

(Exit Page.)

Act I, Scene 2.

(Scene: Beatrice's chamber. Beatrice sits on a fauteuil in the attitude of listening.)

Beatrice. Hist! that's his step. Miriam, place the lights

Farther away; keep you behind the screen, Breathing no louder than a lily does; For if you stir or laugh 'twill ruin all.

Miriam. Laugh! I am faint with terror. Beatrice. Then be still.

Move not for worlds until I touch the bell, Then do the thing I told you. Hush! his step Sounds in the corridor, and I'm asleep!

(Lara enters; he approaches within a few yards of Beatrice, pauses, and looks at her.)

Lara. Asleep!—and guilt can slumber! Guilt can

Down-lidded and soft-breathed like innocence! Hath dreams as sweet as childhood's—who can tell?

Were I an artist and did wish to paint
A devil to perfection, I'd not limn
A horned monster, with a leprous skin,
Red-hot from Pandemonium—not I.
But with my delicatest tints, I'd paint
A woman in the glamour of her youth,
All garmented with loveliness and mystery!
How fair she is! Her beauty glides between
Me and my purpose, like a pleading angel.
(Beatrice sighs.)

Her dream's broke, like a bubble, in a sigh, She'll waken soon, and that—that must not be! I could not kill her if she looked at me. I loved her, loved her, by the saints, I did—I trust she prayed before she fell asleep!

Beatrice. (Springing up.) So, you are come—your dagger in your hand?

Your lips compressed and blanched, and your hair

Tumbled widly all about your eyes,

Like a river-god's? O love, you frighten me! And you are trembling. Tell me what this means.

Lara. Oh! nothing, nothing—I did think to write
A note to Juan, to Signor Juan, my friend
(Your cousin and my honorable friend);
But finding neither ink nor paper here,
I thought to scratch it with my dagger's point
Upon your bosom, Madam! That is all.

Beatrice. You've lost your senses!

Lara. Madam, no I've found 'em!
Beatrice. Then lose them quickly, and be what you were.

Lara. I was a fool, a dupe—a happy dupe.

You should have kept me in my ignorance; For wisdom makes me wretched, king and clown.

Countess of Lara, you are false to me!

Beatrice. Now, by the saints-

Lara. Now, by the saints, you are!

Beatrice. Upon my honor-

Lara. On your honor? fie!

Swear by the ocean's feathery froth, for that

Is not so light a substance.

Beatrice. Hear me, love!

Lara. Lie to that marble Io! I am sick

To the heart with lying.

Beatrice. You've the ear-ache, sir,

Got with too much believing.

Lara. Beatrice,

I came to kill you.

Beatrice. Kiss me, Count, you mean! Larffla. If killing you be kissing you, why, yes.

Beatrice. Ho! come not near me with such threatening looks,

Stand back there, if you love me, or have loved!

(As Lara advances, Beatrice retreats to the table and rings a small hand-bell. Miriam, in the dress of a page, enters from behind the screen and steps between them.)

Lara. (Starting back.) The page? Now, curse him! What?

No! Miriam?

Hold! 'twas at twilight, in the villa-garden,

At dusk, too, on the road to Mantua;

But here the light falls on you, man or maid! Stop now; my brain's bewildered. Stand vou

there.

And let me touch you with incredulous hands! Wait till I come, nor vanish like a ghost.

If this be Juan's page, why, where is Miriam? If this be Miriam, where's—by all the saints,

I have been tricked!

Miriam. (Laughing.) By two saints, with your leave!

Lara. The happiest fool in Italy, for any age! And all the damning tales you fed me with,

You, Sprite of Twilight, Imp of the old Moon! Miriam. (Bowing.) Were arrant lies as ever woman told;

And though not mine, I claim the price for them.

This cap stuffed full of ducats twice a year! Lara. A trap! a trap that only caught a fool! So thin a plot, I might have seen through it. I've lost my reason!

Miriam. And your ducats!

And Beatrice. A certain set of turquoise at Malan's.

A Button

[Translated for "The Speaker," from the French, by Katherine Wolf.]

Characters:

Dr. Rudolf Bingen, university professor.

Gabriela, his wife.

Dr. Carl Blatt, university professor.

Bertha Waller, Gabriela's cousin.

Place: A university town. A room in the house of Dr. Rudolf Bingen.

Gabriela. I would like to know what ails him today. He's been carrying on this way for two hours, Rudolf.

Rudolf. What do you want?

Gabriela. Are you looking for something?

Rudolf. Can't you see that I am?

Gabriela. A book?

Rudolf. No.

Gabriela. What then?

Rudolf. That's just what I'm trying to find out.

Gabriela. (To herself.) He has forgotten what he was searching for! What shall I think! To-day he positively forgot to kiss me.

Rudolf. (Aside.) I wonder if this miserable cranium of mine is going to remember. Every possible thing has come into my mind excepting what I'm looking for.

Gabriela. Rudolf!

Rudolf. What do you want?

Gabriela. There's something the matter with you! Rudolf. Yes—of course. What of it?

Gabriela. You are hiding your trouble from me. You have no confidence in me. I feel so badly!

Rudolf. I beg of you, don't bother me with such nonsense. It makes me frantic. I have to give an examination for doctor's degree to-day. Wanted just now to prepare it, and just then I remember there was something I couldn't remember, and now it's all

over with my peace of mind. To make matters worse you come along with a scene!

Gabriela. A scene. Because I am showing anxiety concerning your health (tears). I haven't deserved this!

Rudolf. Now to cap the climax, you weep. (Gabriela hides her eyes.)

Rudolf. Dear Gabriela, if it is necessary for your health that you weep from time to time, then please reserve it for a time when I am at lectures. It will be best for both of us.

Gbariela Now you are making fun of me! And we've only been married a week! However, I will carry out your wishes, sir. You shall never see me weep again! (Goes to her room.)

Rudolf. She is angry and I can't help it! How gladly would I share my trouble with her if I only knew what it was! I miss something—that's as clear as day, but what? (He finds a red button.) Hurrah! I've got it! There it lay that wretched little object of my distress. My button! Now how did this button get into my wife's work basket? Yesterday it was there. (Points to the place on his house coat.) Strangely enough, here to-day is a black companion to this red runaway. (Reflects upon the black button.) That doesn't suit me, I must have the red one, for it signifies to me rest and matrimonial bliss. (Takes off the house coat, seats himself at the sewing table, and sews the red one firmly in place of the black.)

Enter Carl.

Carl. Good morning!

Rudolf. Good morning, my dear friend! Please sit down, I'm busy at present.

Carl. What on earth are you doing!

Rudolf. Just sewing a button on my coat. There—now I'm through. Why do you look at me so strangely?

Carl. You are married—have servants—and do

your own sewing?

Rudolf. But, my friend—this button has a peculiar history.

Carl. A secret?

Rudolf. By no means! I will publish the story for the use and benefit of all bachelors. But—be seated! You have known me for many years and know that my work at the university occupies my whole mind and whole time. Now a week ago I married a most charming and lovely lady whom I certainly do not deserve, for she is bright and happy, while I have nothing to offer her but an upright, half dried up heart, and my knowledge, upon which she would certainly place more value if she herself were a student. So said I to myself the day we were married, and decided to make my young and lovely wife, happy. But, in the end, we men always succumb to our habits, and mine has been for years, day and night, to browse over my books, and not bother about the rest of the world. So I said to myself I must have something that will constantly remind me that not only must I take my books, but also my wife in my arms, that my work is not only means for lecturing, but also for kissing-I must have an alarm-clock for my affections. My eyes fell upon this button that lay unobserved on the floor. I picked it up and sewed it on my house coat, and the dear fellow has performed his duty beautifully; I have been so tender, so devoted, that I secretly have been most surprised at myself. Yesterday the red monitor disappeared, and to-day I found it again, and we shall never again separate—shall we, you dear, good fellow? (Pats the button.)

Carl. Your story is most edifying. But let me come to the point for my being here.

Rudolf. I am very much interested.

Carl. I, too, would like to marry.

Rudolf. You are wise if you do. Marry and get a button as soon as possible.

Carl. I won't need one.

Rudolf. You have a more impulsive disposition than I. But to the point. Whom do you want to marry?

Carl. Your wife's cousin.

Rudolf. Bertha Waller?

Carl. Yes.

Rudolf. And what are we to do?

Carl. Bertha knows that I love her; She saw how I picked up and placed in my notebook a little flower that fell from the bouquet that she carried at your wedding; she was very good to me, but in her presence I felt as guilty as a schoolboy. She is a relative of yours, she esteems you highly—

Rudolf. That I don't believe. Of course, I courted her before I was enamored by the charms of my wife, and if she had treated me better—she would to-day

be my wife.

Carl. She didn't treat you well?

Rudolf. Miserably.

Carl. That makes me very happy.

Rudolf. Oh, it does, does it? And me, it also did not make unhappy.

Carl. Will you help me win her?

Rudolf. With pleasure. But she hasn't been here for a week.

Carl. I heard indirectly that she was coming here to-day.

Rudolf. If that is the case, we will begin to-day to know her heart.

Carl. My happiness rests in your hands. I'll come back to get my answer! Farewell! (Leaves the room.)

Rudolf. A fine fellow! If Bertha says "yes" she will be very fortunate. Now, to the examination, then in two hours—(looks at his watch and thereupon notices the button) my button! I must first make up with my dear Gabriela—(calls) Gabriela!

Enter Gabriela.

Gabriela. What do you want?

Rudolf. Are you still weeping?

Gabriela. No-no more.

Rudolf. But you are still angry! Your dear eyes are still so sad!

Gabriela. Do you know now what you were looking for?

Rudolf. Of course, I know. It was a bu—Gabriela. What?

Rudolf. (Aside.) I can't tell her about it

(Aloud.) It was a reminder that I had forgotten something, but now I have it again.

Gabriela. I have been very unhappy the whole morning. You wicked man, I haven't received a single kiss.

Rudolf. That was the fault of that infernal bu-Gabriela. Whose fault?

Rudolf. My forgetfulness. Now, you shall have a half dozen kisses. (Kisses her.)

Gabriela. (Pushing him away.) How impetuous you suddenly have become!

Rudolf. We are sometimes that way. I and—

Gabriela. You and—of whom are you speaking? Rudolf. I—I just meant—by the way, where is Cousin Bertha concealing herself? She is never to be seen here any more.

Gabriela. Do you miss her?

Rudolf. I? By no means! I just wanted-

Gabriela. Do you still feel a few pangs of your old love for her perhaps?

Rudolf. You are joking!

Gabriela. Be careful!, I can be terribly jealous. Rudolf. You don't mean that! And I am as true as steel.

Gabriela. I believe you! Have you finished preparing the examinations for the doctor's degree?

Rudolf. I haven't even begun.

Gabriela. Then go up to your room and work. Rudolf. Are you sending me to my books?

Gabriela. (With comical gravity.) I am not the only one who has claims upon you, my love! Conscience, your second wife, must not be neglected. either. You are free! (Extends her hand for him to kiss it.)

Rudolf. (Kissing her hand.) I obey. (As he leaves, he seizes his button, stands still, aside.) He is right! I must do it again! (Turns around, embraces and kisses Gabriela.) So, now I must go! (Aside, patting his button.) You dear, old fellow! (Exit.)

Gabriela. He loves me above everything, andthat is his duty, for I love him just as much, and he

would not have a peaceful moment if I were not the most precious thing in the world to him.

Bertha. (Enters.) Here I am. And now let me have a good look at you in the role of a young wife. Marriage hasn't changed you one bit. You are just as pretty, jolly, and amiable as ever. Where is your stern lord and master.

Gabriela. (Astonished.) You inquire for him? Bertha. Isn't that natural?

Gabriela. It just seemed strange to me, because he inquired about you to-day, too.

Bertha. That betrays more amiability than I would have given him credit for.

Gabriela. Oh! he can be very gracious! You must know that.

Bertha. I had forgotten it.

Gabriela. You were obliged to forget it!

Bertha. What's the matter with you? You have an angry tone. Have I hurt you?

Gabriela. Forgive me, but it isn't very pleasant for a woman to know that her husband formerly-

Bertha. Gabriela, I believe you are on the verge of jealousy!

Gabriela. And suppose I were? Bertha. You are childish! Your husband doesn't think of me any more, and I never thought of him. He never pleased me.

Gabriela. You speak so disparagingly of him it makes it appear very suspicious. Mr. Rudolf is such a fine, interesting man, that any girl with good taste couldn't fail to like him. If you didn't like him-

Bertha. I didn't have good taste! (Gabriela shrugs her shoulders.)

Bertha. Would it please you better to know that I did like him?

Gabriela. O, no!

Bertha. You are a little idiot, and don't know what you want.

Gabriela. Dear Bertha. I am wicked to-day, I know, but truly I can't help it Give me your hand and-laugh at me as much as you please-but assure me that my husband doesn't interest you at all.

Bertha. (Extends her hand.) But I will give you a still better guarantee.

Gabriela. What?

Bertha. I am in love with some one else.

Gabriela. With whom? Do tell me.

Bertha. With a colleague of your husband's. Dr. **Blatt**

Gabriela. You don't mean it!

Bertha. Do vou like him?

Gabriela. O, no, not at all! Not a little bit! Bertha. You need not emphasize it so strongly; I am not jealous.

Gabriela. I give you my word—I really don't like him.

Bertha. That is a matter of taste. I like him and he likes me—that I know Will you have more peace of mind when I am married?

Gabriela. Yes. My best wishes for your happiness and for an early completion of your plans.

Bertha. There is no immediate hurry. Still, before I forget it; do you remember the dress I wore at your wedding?

Gabriela. You looked very pretty.

Bertha. I wore a white dress, trimmed with little red carnelian buttons. I lost one of those buttons there.

Gabriela. I have found it.

Bertha. Where.

Gabriela. It was sewed on my husband's housecoat.

Bertha. Impossible.

Gabriela. It really was. After the wedding, as becomes an orderly house-wife, I examined his wardrobe and found on his house-coat, among nothing but black buttons, one single red one. I removed it and replaced it with another But-gracious! How did my husband happen to have your button?

Bertha. I am putting that question to myself! Gabriela. That looks very suspcious to me.

Bertha. You are fretting yourself again.

Gabriela. Who sewed that button on? Evidently he did. Why did he do it? Because you wore itbecause it was a sweet reminder. Because he can't wear your photograph, he wears your button. My head is swimming!

Bertha. Are you quite sure that it was my button? Gabriela. I have it here. (Looks on the table.) I can't find it. That appears more suspicious.

Bertha. Perhaps somebody carried it off.

Gabriela. No one was in this room except my husband. He alone can and must give me the information. Bertha, I have terrible forebodings! Bertha, if he has deceived me. I can't survive it. Rudolf!

(Enter Rudolf.)

Rudolf. What do you want, my angel? Ah, our

charming cousin; good morning.

Gabriela. (Spies the red button and cries.) Ah! Rudolf. What's the matter? (Goes toward Gabriela.)

Gabriela. (Crying aloud.) Step back!

Bertha. (Has stepped over to Gabriela, and takes her in her arms.) Step back, sir!

Rudolf I am to step back? Why?

Gabriela. (Softly to Bertha.) He has it!

Bertha. He has it?

(Weeping.) Sewed on!-Gabriela.

Bertha. (Aside.) The wretch! Compose yourself or he will observe that he is betrayed. I will test him and then punish him.

Gabriela. (Aside.) Excellent!!

Rudolf. Might I not learn what has happened to my wife?

Gabriela. Nothing at all. Just a little pain—it is

all over.

Rudolph. My poor little wife!

Gabriela. It's all right, you good husband! Don't worry. I will rub my temples with cologne-then everything will be over. Meanwhile entertain our dear Bertha, you exemplary, good husband.

Rudolf. What is the matter with her?

Bertha. Headache.

Rudolf. So then when young women have headaches, they cry out, "Stand back?"
Bertha. You don't mind being alone with me?

Rudolph. I? Alone with you?

Bertha. Have you nothing to say to me?

Rudolf. That is right! I have something to say to you. I almost forgot it.

Bertha. I am waiting for it.

Rudolf. You are waiting for it? Say what you will—women are all alike. They can't wait for a declaration of love.

Bertha. (Aside.) The wretch! (Aloud.) You are joking!

Rudolf. I am very much in earnest. We both. know a certain man, who gazed too deeply into your beautiful eyes and he loves you ardently.

Bertha. I know this man?

Rudoif. Certainly. You have noticed that he wears a reminder of you over his heart. (Points to the inside pocket.)

Bertha. (To herself.) He means the button! The traitor. (Aloud.) What am I to do with this love?

Rudolf. Requite it. He who offers you his heart is a worthy man. A union with him-

Bertha. A union! Sir, that is an insulting pro-

posal!

Rudolf. So? Insulting? If you esteem a professor so lightly then you must be waiting for a prince.

Bertha. My refusal has nothing to do with posi-

tion.

Rudolf. Then you will not respond to this affection?

Bertha. I will never love a man who has made a poor woman unhappy, whom every honorable woman must refuse to respect.

Rudolf. So! If I had suspected this, I would not have insulted you with my proposal. He shall learn

your decision. (Exit.)

Bertha. Poor Gabriela! There is no doubt about it, this wretch loves me and has the audacity to tell me! Shall the poor woman know of this? Let her know everything—he is not worthy of this angel!

Carl. (Aside.) There she is. (Aloud.) Good day! What do I see? This excitement—

Bertha. Is that surprising? Haven't I just been insulted-

Carl. Who dared to do that?

Bertha. Dr. Bingen.

Carl. Rudolf?

Bertha. He confessed his love for me.

Carl. Dr. Bingen?

Bertha. Here—just a few minutes ago!

Carl. Outrageous! He, who—will you permit me to avenge you?

Bertha. Sir-

Carl. The wretch must be punished—he has committed double treason. I will be your knight.

Bertha. Sir-

Carl. You are thinking that I have not the right, and from a legal standpoint, you are correct. If I were in a suitable frame of mind, I would tell you that I love you, that I want to marry you, but we haven't time for that now. I will tell you some other time. For the present, I again beg for permission to be your knight.

Bertha. (Extending her hand.) Accepted!

Carl. (Kisses her hand.) Pardon this kissing of your hand. It is certainly not appropriate here, but it is so difficult to control myself. Now, to see him!

Berthal. You go to him! I will go to her!

Carl. This wolf in sheep's clothing shall suffer for his conduct.

(Enter Rudolf, a letter in his hand.)

Rudolf. Here you are. I was just going to send this letter—what is the matter with you?

Carl. Sir!

Rudolf. (Going towards him.) Poor friend!

Carl. Stand back!

Rudolf. You are also crying "Stand back!" Have you a headache, too?

Carl. Sir! Did you carry out my wishes?

Rudolf. I did, and it isn't my fault if I can't give

vou a better answer.

Carl. Not your fault? Well, then allow me to tell you that you are a wretch, who has abused the confidence of friendship, a shameless creature, who—

Rudolf. Control yourself. And don't be unjust in your anguish. If you were rejected, bear the blame alone.

Carl. I rejected?

Rudolf. I wanted to cover your faults with the

mantel of brotherly love, but your imprudent conduct forces me to say that I have also found you out. Is it perhaps my fault that you have made a poor woman unhappy and miserable, so that every right-thinking woman must refuse to respect you?

Carl. What? Sir, are you crazy?

Rudolf. You were, when you strayed from the path of virtue and led a life which is, for a professor of jurisprudence, very wrong!

Carl. Sir! I am losing my reason!

Rudolf. Don't incommode yourself on my account. I just want to request you henceforth to spare me your visits.

Carl. Well, that is going too far! He reproaches me.

(Enter Bertha.)

Bertha. What is the matter here?

Carl. The professor is giving me a lecture on virtue.

Bertha. He? How very comical.

Rudolf. Comical?

Gabriela. More than comical. Shameless!

Rudolf. Shameless?

Bertha. When a man possesses a wife such as you possess, and treats her as you do, then he deserves no consideration, then we must tear away the mask of respectability, and show him to the world in all his hideousness!

Rudolf. Permit me-

Gabriela. When such a woman as I am have such a monster for a husband as you, monster, then it is best for her to leave this monster in time, and comfort herself as best she can! O, you—you—I don't want to call you anything disagreeable, but I am going back to my parents, and will have a good cry on my mother's heart.

Rudolf. Isn't mine sufficient for you?

Gabriela. Shame! Bad puns on such a solemn occasion, and even a bad heart!

Rudolf. This is becoming too much for me! You are all going at me, as if I had murdered somebody, and I am as innocent as the day. What have I done?

All. You ask that?

Rudolf. I must ask it, for I haven't the faintest idea of any past misdemeanors!

Gabriela. This shamelessness stupefies me.

Haven't vou broken faith with me?

Rudolf. No!

Gabriela. No? Ask your button!

Rudolf. My button?
Bertha. Perhaps you don't love me?
Rudolf. No! It doesn't occur to me to do so! Bertha. And you haven't told me that you did? Rudolf. No. A thousand times, no! Bertha. No? Ask your button!

Carl. Have you kept your promise?

Rudolf. Yes!

Carl. You haven't betrayed my confidence?

Rudolf. No!

Carl. No? O, you honest creature! Just remember the story of the button which you yourself related!

Rudolf. Button, button, nothing but button! So this is the disturber of the peace? We'll be thoroughly rid of it. A knife! A kingdom for a knife! (Searches in the room.)

Gabriela. He is going to kill himself!

Bertha. Or us! Horrible!

Carl. But, man, professor! What are you thinking about?

Rudolf. A knife A knife!

Carl. What do you want to do with a knife?

Rudolf. You still ask? I want to cut off this accursed button, this serpent which I nourished at my bosom. I even sewed the abomination on myself, so that it would remind me every minute of my wife

Gabriela. Remind you of me.

Bertha. My button? Rudolf. Your button?

Bertha. I lost it here some time ago!

Rudolf. Is that so? Why don't you have your buttons sewed on better?

Gabriela. Then you didn't know that the button belonged to Bertha?

Rudolf. I swear it!

Gabriela. (Embraces him.) Then everything is

all right! Your pardon, dear! (Rudolf glances at them. Bertha has given her hand to Carl, and is smiling on him. Rudolf has eagerly taken off the button and shows it.)

Rudolf. There, take the culprit! Do with it what you want! I will find another reminder of my wife—

Gabriela. The greatest one shall always be my affectionate glance.

Baseball

BY HASHIMURA TOGO

[Extract from "Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy" in Collier's Weekly.]



N Spring young American mind naturally turn to sport of baseballing. Japanese Boy have found out how-do to get there to place where them National Sport is done. Walk some distance to suburbs of trolley when, all of a suddenly, you will

notice a sound. It is a very congregational lynch-law sound of numberous voices doing it all at once. Silence punctuates this. Then more of.

"Why, all this yell about, unless of mania?" I require to know from Hon. Police.

"San Francisco is in it and Oakland is outside of it," say Hon. Police with moustache. "San Francisco have made bat-hit and three gentlemans have arrive home."

"So happy to welcome travelers!" I decry. "Have them gentlemans been long absent for such publick banzai?"

"All over bean-farm," says Hon. Police. "They was all on bags," he-say, "and two mans had died on first basso—"

"I shall enjoy mourning for them heroes," I retort.
"—then Hon. Murphy acquire one base by high finance."

"How-so he possess this base?" is next question for me.

"He steal it," say Hon. Police with cigar.

I admire talents of that Hon. Murphy who can steal things while all publick make shout of applaud. With practice he would become very delicious Senator.

More loud yell of shouts is heard. I am an enthusiasm. What fierce harakari of patriotism was going on to make them Americans so loud? Such sound of hates! Port Arthur was took with less noise than that. Therefore I must see about it.

I go to fence where ticket-hole demand 50c. of price to see it.

"Why must Japanese Boy pay such price?" I renig. "Because-so," say Ticketer, "Baseballing is National Sport. Therefore each patriot must pay them 50c. for Campaign Fund to Hon. Cortelyou."

A amit myself to gate.

In seats around gallery all-America persons is setted in state of very hoarse condition. Downstairs on ground is 10 to 11 Baseballers engaged in doing so I am scientifick about this Game which is finished by following rules:

One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by sofa-pillows which he wear on his hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front of that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. But it is useless. Hon. Pitch in hand holds one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness He raise that arm lofty—then twist—O sudden!! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon. Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss & them deathly ball shoot Hon. Stop in gioves. "Struck once!" decry Hon. Umperor, a person who is there to gossip about it in loud voice.

"Why do Hon. Umperor demand Hon. Striker to struck when he have already did so?" I demand to know from one large German intelligence what set next by me.

"He is fanning himself outside," make that courteous foreigner for reply, so I prefer to understand.

Once more-time that Hon. Pitch prepare to enjoy some deathly agony. He hold that ball outside of twisted forearm, turn 1/2 beside himself, throw elbows away, give whirling salute of head, caress ankle with calf of leg, then up-air—quickly shoot!! Ball journey to Hon. Stop with whizz, but before arriving there Hon. Striker see it with club. There is considerable knock-sound as club collided to ball which stops continuing in that direction and bounds uply to air. Great excitement for all America! All spectacles in grandstand decry, "O make sliding, Hon. Sir!' and many voices is seriously spoiled as Hon. Striker run with rapid heels from each base to next & all other Baseballers present endeavor to pull down that ball which is still in very high sky. But soonly that ball return down and is bounded into hands of second basso sportsman who shoots it to Hon. Stop just as Hon. Striker is sliding to fourth base by the seat of his stummick.

"Out!" decry Hon. Umperor, so Hon. Striker go set himself on back bench, which is deserving place for all heroes.

So many Strikers is brought up to do them clubbing acts during game that it become a monotony to Japanese Boy in a very soon time. But not so it was to Americans who was fuller of Indiana of yells. Occasionally that large German intelligence what set next to me would say with vioce, "Kill that Umperor!"

"Why should Hon. Umperor be executed?" I require

for answer.

"I am not sure why-is," extort that German. "But it is courteous to demand his death occasionally."

"Is this Umperor such a sinful citizen?" I make note; but that Hon. German did not response because he was drownding his voice from one bottle of popsoda for value of 5c.

I wait for very large hour to see death to this Hon. Umperor, but it did not occur as I seen. Too bad! I had very good seat to see from.

Baseballing is healthy game for Americans. It permits them to enjoy sunstroke in middle of patriotick sounds, it teach them a entirely courageous vocabulary and put 10,000,000,000,000 peanuts in circulation

by each annual year. Japan must learn to do it. If all Japanese wishing to become heroes should go set in bleachers each afternoon time it might change them from Yellow Peril to yelling section in short generation.

But warfare is a more agreeable way.

The Hon. Gasolene

BY HASHIMURA TOGO.

[From Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy in Collier's Weekly.]



HAT say on. Galileo when enjoying execution by ax? He say, "This World do move!" Then neck-chop ensue to interrupt that great thought at windpipe. If Japanese Boy was there he would enquire to know, "What do move this

World, please?" Answer for this reply is: "Hon. Gasolene do!"

One quaint American proverb say, "Where there is Smoke there is Blazes." This is especially truthful about Pittsburgh. Yet how much more proverbial it would be to say it, "Where there is Smell there is Speed." I know because! I do not possess of my ownership any automobiles, but my cousin Nogi gave me acquaintance to Hon. G. W. Nishi, celebrated coachman for all tour-cars. This Nishi wear rubber uniform of Japanese Field Marshal. He appear to look like Marquis Oyama, but is much more important about it. I reverence him because he have killed several Americans and some Christians.

"Hon. Nishi," I collapse with Japanese, salute, "nobody not yet have invited me to ride in one."

"Maybe so it might," he subdivide with forgetful expression.

"Do automobiles make persons civilized?" I require for answer.

"Ask the Motor Man!" signify this Hon. Nishi making buzz-buzz of machinery and disappear with considerable odor. Soonly I hope to become a dear acquaintance to this Nishi who would be a very nice friend for chum.

Next I go to livery stable where automobiles is kept. There I meet Motor Man who suspect me of being Japanese Count ambitious to buy one. I become immediately deceptive. He suffocate me with international courtesy. He show me several tour-cars of delicious machinery.

"How much for price for red automobile?" I en-

quire to know.

"Red automobile is \$8,000 by price, Mr. Count," he

collapse with politeness.

"How much price for green automobile?" I ask for haughty reply.

"Green automobile is \$2,000 for price, Hon. Sir," he dictate for reverence.

"Quite well," I retrograde. "Then paint red automobile green and Japanese Boy will take it for \$2,000."

This Motor Man hesitate to do. So he donate to me one cigar of value 25c. and we enjoy a very elaborate interview about Hon. Gasolene which is a wonderful civilized drug. By ancient history, say this Motor Man, Hon. Gasolene was a very humble medicine. It was principally useful for removing raspberries from gloves and could be employed in cook stoves for explosions. Gasolene was next discovered to be one nice chemical for insurance. This gave it publick interest which made it necessary for all forms of motor.

Gasolene is so easy to distinguish from cologne that it appear deceptive. "Though lost to sight to memory strong" and "Gone, but not forgotten" was once fashionable for funerals. Them remarks is now mostly heard at automobile races.

Hon. Gasolene will make great civilization for future, say Motor Man. Niagara Falls will be runned by this fuel, machinery of Congress will go by gasolene-motor, farmers will turn horse-stable into garage and gather hay by gasolene. Warfare of future, say Motor Man, will be shot off by Hon. Gasolene. Japa-

nese Imperial Horse Guards on prancing motor-cycles will make desperation of charge on Gen. Kouropatkin with light run-about division on left wing while automobile batteries from hills will make considerable banzai with Shimose powder & fireworks. By shot & shell, shout-call, enjoyment of death & wounds long red line of touring-cars will charge from trenches while all day long them commissary-buggies will make hurry-up trip to firing-line to bring more gasolene from Army Canteen. Japanese air-navy of fly-machines will do something, too, probably, with them 1,000 horse-power aromatic engines. O such delightful banzai! Fierce honking from all sides, sharp report of punctured tires—Nippon forever! On, men of Nagasaki! Let us shed last drop of gasolene for home & mother!!

This is future warfare by Hon. Gasolene. What say Hebrew Prophet? "He smelleth the battle from away off and he yelleth 'O my!"

This Motor Man tell me some serious truth about Hon. Gasolene when took internally by victims. It is a very habitual drug like cocktails, cocaine, opiumsmoke and Peruna. When continually enjoyed by human interior it may result of one very nervous disease what hon. doctor-book call locomobile ataxia. When you have got this sickness, you will know it by following course of symptoms:

- I—When tour-caring on roadway you suddenly find out you are slow.
- 2—You mortgage on home to buy something of swift red color.
- 3—You are greedy to break it. You break record, speed-law & crank-shaft in short period. Then you break neck and quit it.
 - 4-You go to hospital to forget wife & child.
- 5—You deceive doctor by honking yourself to death. If you have done them symptoms, you had better worry, because you are a ill person.

Once more to speak of crime and then not to mention Gasolene again. I hear by editorial print how 12,000,000 mans has been arrested in automobiles for past year. All forms of burglary, including murder

& assassination, has been much less arrested than this. Therefore it prove how sinful is automobiles.

American society is divided into two sharp classes with police between them. Them who has automobiles is called Predatory Rich, them who has not is called Propaganders. When Socialism is elected each person will have I automobile; but them machinery will be out of style by then-time. Such a discouraging thought to enjoy!

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—I inquire to know from my Cousin Nogi,

"Why is automobiles painted blue?"

"To distinguish them from horses which is seldom found in them fast colors," collapse that idle Japanese.

Is this scientifick fact? H. T.

Melancholy

BY JOHN FLETCHER.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy—
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves! Moonlight walks, when all the fowls Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan— These are the sounds we feed upon: Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley, Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy. The Speaker

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Idella and the White Plague*

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

DELLA'S disposition and willingness to work were inherited from her mother. Washington Sparrow was an invalid and knew it. In fact he knew it better than any one else. When he and Betsy were first married he went fishing occasionally

and did odd jobs around town. Then his wife made the mistake of going out washing to add to the family income, and "Washy" began to develop symptoms. He developed in succession those of rheumatism, pleurisy, phthisis, and lumbago. At last his dieases narrowed down to two, nervous dyspepsia and slow consumption. These were satisfyingly chronic and de-bilitating. All day long he slept or smoked or sat by the fire, and his only function not impaired was appetite. The town physicians had long given him up. Dr. Bailey scoffingly prescribed a club, and old Dr. Penrose suggested Paris green. The children told their teachers that papa was too sick to work, and Betsy informed her washing clientele that Mr. Sparrow was "dreadful poorly." Idella, who had been working away from home had just married, and now came home to brood while her husband built a new hotel in the nearby village. The depot wagon reeled and bumped through the sandy ruts and up to the little one-hinged front gate. It was a Saturday and the children were all at home. The allowance of washing for that day being "taken in" Mrs. Sparrow was at home also. They were all at the door to welcome the arrival, all but the afflicted Washington. He stayed by the cook-stove in solitary dignity.

Idella jumped from the wheel and ran in at the gate. "My sakes, me," she cried, grabbing Mrs. Sparrow about the neck and kissing her; "if it don't seem good

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to see you. And Lycurgus (smack), and Editha (smack), and Ed and 'Lys and Nap and Margie (a smack for each), and there's the baby! My! how you have grown!"

The children blushed and grinned and stared admiringly at Idella's jacket. A real store-coat, and new, not cut down and turned and made over a half-dozen times. And the gay hat with the red ribbons was new likewise.

"If it ain't fine to see you all again," cried Idella. "Seems if the cars never would get here. Oh, and Bill must see you too! Bill, come here, will you?"

Mr. Burke was big and square-shouldered and sturdy. He came obediently at his wife's first call. It was easy to see who was "boss" in that family. Mrs. Sparrow wondered and envied.

They went into the house, Bill bearing the trunk as if it was no heavier than a carpet-bag. Mr. Spar-

row, by the stove, did not deign to turn.

"And there's pa!" exclaimed Idella, running over and embracing him. "Why, pa! how well you look!" "Well!" repeated the invalid indignantly, "maybe I

look well, but I tell you—"

"This is my husband," interrupted Idella briskly. Bill shake hands with pa."

"How's the cough, pa?" asked Idella.

Her father gave a tombstone sample of the cough before replying. Then he observed resignedly that it wasn't no better and he cal'lated it never would be.

"Oh, yes it will," affirmed his daughter. "Dr. Saunders has learned me a whole lot of things. You'll see. Bill, open that trunk, will you please; I want the folks to have the presents we brought 'em."

The word "presents" caused even the invalid to brace up and take an interest in life. There was something for every one; nothing expensive, of course, but all wonderful in that family.

"And now, ma," said Idella, "jest let me change my duds and I'll pitch in and help git the dinner. I hope we're goin' to have herrin's, I ain't had a herrin' sense I left Wellmouth."

That was the beginning. Before the next week had passed it was evident that there was a new manager

in the Sparrow household and the name of that manager was Idella. She took charge of affairs at once and began to make improvements. The children all went to school regularly, the eldest included. On Tuesday Mr. Burke began his labors at the new hotel, leaving early in the morning and returning at six o'clock. In a fortnight Idella announced that her mother was to go out washing no more. She might "take in" the laundry work if she wished but then it would be done at home and she herself, could help.

At first the invalid viewed all these changes with suspicion, but when he found that the food was better, that he wasn't asked to do anything and that, more important than all, his ailments were appreciated and understood, he became reconciled and told his wife that he could pass off in peace now because he knew that she and the children would be provided for.

But one evening, early in November, his dreams were shattered.

"Pa," said Idella suddenly, "I don't s'pose you feel well enough to go to work?"

He started to speak and then, recollecting, coughed long and with dreadful hollowness.

"I ask," continued Idella, "'cause Bill says they need more hands to cut down trees and lug lumber over to the hotel, and he could git a job for you any time you wanted it."

"Cut down trees!" shouted the sufferer. "And lug lumber! What you talkin' 'bout? How long do you cal'late I'd last doin' that? I'm slippin' into the grave fast enough as 'tis, jest settin' here hackin' and all tore to pieces with dyspepsy. Do you want to kill me all to once?"

His spasm of coughing this time was heartrending to witness.

"No," said Idella. "I told Bill you wa'n't fit to work. But, pa, I think somethin' ought to be done to cure you and so I'm goin' to try."

"Cure! Humph! I'm past curin', darter. Don't you worry 'bout me. Doctors give me up long spell ago. No, all's left for me is to linger around and die slow. I'll be glad when it's over and so'll everybody else."

"Doctors gave you up! What doctors? These one-

hoss ones down here? I've been livin' for a year with a reel doctor and he didn't give folks up jest 'cause they had consumption. No, sir! he cured 'em, and

I've got his receipt."

"Consupmtion," said Idella, "ain't cured by medicine no more. Not by the real doctors it ain't. Fresh air night and day is what's necessary and you don't git it here by the stove. You ought to live outdoor. Yes, and sleep there, too."

"Sleep outdoor? What kind of talk is that? Be you

crazy or---"

Idella held up a hand. "Don't screech so, pa," she said. "You'll wake the children."

"And I'm goin' to cure you or die myself a-tryin'. Our woodshed out back here is jest the place for you. It's full of cracks and the windows are broken, so there'll be plenty of air stirrin'. Bill took the lounge out there a little while ago; didn't you, Bill?"

"I thought I missed that lounge!" exclaimed Mrs.

Sparrow, who had been listening open-mouthed.

"Yes, it's there. There's plenty of bedclothes, so you'll sleep warm. You can wear your own clothes and Bill's old overcoat and set in the sun daytimes. We'll fetch you your meals. You mustn't come in the house at all. If you live that way all winter, why——"

"All winter!" The alarmed Washington leaped to his feet. "The gal's gone loony! She wants to kill me so's I'll be out of the way. I don't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step."

"Some of Dr. Saunders's patients talked that way first along," observed Idella, "but they had to do what he ordered. Bill, take pa out to the shed. I'll carry the lamp."

Mr. Burke rose, squared his mighty shoulders, and advanced toward his father-in-law. He looked as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

"Betsy," shrieked Mr. Sparrow, dodging into a corner, "be you in this? Do you want to see me murdered?"

Mrs. Sparrow was troubled. She had implicit confidence in her daughter, but she sympathized with her husband's infirmities.

"Idella," she protested, "seems to me I wouldn't—Remember them nervous attacks he's subject to."

"Nerves," declared Idella, "come from the stomach. I'll 'tend to them later. We must cure his lungs first. Bill, fetch him along."

Mr. Burke's hand settled firmly on the back of the

invalid's neck. "Trot along, dad, he commanded.

Idella opened the door. "Nobody can say," she remarked with emphasis, "that I let my father die of consumption without tryin' to cure him. Come on, pa."

"Remember, Washy, it's all for your good," faltered Betsy, wringing her hands. The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodshed. Idella placed the lamp in a sheltered corner on the floor.

"Bill'll stay till you git to bed, pa," she said. "Good-

night."

The woodshed door shut. The agitated sufferer looked at the bare walls, the heap of cord-wood sawed and split by Lycurgus, and the lounge.

"Git undressed," commanded Mr. Burke. "Hurry

up."

"I'll freeze to death," protested Washy.

"No, you won't, not yet. Anyway, freezin's a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you hankerin' to die quick ever sense I got here. Git to bed; see?"

Mr. Sparrow threw off his outer garments and shiveringly encamped on the lounge. Mr. Burke took up

the lamp and looked at him.

"Good-night," observed the carpenter. Then he added: "There's one thing more I ought to say. Tomorrer I'll be away to work, but you're not to come into the house. You'll stay outside same as Idella tells you. If you come in or try any funny business, why he meditatively opened and closed a fist like a ham—"Well, you don't die of consumption anyhow."

He withdrew. Mr. Sparrow was alone. The fresh-

air cure had begun.

Next day the invalid, wrapped in Mr. Burke's trailing ulster, spent a lively series of hours chasing the patch of sunshine as it moved around the exterior of his dwelling. His meals were brought to him by Idella.

He stood it for a week, and then announced that he

felt enough better to risk a day inside. But Idella

didn't see it in that light.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," she said. "I cal'lated they would. But, of course, you must stay outside this winter anyhow. Now, I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsy line. For dyspepsy, pa," she said, "and partic'lar for nervous dyspepsy, which is the wust kind, you have to diet and take exercise. We'll begin on the dietin'. 'In severe cases patient should take nothin' but hot milk.' Well, we've got plenty of milk; that's lucky."

Washy sprang from the wash-bench where he had been sunning himself. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screamed, "that I can't have nothin' to eat but

milk? Why that's-"

"That's doctor's orders, pa. I'm goin' by doctor's orders; and see what they've done for you already."

"I can't live on milk! I hain't a baby. I hate the

stuff!"

"Aw, Idella, please—" he pleaded.

"For your own good, pa," said Idella. you the hot milk."

She did, a quart of it. He drank it because there was nothing else. For a week he lived on milk and fresh air. He tried every neighbor, and they were few, within two miles, but they had been posted and refused to feed him. Also they told him it was all for his good. He could not smoke because his daughter said tobacco was the worst thing possible for both his ailments. As for the prescribed exercise, he got that running about to keep warm.

"Aw, Idella," he pleaded, one Sunday morning when the sky was overcast and the cold wind gave promise of a northeast snowstorm. "Aw, Idella, won't you let me have somethin' hearty? Only a hunk of bread, say? I've drownded my insides with milk till I feel like a churn. I can't keep on drinkin' the stuff; it goes agin me even to smell it. The bare sight of a cow

makes me seasick."

But it was no use. "All for his good," his daughter said. These words had become to him almost as unpalatable as the milk.

The northeaster developed. By night the woodshed shook and rattled like a hencoop. The snow streaked

in through the cracks and sifted over his nose whenever he brought it above the blankets for air. Also he was tremendously hungry.

At midnight he arose, desperate, and shook himself into all the garments on hand, including the ulster.

Then he opened the shed door and went out.

He crept about the house, trying every door and window. He had tried them on previous nocturnal excursions but had always found them locked. This time he was more thorough, and at last-oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window. He worked it back and forth, while the snow drifted over his back. Finally the nail gave way and fell inside with a jingle. He waited, breathless, but there was no sound from within. Then he squeezed himself through the window.

He tiptoed up the creaking cellar stairs and into the warm kitchen. The storm was making a terrific racket around the house and that was a Providence for him. He held his hands over the stove for a moment and

then tiptoed to the pantry.

He knew where the matches were kept and took They were of the "eight-day" variety and noiseless. He lit one and by its light saw, on the pantry shelves, cold ham and bread and ginger cake and mince pie. Also there was milk, but he didn't look at that.

Mr. Burke was the first of the family to finish dressing next morning. He came downstairs, lamp in hand, and opened the door leading into the kitchen. Then he stopped, stared, and went back after Idella. led her to the door and pointed.

There, in the rocking chair before the cook stove,

sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep.

"Well, pa," said Idella, sharply, "what sort of doin's

is this? What do you mean?"

Mr. Sparrow looked at his daughter. He essayed to speak. Then his glance fell upon his son-in-law's

fist and remained fixed. He said nothing.

"The idea!" cried Idella. "After all I've done to cure you. Roastin' in this red-hot kitchen and eatin'-Is that mince-pie crust by your hand? Mince-pie! Well! Now we're in a nice mess, and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," protested Mr. Sparrow. "I ain't coughin' none and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not ha'f so much as that dratted milk."

"All to do over again!" repeated Idella. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Git outdoor this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, even milk, for three or four days. Open the outside door, Bill."

Bill opened the door. A howling gust of wind-driven snow swept in. Mr. Sparrow felt its freezing

breath and shivered.

"I'm all right, I tell ye!" he shouted. "I feel fine. I'm cured. Better'n I ever was, dunno's I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Course I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy!" said Idella. "I knew 'twas the right receipt, but I didn't think 'twould work so quick. Bill, pa's cured. He'll go with you to take the job at the hotel this very day."

Washington's facial barometer sank to "cloudy." He

choked and hesitated.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't surely cured, pa," said his daughter. "Maybe you'd better try the

shed and milk for a month or so longer."

The snow danced along the kitchen floor. It reminded Mr. Sparrow of the previous evening in the woodshed. "I'll go," he said, "but I'll work kind of easy fust along, so's—"

"Oh, no! You must work reel hard, so's to git the exercise, else you'll have a relapse. You'll see that pa works the way he'd ought to, for his sake, won't

you, Bill?"

Mr. Burke nodded. "He'll work," he said sententiously.

The news of the wonderful cure spread quickly. Dr.

Bailey laughingly congratulated Idella upon it.

"Yes," said that young lady, "I cal'late he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, the 'Everybody Works but Father' song don't fit our fam'ly no more."

Alla for Rosa

BY THOMAS A. DALY.

CHREES'MAS-TIME ees vera funny!
I no feel dees way bayfore.
I gon' out an' spenda money
Teel I no gat any more.

I jus' blowed dollar'n half for Rosa—Dollar'n half for buya reeng!
All for her! I no supposa
She gon' geeve me anytheeng.

Chrees'mas mak' your heart so tender Lika snowball w'en eet melts, You no care how mooch you spenda Jus' for pleasin' som' wan else.

Dat'sa way dees Chrees'mas fever Catcha me. I gat eet bad! I no care how mooch I geeve her Jus' so long eet mak' her glad.

I no want her geeve me notheeng; I gon' mak' dees praisant free, Jus' becausa Rosa tal me She gon' marry weetha me.

Chrees'mas-time ees vera funny; I no feel dees way bayfore. Mak' me gon' an' spenda money Teel I no gat any more.

Government by Injunction*

The issuing of injunctions by Federal Courts in labor disputes should be forbidden by Congress.

INTRODUCTION.

General References: F. H. Cooke, "Law of Trade and Labor Combinations;" F. J. Stimson, "Handbook to the Labor Law of the United States," Chap. 9; J. L. High, "Treatise on the Law of Injunctions;" C. F. Beach, "Treatise on the Law of Injunctions;" W. W. Kerr, "Treatise on the Law and Practice of Injunctions; American and English Encyclopedia of Law," (Injunctions); "Bouvier's Law Dictionary" (Injunctions); W. D. P. Bliss, "Encyclopedia of Social Reform," p. 732; "Hearing on Conspiracies and Injunctions," in "Senate Documents," 56th Cong., 2nd Sess., No. 58; "Compilation of Documents Relating to Injunctions in Conspiracy Cases," in "Senate Documents," 57th Cong., 1st Sess., No. 190; "Report of the Industrial Commission," IV.; V.; VII.; VIII.; XII.; XIV.; XVII.; XIX. (see Indexes); "Decisions of Courts and Laws Affecting Labor," in "Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor," No. 2—; also in United States Commissioner of Labor, "Sixteenth Annual Report," (1901), Chap. 5; "Federal Reporter," XXIII., 748; XXIV., 217; XXVII., 443; XXX., 48; LI., 260; LIV., 40, 730, 746, 994; LX., 803; LXI., 494; LXII., 796; LXIII., 310; LXXII., 695; LXXX., 811; LXXXII., 41; LXXXIII., 912; XC., 608; XCV., 434; CX., 698; CXI., 49, 264; CXII., 477; CXIV., 950; CXVI., 510; CXVII., 658; CXX., 102; CXXI., 563; CXXIII., 636; CXXIV., 467; "Supreme Reporter," XV., 900; XVII., 658; "Revised Statues of the United States" (2nd ed.). Sec. 725.

I. The question is important. A. The use of injunctions in labor disputes has been called the most disturbing feature of our national life. B. Protests

^{*}From "Briefs on Public Questions," by Ralph Curtis Ringwolt. Copyright 1905. Longmans, Green & Co., New York,

have been embodied in party platforms. C. The sub-

ject has received the attention of Congress.

II. It is generally admitted. A. That an injunction is an order of a court of equity commanding a person to do or to refrain from doing some act. B. That injunctions are two kinds. I. Preliminary. x. An order restraining a defendant until a hearing of the case can be had. 2. Permanent. x. A perpetual order granted after a hearing. C. That the penalty for violating an injunction is punishment, by fine or imprisonment, for contempt of court.

III. The question whether the issuing of injunctions in labor disputes should be forbidden by Congress seems to present three main issues. A. Has the use of injunctions been wrong legally? B. Has it been wrong politically? C. Is the use of injunctions in

labor disputes necessary?

BRIEF FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE.

References: W. H. Dunbar, "Government by Injunction," in "Economic Studies," III., No. 1; J. H. Benton, Jr., What is "Government by Injunction?"; John Mitchell, "Organized Labor," Chap. 37; F. J. Stimson, "Labor in its Relations to Law," pp. 118-128; Social Reform Club, "Injunctions in Labor Disputes; Senate Reports," 54th Cong., 1st Sess., No. 827; 57th Cong., 1st Sess., No. 1650; "Senate Documents," 57th Cong., 1st Sess., No. 266; "House Reports," 53d Cong., 2nd Sess., No. 1049; 54th Con., 2nd Sess., No. 2471, Pts. 1, 2; 57th Cong., 1st Sess., No. 1522; "Congressional Record," Vol. 28, Pt. 7, pp. 6320-6325; "Arena," X., 497; XIX., 378; XX., 194; XXIX., 561; XXX., 48; "Political Science Quarterly," IV., 261; X., 189; "Green Bag," IX., 540; "Harvard Law Review," X., 487; "Central Law Journal," LIII., 301; "Law Quarterly Review," XIII., 347; "American Review of Reviews," XVI., 356; "Annals of American Academy of Political and Social Science," V., 28; "Yale Review," V., 39; "World's Work," VI., 3384; "Chautauquan," XXXVII., 126; "Lecture Bulletin of the Institute of Social Economics," V., No. 16; VI., No. 13; "Gunton's Magazine," XI., 44, 242; XXIII., 226; "Social Economist," IV., 257; "Independent," LII., 1328; "Nation," LIX., 190.

I. The use of injunctions in labor disputes has been wrong legally. A. It has been wrong in the matter of jurisdiction. I. Crimes have been enjoined. Equity has civil jurisdiction only. 2. Acts have been enjoined for which there was an adequate remedy at law. x. Equity had jurisdiction only where there is no sufficient legal remedy. 3. Lawful acts have been enjoined. x. Equity has no jurisdiction to forbid lawful acts. 4. Injunctions have been issued to prevent injuries to the person. x. Equity has jurisdiction only to protect property rights. 5. Injunctions have been isued for which there was no authority or precedent. B. The use of injunctions has been wrong in the matter of procedure. I. Unknown and unnamed parties have been enjoined. x. Courts of equity have control over the parties to the suit only or their agents. 2. Acts of a general kind have been enjoined. x. Equity can only proceed against particular acts. 3. Personal service has been dispensed with.

II. The use of injunctions has been wrong politically. A. The liberty of the citizen has been endangered. I. Citizens have been criminally liable for acts which were not criminal. w. For peaceably assembling. x. For holding meetings. v. For leaving work. z. For persuading others to leave work. 2. In the trials for such acts the safeguards of the criminal law have been disregarded. u. Formal indictment. Trial by jury. w. Proof by witnesses. x. The opportunity for counsel. y. Uniform and known punishment. z. The right of appeal. B. The functions of the Federal judiciary have been unwarrantably extended. I. Legislative power has been usurped. By the issue of injunctions against acts not unlawful. 2. Executive power has been usurped. x. By the enforcement of such decrees. y. By judges constituting themselves peace officers. C. The Federal judiciary has been brought into dispute. I. Orders of courts have been openly scoffed at and disregarded. 2. Courts have been involved in local affairs. 3. A belief that the courts were not impartial has been encouraged. x. It has been felt that remedies were open to one class and not to another.

III. The use of injunctions in labor disputes is not

necessary. A. Injunctions accomplish nothing that cannot be accomplished in another way. I. If an act is unlawful it can be punished by a vigorous enforcement of the law. 2. If it is lawful no action of any sort should be possible. 3. The argument that injunctions are necessary to stop rioting and to prevent disorder is unsound. x. The proper remedy for disorder is the criminal law. y. If present laws are insufficient they should be strengthened by legislatures, not by the courts. z. The only reason why injunctions seem more effective than the law is because constitutional guarantees are disregarded. 4. The argument that local governments are in sympathy with disorder and cannot be trusted to protect lives and property is unsound. x. It is better that communities should suffer from the weakness of local administration than that courts should assume legislative and executive functions. B. The experience of the past shows that injunctions have accomplished little or nothing.

BRIEF FOR THE NEGATIVE.

References: G. L. Bolen, "Getting a Living," Chap. 20; Henry Brannon, "Treatise on the Rights and Privileges Guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment," Chap. 23; "Reports of the American Bar Association" (1894), XVII., 30-51, 299-331; "New International Encyclopedia," X., 23; "American Law Review," XVIII., 599; XXI., 41; XXII., 233; XXVII., 405; XXVIII., 126, 268, 269, 587, 629, 828, 879; XXXI., 761; XXXII., 124; XXXIII., 885; XXXIV., 161; XXXVII., 148, 285, 461, 932; "Albany Law Journal, XLVIII., 429; LVII., 8; "Central Law Journal," XXXVII., 166; XXXVIII., 427; XXXIX., 265; XL., 507; XLI., 337; XLII., 74; XLIII., 457, 464; XLV., 126, 461, 470, 481, 494; XLVIII., 227, 427; XLIX., 259; LV., 163; LVI., 201, 301, 306; LVII., 264; "Gunton's Magazine," XXVI., "Forum," XV., 311; XVIII., 1; "Bibliotheca Sacra," LII., 549; "Engineering Magazine," XII., 381; "Nation," LXV., 160, 256; "Public Opinion," XV., 28; XXIII., 229.

f. The use of injunctions in labor disputes has been right legally. A. It has been right in the matter of jurisdiction. I. Equity has secured jurisdiction for well accepted reasons. w. Because innumerable suits

at law would have been necessary. x. Because damages would have been difficult to assess. v. Because strikers were financially irresponsible. z. Because irreparable injury would have been inflicted. 2. The argument that injunctions have been used to enforce the criminal law is unsound. x. The fact that an act over which equity has jurisdiction also involves a crime, does not change matters. 3. The argument that lawful acts have been enjoined is untrue. x. An act which may be lawful for a single person may become unlawful when many combine to do it. y. An act which may be lawful independently considered, may be unlawful in connection with other acts to which it will inevitably lead. 4. The argument that injunctions have been issued to prevent injuries to the person, is unsound. x. A man's business is property and as such is entitled to protection. y. There is no universal rule that injunctions will issue to protect injuries to property only. 5. The argument that there has been no precedent for many injunction orders is unsound. x. All rules of equity were once without precedent. y. Practice of the courts must ever be enlarged to meet new conditions. z. The right to pursue a vocation free from molestation has long been protected. B. The use of injunctions has been right in the matter of procedure. I. The procedure followed is well established. 2. The argument that unnamed parties have been enjoined is unsound. x. When parties are unknown and their names cannot be ascertained, no objection exists on the score of precedent to naming them by description. y. Knowledge of the order is the essential feature. 3. The argument that general acts have been enjoined is unsound. x. What was unlawful has been made perfectly definite.

II. The use of injunctions has been right politically. A. Personal liberty has been protected. I. Individuals have been permitted to carry on business and to labor unmolested. 2. The statement that personal liberty has been endangered by proceedings for contempt is untrue. v. Contempt is a regular offense at common law, not a crime. w. The lack of trial by jury is of small consequence compared with the danger of mob violence. x. Persons wrongfully imprisoned can be released on habeas corpus proceedings. y. Appeal is

always possible. z. Judges may be impeached. The statement that liberty of speech and action has been wrongfully abridged is untrue. x. No man has been compelled to labor for another involuntarily. y, Intimidation, not peaceable persuasion, has been forbidden. B. The statement that Federal courts have been brought into disrepute by the issue of injunctions is untrue. I. Federal judges have shown themselves men of exceptional ability and integrity. x. They have been influenced by employers much less than legislators and officials have been moved by the unfair demands of labor. C. The statement that Federal courts have assumed unwarranted power is untrue. I. The right to punish for contempt is inherent and essential to a court's existence. 2. The fact that courts have in history abused this power is no reason for asserting that they are now doing so.

III. The use of injunctions in labor disputes is necessary. A. In no other way can personal and property rights be protected. I. Action at law is wholly inadequate. x. Strikers are irresponsible. y. Irreparable injury is not checked. 2. Prosecution under the criminal law is inadequate. x. In labor disputes criminal laws are virtually non-existent. I. Local authorities are in sympathy with or are dominated by strikers. 3. Even if the criminal law were enforced the remedy would be inadequate. x. Delays are inevitable. y. Irreparable injury would not be checked. B. The experience of the past shows that injunctions in labor disputes have been necessary to protect per-

sonal and property rights.

American Imperialism

[Reprinted from "Bothsides."]

(References for preparing a debate on the above named question.)

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Jordan, D. S.: "Imperial Democracy." Appleton & Co. New York: 1902. (Thoughtful; anti-im-

perialistic).

Kidd, Benjamin: "The Control of the Tropics." Macmillan Co. New York: 1898. (Altogether the best on economic aspects of expansion. Com-

pact, contains statistics).

Randolph, C. F.: "Law and Policy of Annexation, with special reference to the Philippines." Longmans, Green & Co. New York: 1901. (Constitutional treatise from an anti-imperialistic point of view).

Snow, A. H.: "Administration of Dependencies." Putnam's Sons. New York: 1902. (Best work on

historical and constitutional problem).

Atlantic Monthly. "The Development of Our Foreign Policy. H. N. Fisher. 82, 552. (The "benevolent assimilation" argument).

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Century. "The Territory with which we are Threatened." Whitelaw Reid. 343, 788. (An optimistic view).

Century. "Thoughts on American Imperialism." Carl Schurz. 334, 794. (Perhaps the best anti-imperialistic argument).

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Democratic Campaign Text-books. "Expansion. Im-

perialism." Democratic National Committee, 1900, 1904.

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ald. 26, 177.

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pinos).

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view tempered by Northern residence).

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Page, Thomas Nelson. "The Negro, the Problem of the South." Chas. Scribners' Sons. New York: 1904. (Latest view clearly and dispassionately given).

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how amendment was passed).

Atlantic Monthly: "Reconstruction and Defranchisement of the Negro." (Editorial). 88: 433-(Shows wherein repeal would affect negro suffrage).

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Lincoln Stories

AFTER THE WRONG MAN.

At one time while Lincoln was engaged in chopping rails, the "bully of the country" (Sangamon, Ill.), perhaps set on by some practical joker, came to "the boys" in the woods, and, with set design, challenged

"the greeny" (Lincoln) to a fight.

The great, brawny, awkward boy laughed and drawled out: "I reckon, stranger, you're after the wrong man. I never fit in my whole life." But the bully made for Abe, and in the first fall Lincoln came down on top of the heap. The champion was bruising and causing blood to flow down Lincoln's face, when a happy mode of warfare entered his original brain. He quickly thrust his hands into a convenient bunch of smartweed and rubbed the same in the eyes of his opponent, who almost instantly begged for mercy. He was released, but his sight, for the time being, was extinct. No member of the trio possessed a pocket handkerchief, so Lincoln tore from his own shirt front the surplus cloth, washed and bandaged the fellow's eyes and sent him home.—John White, reprinted in Viroqua, Wis., "Censor."

THE VOICE OUT OF PROPORTION TO THE BODY.

Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a talker, but was not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckles assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentlemen completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman (1830), I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."—Argonaut.

TOO SLOW FOR A HEARSE!

A portrait of Lincoln seen in the St. Louis art exhibition, was the work of A. J. Conant, who, to keep his sitter in good countenance, used to "swap stories" with him. One of Lincoln's runs as follows:

"There was a man from Missouri who went to a 'livery' to get a horse to take him to a convention, where he expected to be made a delegate. The stablekeeper was of another political stripe, and naturally fobbled off upon him a horse calculated to break down before he reached his destination. On his return home the disappointed Missourian asked the proprietor if he was training that animal to draw a hearse.

"'Guess I ain't,' was the surly reply.

"'Well,' went on the other, 'if you were, he would never do for it; for he would not get the corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection.'"

The eminent story-teller was fond of this story—as the relater proceeds—as he had twice been interrupted in the delivery of it; once by a railroad train "pulling out" as he began it, and again, at a great gun testing, by the ordnance going off just at the point of the narrative

The Man Who Was

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



IRKOVITCH was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice

the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass.

The regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer. The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regiment band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation. The colonel, rising, said: "Mr. Vice, the queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered: "The queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills.

Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "Rung ho! Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!") "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel: "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular.

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on your own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! H'sh!") "Then we will play you afresh." ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then he assured, Colonel Sahib and officers,

that we shall play it out side by side, though they"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though they, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deepmouthed "Rung ho!" that rang like a musket-butt on flag-stones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy, did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued until dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir——"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"What does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handling

him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost, you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a muchprivileged subaltern.

He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly and inconsolably as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath.

"Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep 'Ai! Ai!' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep 'Oh Ho!' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say, 'Ow! Ow!'"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the onlooker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been mishandled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—He grunted rebelliously:

"I can understand an Afghan stealing because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest

until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every

soul in the mess rose to his feet.

Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say: "This isn't our affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be!

I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and Saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidence from a geyser. The man only smiled.

Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently

from his chair to the floor.

The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three sprigs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural:

"Yes, I-have seen. But-where is the horse?"

He could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly: "Where is our horse?" There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental

band, that served the regiment for seven and thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair.

The band began to play the "River of Years" waltz. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook badly, and the port spilled on the table as he looked at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely: "Mr. Vice, the queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered, without hesitation: "The queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful

slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete;" and the man, fawning, answered "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude:

"Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to our colonel which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat

down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to

Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six — fifty-five — fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—missing.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped

out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him ——first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly sur-

prised tone: "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course."

The light died out in his eyes, and he colla

The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew

nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is That. So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or—"he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred

"Au revoir, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?" "Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that

road shut?" He pointed to where the north star

burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, au revoir, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of-all-the-unmitigated-"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hus-It ran:

> I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard, I'm sorry to cause him pain: But a terrible spree there's sure to be When he comes back again!

"There Are Gains for All Our Losses"

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses, There are balms for all our pain: But when youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts, And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood's sterner reign: Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth, with flying feet, And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished, And we sigh for it in vain: We behold it everywhere, On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again.

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The Oratory of Bishop Simpson*

T would be a grateful office to his memory to trace the steps of a career that embraced in its long history of multiform activity both distinction for himself and benefit to the church and country.

We do not touch the secret of his greatness until we speak of his eloquence. It was Simpson the Christian orator, rather than Simpson the Christian divine, that described his useful and brilliant career. Try him by the most infallible tests of oratorical greatness—the ability to affect his hearers powerfully, to reproduce in the minds of the audience the emotions of the speaker, to have his speaking increasingly relished through a long series of years by those best judges of true eloquence, the people—tried by these tests, Bishop Simpson triumphantly stands them all.

Some years ago, at a General Conference over which he was presiding in a New England city, it was our privilege to hear him, and to hear him at his best. He had, as is said to have been often the case, the languid and exhausted look of a hard worked man. His height and gently stooping figure suggested a kind of scholar-like awkwardness. The voice began in a thin, husky, nasal, high-pitched, and an almost feeble tone, uncertain in its fibre, and unimpressive in its general effect. The words were slowly but distinctly enunciated, and yet called for an effort of attention on

^{*}Reprinted from an editorial in the Andover Review, August, 1884. Copyright, 1884, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the part of the audience. There was little in the appearance of the man to indicate the treasure within. For the first fifteen minutes a stranger would be likely to experience a sense of disappointment. But the eagle was only reserving his strength for an upward flight. As he gradually worked himself into the heart of his subject, as feeling gathered, and The he became increasingly sensitive to the Introduction. subtle, sympathetic influence proceeding from the audience, his quavering tenor voice grew penetrating, resonant, sympathetic, and impassioned; the stooping figure became erect; expressive gesture was no longer restrained; the dull eyes were kindled into a blaze by the long pent-up fire within; thoughts seemed to play over his face like a luminously radiating atmosphere, and, unconsciously, one felt the force of the shrewd description of a famous preacher, "the ugly man who becomes beautiful when he speaks;" the sentences grew short and pithy, and were uttered with an incisiveness and a rapidity of enunciation, and a peculiar stress of voice upon the final words.

Whenever he touched the finer chords of feeling, there was a thrilling melody in his tones like the native music of the land of his Irish ancestors, full of plaintiveness, with now and then a kind of wailing tenderness of pathos. Soon rising on his theme's broad wing, he struck into the most daring allegory. Genius of Atheistic Science was conducted over the vast realm of things visible and material in earth and air and sea, far up and into the stellar worlds, and all were given to him for a possession, even to the most distant star on the outermost rim of the universe. Then, in boldest contrast, he graphically pictured the Genius of Christian Faith as he surveyed his sublime inheritance. These riches of the material realm—"all are yours." He bore him aloft, and lifted the veil that hides the gleaming splendor of his inheritance in the world unseen and eternal, prepared for the conquering sons of God. The effect was electric. Hundreds shouted, clapped their hands; some rose to their feet; strong men and women wept and laughed at once, as

they gazed upon the vision of their "inheritance with the saints in light." It was preaching to a full orchestra with the Hallelujah Chorus. His Climax. flight was a lofty one, but the pinions were strong enough to bear the combined weight of the theme, the speaker's emotions and the throbbing hearts of the audience. Gradually and skillfully he brought us back to earth, and traced the way in which our sorrows, failures, and secret wrestlings of soul were preparing the crowns, and already giving us the earnest of the glorious future, and clothing us even now with the garments of the children of light. In order to estimate the great preacher's power and art of public address, it is not necessary to describe the character and effect of other specimens of his oratory. In the one effort we have referred to may be found the salient characteristics and principle elements of influence in his eloquence; it was a perfect type of his best manner. But to gauge him while he was speaking was next to impossible. The critic was sibly compelled to yield himself to the orator; he had neither time nor inclination to think of but one word—genius. But in the cooler moments of recollection the student of the Bishop's eloquence would find that its distinction was due more to the peculiar combination of a profundity of evangelical earnestness and the power so to communicate his earnestness as to arouse popular enthusiasm in evangelical truth than to any one distinguishing excellence that separated his power from that of eminent Christian orators.

But if one word was to be singled out that touches the heart of his influence, it is sympathy—a profound spiritual sympathy with the Incarnate God, and a tender, helpful human sympathy with his fellow-men. The one ground-motive that gave unity, inspiration, and harmony to all his varied speech was a holy passion for setting the glory of Christ and His truth brightly before men. He seemed born to illustrate the dictum of the eloquent French preacher, "To address men well they must be loved much." His natural gifts of mind and manner received their highest impetus and most effective direction from his earnest spirituality and sincere human sympathy. The external adjuncts of his oratory could not escape the per-

vasive influence of this dominant spirit and tone of his thought and feeling. Earnest faith and fervent charity imparted the first condition of impressive delivery — concentration. He Selfspoke with the power and accent of Possession. conviction. One might expect from a speaker so intensely alive an excited and bositerous manner. On the contrary, though inwardly powerfully moved, he was outwardly calm-calm in the sense of self-mastery and mastery of his subject. Passionate outburts often escaped him, but his self-possession restrained the strong feeling at the perilous moment. Although not one of the skillful musicians of oratory, he never abused the ear by a noisy excess of vocal power; and, while his expressive gesture was somewhat angular in the lines of its movement, he never wearied or distracted the eye by redundancy or vehemence of action or by violent changes of attitude, and the inherent grace of his character gave to all the physical properties of his eloquence a certain graceful awkwardness. Effusiveness and extravagance seemed to be regarded by him as signs of weakness. In a word, he kept his emotional forces well in hand, and embodied in a single manner the speaker's paradox, "Be carried away and yet possess yourself, and retain your self-possession while allowing yourself to be carried away."

But, even more than his earnest sympathy, the element in his speaking that engaged and held his audience was his spirituality. His speaking was full of grace as well as of truth. He gave the impression of a holy man who understood speaking. He inspired his auditors with respect and veneration for him. spiritual themes he spoke as one having authority. listening to him, you understood the meaning "saint" and "apostle." You felt sure that in his preparation for the pulpit, he had, with Moses, first gone up into the mount with God before coming down to speak to the people. More than that, he seemed to depend upon the same divine aid while speaking, and to be conscious of the presence of the Divine Helper. Because he had received an unction from the Holy One, he spoke with unction, and so irradiated the blessed influence that we felt the sense of a higher Presence with us as he spoke. More than any preacher we ever listened to, Bishop Simpson realized to us the divine ideal of the Scriptural theory of preaching—"Supernatural power acting through natural means."

Intimately associated with the element of spirituality, and apparently inseparable from it, was the striking distinction in his original mental equipment, the natural magic of affluent sensibilities and a vivid imagination. One could see in the manifestations of the gift that it was not the spontaneous creative power of the poet, "the vision and faculty divine," but the illustrative utilizing power befitting the orator and the reasoner, the power that felicitously uses images, analogies, anecdotes, and illustrations from familiar objects, and marshals the great facts of science, and events

Oratorical Instinct.

of history, and the passing scenes of the hour to illume the path of his argument. The Bishop's oratorical instinct

was so true and his judgment so robust that he rarely failed to subordinate his graphic power to his sympathy and good sense. Hence, in the highest and boldest flights of his oratory, he seldom was enticed from the straight line of his course of thought, but his statements received from the play of his sensibilities

a striking force and stereoscopic distinctness.

The presence of his spiritual sensibilities was a pervasive influence in his style. His diction was plain and popular. "Use," said he, "such language as the people can understand; but there is no reason why the gold in your sentences may not be burnished; the steel is not less strong because it is polished." He did not hesitate to burnish his own gold, or to mix the colors of his own palette. Science, history, experience, and especially the Bible, furnished his imagination for a profusion of material for pulpit use. Vision was a favorite rhetorical figure with him. Whatever there was of the artistic in his temperament he used with a concentrated purpose for the highest practical ends in persuasion and instruction. Few men could tell a story or relate a narrative with more graphic effect. While he had none of the "arts and blandishments of the elocutionist," as certain resolutions in honor of his memory gratuitously and bunglingly have observed, he did have great dramatic power. He was

often dramatic in his speaking, but never theatric. We have witnessed a dramatic treatment of passages in his sermons that in the faithful reproduction of the same by a skillful elocutionist would have been pronounced by the aforesaid committee on resolutions, "theatric." In his use of dramatism, it was the method of the speaker, and not the actor. Neither did he deprecate the study of delivery. Note his sensible advice: "Elocution, so far as the proper use of the voice and so far as avoiding improper gestures are concerned, should be studied previously, but no thought should be bestowed upon it at the moment" of public delivery. In his own preaching he neglected nothing that could make his gifts effective. He implied in his preparation and his preaching, Let us speak in the

best manner possible.

In method and style of preaching Bishop Simpson was invariably extemporaneous. True extemporaneous speech has had no purer type or more successexponent than he. His sermons were often lengthy, but by the aid of his rare gifts, and through the vivacity of unwritten speech, they were never wearisome. He dwelt by preserence on the immortal and uplifting subjects of Christian eloquence. chose the themes that alone respond to the deepest needs and cravings of the human spirit. His conception of preaching was not the presentation of rigorous codes of doctrine that oppress and fetter the mind without influencing the heart. He loved to present Christianity as a grand fact, a living person, truth incarnate, a message of good news. Joy was the grandest and most constant note of his strain. The joy of the Lord he held to be the great uplifter, the source and unfolder of the strength of fallen humanity. own soul naturally turned itself to the light, and delighted to dwell in the Light Ineffable. While he often made most powerful appeals to the heart, the conscience, the imagination, and the power of choice, he was too manly, in approaching the more awful themes of Revelation, to excite mere nervous terror by harrowing descriptions.

J. W. CHURCHILL.

Send Them to Bed With a Kiss

(From the "New Orleans Picayune.")

O mothers, so weary, discouraged, Worn out with the cares of the day, You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and the play; For the day brings so many vexations, So many things going amiss; But, mothers, whatever may vex you, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet may wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for their sweet childish voices
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this!
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

* *

I think I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. "The Deemster" is the story of the Prodigal Son. "The Bondman" is the story of Esau and Jacob. "The Scapegoat" is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and "The Manxman" is the story of David and Uriah.—Hall Caine.

A Morning Prayer

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all

this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

X

The Sin of Omission

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flowers you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,

Each sad, reproachful wraith, When hope is faint and flagging And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.



God Give Us Men

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing
hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps! Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps!

A Little Parable

BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

I made the cross myself whose weight Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—If I had dreamed Its weight was meant for me, I should have made a lighter cross To bear up Calvary!

Faith

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

HE Prince of Peace promises not only peace, but strength. Some have thought His teachings fit only for the weak and the timid and unsuited to men of vigor, energy and ambition. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only the man of

faith can be courageous. Confident that he fights on the side of Jehovah, he doubts not the success of his cause. What matters it whether he shares in the shouts of triumph? If every word spoken in behalf of truth has its influence and every deed done for the right weighs in the final account, it is immaterial to the Christian whether his eyes behold victory or whether he dies in the midst of the conflict.

Only those who believe attempt the seemingly impossible, and, by attempting, prove that one with God

can chase a thousand and two can put ten thousand to flight. I can imagine that the early Christians who were carried into the arena to make a spectacle for those more savage than the beasts, were entreated by their doubting companions not to endanger their lives. But, kneeling in the center of the arena, they prayed and sang until they were devoured.

What would have been the fate of the church if the early Christians had had as little faith as many of our Christians now have? And, on the other hand, if the Christians of to-day had the faith of the martyrs, how long would it be before the fulfillment of the prophecy that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess?

Our faith should be even stronger than the faith of those who lived two thousand years ago, for we see our religion spreading and supplanting the philosophies and creeds of the Orient.

As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ fills the requirements of the heart, and, grateful for the peace which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones:

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth,
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray."

*** ***

Work Thou for Pleasure

BY KENYON COX.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve The thing thou lovest, though the body starve. Who works for glory misses oft the goal; Who works for money coins his very soul. Work for work's sake then, and it well may be That these things shall be added unto thee.

Immortality

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



HRIST gave us proof of immortality, and yet it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end. To every created thing God has given a tongue that proclaims a resurrection.

If the Father designs to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rose bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I live to-day!

In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would to-day be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we can not tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass unimpaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new

existence when this early frame has crumbled into dust.

A belief in immortality not only consoles the individual, but it exerts a powerful influence in bringing peace between individuals. If one really thinks that man dies as the brute dies, he may yield to the temptation to do injustice to his neighbor when the circumstances are such as to promise security from detection. But if one really expects to meet again and live eternally with those whom he knows to-day, he is restrained from evil deeds by the fear of endless remorse. We do not know what rewards are in store for us or what punishments may be reserved, but if there were no other punishment it would be enough for one who deliberately and consciously wrongs another to have to live forever in the company of the person wronged and have his littleness and selfishness laid bare. I repeat, a belief in immortality must exert a powerful influence in establishing justice between men and thus laying the foundation for peace.

* *

The Prince of Peace

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



LL the world is in search of peace; every heart that ever beat has sought for peace and many have been the methods employed to secure it. Some have thought to purchase it with riches and they have labored to secure wealth, hop-

ing to find peace when they were able to go where they pleased and buy what they liked. Of those who have endeavored to purchase peace with money, the large majority have failed to secure the money. But what has been the experience of those who have been successful in accumulating money? They all tell the same story—viz., that they spent the first half of their lives trying to get money from others and the last half trying to keep others from getting their money, and that they found peace in neither half. Some have

even reached the point where they find difficulty in getting the people to accept their money; and I know of no better indication of the ethical awakening in this country than the increasing tendency to scrutinize the methods of money making. A long step in advance will have been taken when religious, educational and charitable institutions refuse to condone immoral methods in business and leave the possessor of ill-gotten gains to learn the loneliness of life when one prefers money to morals.

Some have sought peace in social distinction, but whether they have been within the charmed circle and fearful lest they might fall out, or outside and hopeful that they might get in, they have not found peace.

I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart depend upon the accumulation of wealth, or upon the securing of social or political distinction, for in either case but few could have enjoyed it, but when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, He put it within the reach of all. The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society, and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

Keep Sweet

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't just come your way—

Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"

Just go grinning on and bear it; Have you heartache? Millions share it; If you earn a crown, you'll wear it— Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow-men—

If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again,

Don't declare the world's "agin" you,

Don't let pessimism win you, Prove there's lots of good stuff in you— Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,

Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Though they're false, yet I'll be true."

Never let your heart grow bitter; With your lips to Hope's transmitter, Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter, "Keep sweet."

Bless your heart, this world's a good one, and will always help a man;

Hate, misanthropy, and malice have no place in Nature's plan.

Help your brother there who's sighing, Keep his flag of courage flying; Help him try—'twill keep you trying— Keep sweet.

Little Giffin

BY F. O. TICKNOR.

Out of the focal and foremost fire, Out of the hospital walls as dire, Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene— Eighteenth battle and he sixteen— Spectre, such as you seldom see, Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeons said,
"Little the Doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heel to head.

And we watched the war with abated breath, Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death! Months of torture, how many such! Weary weeks of the stick and crutch! And still a glint of the steel-blue eye Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't—nay, more, in Death's despite The crippled skeleton learned to write. "Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then, "Dear Captain," inquiring about the men. Captain's answer, "Of eighty and five, Giffin and I are left alive."

"Word of gloom from the front one day, Johnston pressed at the front," they say—A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye, Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye. "I'll write, if spared,"—There was news of the fight, But none of Giffin—he didn't write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king,
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee—
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffin, of Tennessee.

The Man With the Hoe

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—

More filled with signs and portents for the soul—More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed, Plundered, profaned, and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape; Touch it again with immortality; Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Make right the immemorial infamies; Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings— With those who shaped him to the things he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God, After the silence of the centuries?

What I Live For

BY GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And to follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine.
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

While We May

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some reed, Or crush poor hope until it bleed, We may be mute, Nor turning quickly to impute Grave fault; for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way, We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love, we see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me.
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to see and go.

Mother

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH FETTER.

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
More sacred than all other.
An infant, when her love first came—
A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
The blessed name of mother.

The Patter of the Rain

BY COATES KINNEY.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in raining tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

The Speaker

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Every patter on the shingles
Has an echo of the heart,
Many long-forgotten fancies
Into being quickly start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers,
Ere she left them to the dawn.
Oh! I see her bending o'er me
As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

* *

There Are Loyal Hearts

BY MADELINE BRIDGE.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are pure and true, Then give to the world the best you have, And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow, A strength in your utmost need; Have faith and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Be Strong!

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Be strong!
We are not here to play,—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong! Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on!! To-morrow comes the song.

The Broken Pinion

* *

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

"I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

"But the bird with a broken pinion Kept another from the snare; And the life that sin had stricken Raised another from despair. Each loss has its compensation, There is healing for every pain; But the bird with a broken pinion Never soars as high again."

Success

BY C. C. CAMERON.

Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes, Is oft but perseverance in disguise. Continuous effort of itself implies. In spite of countless falls, the power to rise. 'Twixt failure and success the print's so fine, Men sometimes know not when they touch the line; Just when the pearl is waiting one more plunge, How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge! As the tide goes clear out it comes clear in; In business 'tis at turns, the wisest win; And, oh, how true when shades of doubt dismay, "Tis often darkest just before the day." A little more persistence, courage, vim, Success will dawn o'er failure's cloudy rim. Then take this honey for the bitterest cup; There is no failure, save in giving up. No real fall, so long as one still tries, For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise. There's no defeat in truth save from within; Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

The Dreams Ahead

BY EDWIN CARLISLE LITSEY.

What would we do in this world of ours, Were it not for the dreams ahead? For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers, No matter which path we tread. And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,...
And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of a high estate,
To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams—and faith—and love!

Sermon in Rhyme

ANONYMOUS.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join it. Do not let the seeker Bow before its God alone. Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

My Mother

ANONYMOUS.

Who fed me from her gentle breast And hushed me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kisses prest? My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby
Who rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head When sleeping in my cradle bed, And tears of sweet affection shed?

My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry, Who gazed upon my heavy eye And wept, for fear that I should die?

My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell And would some pretty story tell, Or kiss the part to make it well? My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray, To love God's holy word and day, And walk in wisdom's pleasant way? My mother.

And can I ever cease to be Affectionate and kind to thee, Who wast so very kind to me,— My mother.

Oh no, the thought I cannot bear; And if God please my life to spare I hope I shall reward thy care, My mother. When thou art feeble, old and gray, My healthy arm shall be thy stay, And I will soothe thy pains away, My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head, 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed, And tears of sweet affection shed,—

My mother.

Watch the Corners

BY LULU LINTON.

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day

And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn
down.

Then take this simple rhyme, Remember it in time.

It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town, When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts

And begin to count the blessings in your cup, Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rhyme,

Remember all the time:

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup

If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

Opportunity

BY JOHN J. INGALLS.

Master of human destinies am I. Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait, Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late I knock unbidden once at every gate! If sleeping wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state Mortals desire, and conquer every foe Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, Condemned to failure, penury, and woe, Seek me in vain and uselessly implore, I answer not, and I return no more.

Things Are All Right

ANONYMOUS.

Let the howlers howl, and the growlers growl, and the prowlers prowl, and the gee-gaws go it;
Behind the night there is plenty of light, and things are all right and—I know it.

Abou Ben Adhem

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight of his room, Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said:

"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head, And, with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!



Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky, Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drums,

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come, In silence, and in fear; They shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair Amid that pilgrim band: Why had they come to wither there, Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, Lit by her deep love's truth; There was manhood's brow, serenely high, And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The spot where first they trod;

They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Your Mission

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
With the Saviour's true disciples
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

The Poppy-Land Express

BY EDGAR W. ABBOTT.

The first train leaves at six P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows.
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms; The whistle a low, sweet strain. The passenger winks and nods and blinks And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts For the poppy land afar. The summons clear falls on the ear, "All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But "What is the fare to poppy land? I hope it is not too dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss, And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him, who children took
On His knee in kindness great:
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray, "For to me they are very dear; And special ward, O gracious Lord, O'er the gentle engineer.



Who Ne'er Has Suffered

BY J. B. GOODE.

"Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half. Who never failed, he never strove or sought. Who never wept, is stranger to a laugh, And he who never doubted, never thought."

Where the Rainbow Never Fades

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap

like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever."

John Wesley's Rule

"Do all the good you can, By all the means you can, In all the ways you can, In all the places you can, At all the times you can, To all the people you can, As long as ever you can.

I Would, Dear Jesus

BY JOHN D. LONG.

I would, dear Jesus, I could break The hedge that creeds and hearsay make, And, like the first disciples, be In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong, so sweet; I seek the footprints of thy feet; But men so mystify the trace, I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side, In thee, in thee so sure confide? Like John, upon thy breast recline, And feel thy heart make mine divine?



The World's Bid For a Man*

BY GEORGE R. STUART.



URING my last year at Emory and Henry College a strange preacher preached in the college chapel. We were delighted with his sermon. It seemed to me a masterpiece. I inquired who he was, and learned that he was an old student of

Emory and Henry College, and I sought more definite information. One of the old professors, who was his teacher in his schoolboy days, gave me this little incident.

"That boy was the son of a widow," said he, "who lived a few miles from Emory and Henry College. For several years he was the bell-boy of the college,

^{*} From "Sermons" by George R. Stuart.

ringing the bell for his college expenses. His mother sent his provisions from home, and he ate them in his room. Month after month he struggled along through difficulty, until he had completed his college course. The day of his graduation drew near. He visited the old home, and invited his mother to witness his graduation. He was a contestant for the Robertson Oratorical Medal, a contest which has been a feature of the college commencements at Emory and Henry for almost half a century. It had been the custom among the boys for the winner of this medal to present it to his best girl, which gave the medal an additional interest. The speeches for the prize were made on the day before the commencement. A great heard them. On the day of the commencement the diplomas and the medals were awarded. The old mother of the bellman was present, taking a humble seat at the rear of the great auditorium, clad in her homespun clothing and with her plain sunbonnet. She was there to see her boy graduate. When the graduation speeches had been made and the diplomas awarded, the last trial scene of the commencement had come, the hour for the awarding of medals. When the moment came for the awarding of the Robertson prize, it was always awarded last, every one in the great pavilion was on the qui view. The gentleman entrusted with the duty of awarding this medal walked on the platform with the beautiful gold medal dangling at the end of the ribbon, which hung on his forefinger. He made proper remarks about what vim and pluck and push could do, and at the conclusion of his speech said, 'If S. B. will come forward, I shall take pleasure in presenting to him this medal which he has so faithfully won.' It was the bellman. He stepped forward, received the medal, and turned his face to the great audience. Every eve was upon him. They waited in breathless silence to see what he would do with it. He walked down the long aisle to the last seat, slipped the blue ribbon over the sunbonnet, and said, 'Mother, you wear this. You are worthy of it, for without you I never could have won it." It was well in a moment like that for every one in that great pavilion to contribute a tear in honor of an act

so brave, so noble, so appropriate. When I heard that, I said, "Thank God for a young man who, in the supreme moment like this, can knock a custom into a cocked hat, and do the right thing, not because young men and young women over this country forget old mother, forget aged father, forget home, forget to honor the loved ones at home, but how few forget to keep up with the little conventionalities of society. In keeping with custom a young man never forgets to lift his hat in the presence of a young lady, but often forgets to lift the burden from dear old mother's heart. He never fails to make a proper bow to a stranger, but he often fails to make a fire for mother. He never fails to give kind words in keeping with the little of social life, but how oft he forgets these same immunities at the home circle. I would not make your kind words less to the world, but I would have them oftener at home. I would not make your bows less frequent in polite society. I would not have you drop any of the immunities of polite society, but, if need be, I would have you break every law of common courtesy if it were necessary to obey the laws of God, and honor your father and mother.

As Jesus Passed*

BY GYPSY SMITH.



HERE was something that Matthew could do for Jesus that nobody else could—and I say that reverently. Jesus needed Matthew. They looked at Him and said, "He is a sinner." "Yes," said Jesus, "and he will write My first Gospel."

Only give him a chance; you do not know what there is hidden in the drunkard. There may be a preacher, there may be an evangelist, there may be a gospel. You do not know. Give them a chance; give them all a chance. "A sinner." They were fond of using these words. "He is a sinner." They used them

^{*} From "Addresses" by Gypsy Smith. Revell & Co.

about the man in the tree. "Yes," said Jesus, "he is a sinner, and he is a son of Abraham." And it was Jesus who spoke on both occasions. You would not have gone for a scribe for the Son of God to a publican. No! But Jesus had a wonderful way of showing what He can do with unlikely material. That little boy at your side may become a Spurgeon, a McLaren, a Whitefield, a Wesley. Who can tell the possibilities of a child? That little girl may be a Mrs. Fletcher, a Florence Nightingale, a Catherine Booth. Who can tell? And God wants them all. There are gospels hidden away, untold yet, but they will shine out and flash in letters, golden capitals, and make the

world glad with a great gladness.

You saw the sinner, Jesus saw the man. He saw the sinner too, and He knew what the sinner would be when grace had had a chance. The world sees the face and the clothes and the house, the street you live in, where you work, and reckons you up by how much your salary is. Jesus does not reckon that way. See that sailor-drunken, filthy, vile of lip and impure in soul-a drunken sailor. Nobody wanted him; nobody cared for him. God looked at him and saved him: and his name was John Newton, the poet, the preacher, but God could see the theologian, the preacher, in the drunken sailor. See that man, a swearing tinker; so swearing, he says of himself, that when he began to swear his neighbors shuddered. Nobody wanted that tinker. But God looked at him and saved him; and his name was John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. You would not have looked for the "Pilgrim's Progress" in that swearing tinker. God looked at that man, a publican—and you know what a publican is—helping his brother to sell beer in Gloucester. God looked at him and saved him; and his name was George Whitefield, the mighty preacher. that man selling boots and shoes in a shoe store in Chicago. God looked at him and saved him, and when He took the trouble to save him and that young fellow offered himself to a Congressional Church as a church member, they saw so little in him that they put him back on trial for twelve months; and his name was Moody. And Moody has put one hand on America and another hand on Britain, and they moved towards the Cross. See that man, the plaything of the village, full of deviltry, mischief, roguery, fond of pleasure and sin. Nobody cared for him except his mates, and God saved him; and his name was Peter Mackenzie, a sunbeam in the lives of thousands. Look at this picture—a gypsy tent; there is a father and five little motherless children, without a Bible, without school. Nobody wanted them-who does want gypsy? Nobody-outsider, ostracized, despised, and rejected. But God looked on that poor father and those five motherless little things and saw them in their ignorance and heathenism, hungry for God. And He looked again, and He said, "There are six preachers in that tent." And He put those arms that were nailed to the tree round the father and the children and saved them all; and I am one of them. It takes love to see.

The New Life*

BY GYPSY SMITH.



E glad in the Lord. Have some sunshine in your voice, some song in your soul. When there is a song in your soul, it will be heard in your voice; your religion should never make children and dogs run away from you. Do be attractive.

Let the morning shine in your face, and the song the argels sing in your voice. Do not live in the shade. "Forget not all His benefits." Count your blessings, think of all God has done for you, and you will have joy—the cream—and good milk always gives cream.

Be out and out for Christ. Do not sit on the fence. If you are at once altogether decided to follow Jesus anywhere and everywhere, it will make it much easier for you and everybody else. Take stand against everything doubtful. Do nothing and go nowhere where Jesus cannot go with you or smile upon you.

^{*}From "Addresses" by Gypsy Smith. Revell & Co.

Let your life be the Christ life. Do as He wills; in all things seek His glory, not the wishes of those around you, but God first in all things. You will not please all the people, I know, if you are to be what He wills; but this is in the business. As the world knew Him not, so it will not know you, if you are like Him.

Opportunity

BY WALTER MALONE.

They do me wrong who say I come no more When once I knock and fail to find you in; For every day I stand outside your door, And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away, Weep not for golden ages on the wane! Each night I burn the records of the day; At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped, To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb; My judgments seal the dead past with its dead, But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hand and weep; I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"

No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep

But yet might rise and be again a man!

"Art thou a mourner? Rise thee from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning give thee wings to flee from Hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven."

Counting the Cost*

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

To make one little golden grain Requires the sunshine and the rain, The hoarded richness of the sod, And God.

To form and tint the frailest flower That blooms to bless one fleeting hour Doth need the clouds, the skies above, And love.

To make one life that's white and good, Fit for this human brotherhood, Demands the toil of weary years—

And tears.

When He Comes

BY BERTRAND SHADWELL.

[The following stanzas were suggested by a hymn heard in the "Shouters'" (negro) Church at Nassau, Bahamas.]

There's a King and Captain high, who'll be coming by and by:

And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he comes. You can hear his legions charging in the thunder of the sky;

And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he comes.

When he comes! When he comes!

All the dead shall rise in answer to his drums.

O, the fires of his encampment star the firmament on high;

^{*}From "Including Finnigan." Copyright, 1908, by S. W. Gillilan.

And the heavens shall roll asunder when he comes.

There's a. Man they thrust aside, who was tortured till he died;

And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he comes. He was hated and rejected; he was scourged and crucified;

And he'll find me hoeing cotton when he comes.

When he comes! When he comes!

He'll be ringed by saints and angels when he comes; They'll be calling out "Hosanna!" to the Man that men denied;

And I'l kneel among the cotton-when he comes.



Love the Measure

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Large is the life that flows for others' sakes, Expends its best, its noblest effort makes, Devotion rounds the man and makes him whole; Love is the measure of the human soul.



Proof

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

Written for The Speaker.

What you reckon? Johnnie told me Strangest thing that ever was; Said there wasn't such a person In the world as Santa Claus.

But he couldn't fool me ,gracious! I know 'bout as much as he; Doesn't Santy always bring me Presents sure as sure can be?

'Sides, last night when I was lying
On the rug before the grate
(No one had time to undress me,
And 'twas getting awful late),

I heard something in the chimney Saying "oo-oo," like a drum, Someone whistled, as though asking: "Are you ready? Must I come?"

Now, my father says that Santy Does not like for us to peep; Says he does not like to come down Chimneys till the children sleep.

So, though I was awful frightened, I sat on the rug, and said: "No, sir; no, sir, Mister Santy! For I haven't gone to bed!"

Then there was a funny racket—
Something tumbled close to me—
Something made my middle finger
Black as black as it could be.

Johnnie said I only dreamed it, Said no Santa Claus could come, Yet right on the rug this morning Was a whistle and a drum!

Harps Hung Up in Babylon

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

Written for The Speaker.

The harps hung up in Babylon,
Their loosened strings rang on, sung on,
And cast their murmurs forth upon
The roll and roar of Babylon;
"Forget me, Lord, if I forget
Jerusalem for Babylon.
If I forget the vision set
High as the head of Lebanon
Is lifted over Syria yet,
If I forget and bow me down
To bruitsh gods of Babylon.

Two rivers to each other run In the very midst of Babylon, And swifter than the currents, fleets The restless river of the streets Of Babylon, of Babylon. And Babylon's towers smite the sky, But higher reeks to God most high The smoke of her iniquity; "But oh, betwixt the green and blue To walk the hills that once we knew, When you were pure and I was true." So rung the harps in Babylon—"Or ere along the roads of stone Had led us captive one by one, The subtle gods of Babylon."

The harps hung up in Babylon, Hung silent till the prophet dawn, When Judah's feet the highway burned Back to the holy hills returned, And shook their dust on Babylon. In Zion's halls the wild harps rang, To Zion's walls their smitten clang. And lo! of Babylon they sang. They only sung of Babylon; "Jehovah, round whose throne of awe The vassal stars their orbits draw Within the circle of Thy law. Canst Thou make nothing what is done, Or cause Thy servants to be one That has not been in Babylon. That has not known the power and pain Of life poured out like driven rain? I will go down and find again My soul that's lost in Babylon."

Done Unto Christ

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

Written for The Speaker.

There came one night a stranger—a beggar—to my door.

A crust of bread, a shelter, some clothing, to implore. So poor, so weak, so stricken by stern old Time seemed he,

I quickly granted more than he had asked of me.

Beneath my humble roof he rested for the night, Sad stories telling me before the bright fire-light Of all that he had borne through long, long and bitter years,

Till I through sympathy could scarce restrain my

And when he started forth at dawn of morn next day, He went not empty-handed from my poor house away:

Money, food and clothing he carried from my door, And I was sad because I could not proffer more.

Then presently one came, one hideous to see,
Of countenance most wicked, who shrilly laughed at
me:

"It was the devil, madame, who supped with you last night;

'Twas I, disguised so truly, you knew me not at sight!"

I bowed my head in sorrow; no blessing had I won, Though for my precious Saviour the sacrifice was done;

No glory had I given unto His name that day, Though for His sake I sent the best I had away.

Then through the gloom one called—and oh, the voice was sweet!

It thrilled my heart with rapture, it raised me to my feet:

"The glory, child, is mine, the blessing is for thee, For though he reaped the good, you did it unto me."

A Life Garden

BY MABEL EARLE.

A garden-plot of sunny hours God gives me when I wake, And I can make it bright with flowers All day for His dear sake.

Red roses, if my heart is sweet With love for all my own; And heart's-ease springing at my feet For every kindness shown.

And shining, sunny marigold,
If I am brave and bright;
And lilies, for the thoughts that hold
My heart all pure and white.

Sweet violets, hiding in their leaves, For truth and modesty; And balsams, if a soul that grieves Finds comforting in me.

And poppies, if my toil brings rest
To hands grown tired with care;
And always—first and last and best—
Forget-me-nots of prayer.

* *

As a mere literary monument, the English of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it, from the instant of its appearance, the standard of our language.

—John Richard Green.

Be Kind

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Be kind, be kind. Nor vain regrets invite
To haunt the weary watches of the night,
When those thou lovest have passed beyond thy sight.
Be kind, be kind.

Be kind, be kind. Immortal are thy deeds. Sow not to reap at last but useless weeds. To blest content the way of kindness leads.

Be kind, be kind.

Be kind, be kind. Thy days are speeding fast;
The time for kindly deeds will soon be past;
Speak only words thou wouldst should be thy last.
Be kind, be kind.

Be kind, be kind. Who knows another's need? The lips may smile, while oft the heart doth bleed. What sad thoughts smiles may hide thou canst not read.

Be kind, be kind.

Be kind, be kind. Speak not the hasty word; Let not thy voice in taunt or scorn be heard. What depths of bitter sorrow thus are stirred! Be kind, be kind.

Be kind, be kind. Each soul a burden hath; Some shadow lies on every human path; Make blest to age its priceless aftermath. Be kind, be kind.



From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there is anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—Daniel Webster.

A Home Song

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Yes, that is true, and something more; You'll find where'er you roam, That marble doors and gilded walls Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides, And friendship is a guest, Is surely home, and home, sweet home, For there the heart can rest.

The Kneeling Camel

BY ANNA TEMPLE.

The camel, at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees When daylight draweth to a close, And let thy Master lift thy load And grant repose;

Else how canst thou to-morrow meet, With all to-morrow's work to do, If thou thy burden all the night Dost carry through? The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up again to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn
That God may give the daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

School Days

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school.
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should someone else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow,
O, let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

These lessons Thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get and share,
To work and play
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask, To choose my daily task?
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need.
What pleases thee,
That shall please me.

The Tempest

BY ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

He shall give His angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways,
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close, It shall have no power to smite; It shall deepen my repose, Turn my darkness into light. Touch of angels' hands is sweet; Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong, I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah, my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.



All that I have taught of Art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.—John Ruskin.

Practice*

BY HENRY DRUMMOND.

* From "Love: The Supreme Gift."

HE world is not a playground; it is a school-room; and its great lesson that we are always to learn is the lesson of love in all its parts. What makes a man a good football player? Practice. What makes a good artist—a good sculptor—a

good musician? Practice. What makes good athlete? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in a different way-under different laws-from that in which we get the body. If a man does not exercise his arm, he gets no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he has no muscle in his soulno strength of character, no robustness. Love is not a thing of emotion and gush. It is a robust, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole character and nature in its fullest development. And these things are only to be acquired by daily and hourly practice. Do not quarrel, therefore, with your lot in life. not quarrel with the quality you have of life. Do not be angry that you have to go through a network of temptation—that you are haunted with it every day. That is your practice, which God appoints you. That is your practice; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and sincere, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous, and guileless. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the shapeless image in you; it is growing more beautiful; and every touch is adding to its perfection.

Christianity Defined

BY HENRY DRUMMOND.

HEARD this definition the other day of a Christian man by a cynic—"A Christian man is a man whose great aim in life is a selfish desire to save his own soul, who in order to do that, goes regularly to church, and whose supreme hope is to

church, and whose supreme hope is to get to Heaven when he dies." This reminds one of Professor Huxley's examination paper in which the question was put—"What is a lobster?" One student replied that a lobster was a red fish which moved backwards. The examiner noted that this was a very good answer, but for three things. In the first place, a lobster was not a fish; second, it was not red; and third, it did not move backwards. If there is anything that a Christian is not, it is one who has a selfish desire to save his own soul. The one thing which Christianity tries to extirpate from a man's nature is selfishness, even though it be the losing of his own soul.

There is only one great character in the world that can really draw out all that is best in men. He is so far above all others in influencing men for good that he stands alone. That man was the founder of Christianity. To be a Christian man is to have that character for our ideal in life, to live under its influence, to do what He would wish us to do, to live the kind of life He would have lived in our house, and had He our day's routine to go through. It would not, perhaps, alter the forms of our life, but it would alter the spirit and aims and motives of our life, and the Christian man is he who in that sense lives under the influences of Jesus Christ.

What Is Christianity

BY IAN MACLAREN.



is to believe that at the heart of things there is a Power with a mind and a will, from whom everything has come, and by whom everything is sustained; who is immanent in the universe, and specially inhabits the human soul; who is direct-

mg everything to moral ends, and whose character can be summed up in love. That Jesus Christ came from God, and is in a sense peculiar to Him, the Son of God; that He has declared the character of God to the human race, has broken the power of sin, and is the point of union between God and man.

It is to fight the lower self at the base of our nature, to give the supreme place to the soul, to carry the cross of Christ in daily life and to keep His commandments of love, to forget one's self and to think of others, to serve instead of ruling, to give instead of taking, to suffer instead of resisting.

It is to hope that in the long battle between right and wrong, right will conquer, that the things apparently evil are making for good, that the agony of suffering will end in the blessing of holiness, that God is working everything up into something better in this world and that which is to come, and that humanity will one day be raised to the perfection of Christ.

Faith, Hope, and Charity; without the faith there can neither be the charity nor the hope; without the charity the faith is not living; without the hope the charity is not crowned. The charity proves the faith and creates the hope—the greatest of these is charity. He who loves is therefore most surely a Christian.

***** *

A Christian is a man to whom Jesus Christ intrusts all his fellow-men; nothing can be foreign to him which concerns any one of his brethren.—Henri Perreyve.

Hope for All

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.



GO to the drunkard and say, "Cease your cup, change your company, and though I do not promise that to-day or to-morrow you shall be rid of the fiery devil, I say that in this way lies salvation." I say to him, "You must be born again;"

say to him, "You must be born again;" and not only that, I say, "You may." "But," says he, "I have drank away all my friends, all my property, all my health; you tell me I must be born again; but I know that I am going to be damned; and whether the time is a little longer or a little shorter, I don't care." But I say to him, "You may be born again." What is that worth to him? It is worth his recovery, his restoration to health, and to friendship and to prosperity. And I say to every intemperate man, to every lustful man, to every man who has gone over into the slough of passion and of evil-doing, "Not only must you, but you may be born again. The wheels can turn backward as well as forward; and you may be recovered. There is hope for all."

* *

Some Wise Sayings

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Lost time is never found again.
One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
God helps them that help themselves.
Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

The Bible*

BY N. McGEE WATERS.

HE springs of civilization are three:

"The history of the world hangs on the race that built the Parthenon; on the race that ruled the world; and on the race that wrote the Bible." Three great races—the Greek, the Roman, and the He-

brew: Three great achievements—art, law, and the Bible—and the greatest of these is the Bible. They who follow the streams of modern civilization back to

their rise, come at last upon the Bible.

In our age noted for its love of childhood, education has been born again. Back of Horace Mann, back of Froebel, back of Pestalozzi, back of Abelard, we come at last upon the Teacher out of Galilee. Modern education is less the child of the Revival of learning, than of the printing of the New Testament. Wherever the Bible is on the tongue of the people, you find a spelling-book in the hands of their children. Modern education takes its rise in the teaching of Him who said, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

The other boasted achievement of our age is our government by the people. Take up your map, and run your eye over the ancient world and the mediæval world, and you will not find Democracy anywhere. Now look at the modern world, and you will find the reign of the people. In Holland—but it was in brave little Holland that men first unchained the Bible. In Switzerland—but it was in Geneva that John Calvin founded his theocracy, in which the Bible was both text-book and constitution. In England and Scotland—lands of Cromwell, Knox, Wycliffe, and the Free Kirk, where the Bible was song-book and literature. In America—land of Pilgrim and Puritan, who came into the wilderness for freedom to read the Bible

^{*}From "A Young Man's Religion." Published by Pearson Brothers.

for themselves, and in their own way practice its worship and its teachings. There is no reign of the people in Italy, or Spain, or South America. These are modern countries, and in some of them they have the name and dream of Democracy. But it is only a dream. They have no Democracy, for the people have no Bible. Moses and Jesus are the first Democrats. The Bible is the Mother of Democracy.

The glory of Italy is her art. What awoke the passion for beauty within her people, and kindled the genius of the great masters? Italian Art is a modern flower. Always those sons of the southern clime had used brush and easel. But for centuries they only learned art's language and wrought out art's prose. Then the divine afflatus fell upon them, and they made our galleries glorious forever. What stirred their sleeping genius? Let Raphael's Sistine tell you. Let Titan's Transfiguration testify. Let Angelico upon his knees whisper the secret. He has a Bible in his hand and his prayer is, "O Lord, teach me to paint thy Gospel." The Bible has inspired art.

Music is still in her youth. She hath the heart of a child, and also the faith of a child. What baptized the children of genius with song? Listen to Handel's Messiah, and Haydn's Creation, and Mendelssohn's Elijah, and Gounod's Redemption, and even Wagner's Parsifal, and you will know that the great musical compositions are only the Bible set to music. The

Bible is the inspiration of Music.

You and I belong to the English race, and the glory of the English race is its literature. Its cradle was a monastery, where Caedmon and Bede first sang of scriptural themes. From Chaucer's day till now, the Bible has been our literature as well as our religion. This book lent Milton his Paradise; Bunyan his dream; Tennyson his immortal hope; Browning his vision; rugged Carlyle his law; and Ruskin the splendors of his imagination. Victoria, Queen and Empress, was right when, handing a Bible to the Ambassador of an Oriental empire, she said, "Tell your master, this book is the secret of England's greatness." Of our literature, the Bible is both dew and sun.

Christian Character*

BY N. McGEE WATERS.

HE gospel is not sugar to keep the good people sweet, nor salt to keep moral people from spoiling; it is the leaven that will transfigure and transform and regenerate and change the man of sin into the man of God. Regeneration is the

watchword of the Christian Church. "He may be born again," is the gospel for the hour. The purpose of Jesus is to use the wastes of society, and out of them to make up the wealth of the Kingdom of God.

This law applies to the individual as well as society. For after all society is only a group of individuals. And the evils of society are only the sins of individual men and women. That is a thing we always forget. We think the bad are all bad, and the good are all good. The fact is that the so-called good people, by so much as there is evil in them, help to make up the evil of society. And the bad people, by so much as there is good in them, help make up the good of society. There are few that are all good. I never heard of a man who was all bad. I think most of us are fatalists, when we come to consider our moral lives.

I hear people all around me say, "I have a quick temper," "I have a sharp tongue," "I am not a good mixer," "I cannot bear people." And we excuse our dispositions, and our selfishness, and our stinginess, and our coldness, and our moral unattractiveness, and our spiritual poverty, by saying we were made that way. I heard a drunkard say, "I am a drunkard's son." I heard a bad woman say, "I cannot help it, I was made that way."

Do these excuses excuse? What have we all come from? If modern science is right, from the animal. And all the love we have, and all the sympathy, has

^{*} From "A Young Man's Religion." Published by Pearson Brothers.

come to us because the Spirit of God has changed the brass of the brute into the gold of the man; the animal into the spiritual. What we need is to let God change other animal qualities into divine qualities. The temper that smites like the lightning—God can tame it and change it into a fiery courage that will carry light into dark places. That sharp tongue may be bridled, and taught to speak words of liquid love. That selfishness may be melted into sympathy. know that St. John the Divine was once fiery, and bigoted, and hateful. It was when he gave himself into the keeping of the Son of God that he became the man of love. And Jesus Christ comes to us, as of old, and claims all the waste forces of our lives for His service. Let us bring the tiger that is left in us, and the wolf that is left in us, and the hawk that is left in us, and the porcupine that is left in us, unto Him. Let the cruelty be changed into kindness, and the treachery into friendship, and the changed into gentleness, and the antagonism changed into winsomeness. Let God gather up the broken fragments of our lives that we may become His, all and all, that nothing shall be lost.

The Prodigal*

BY N. McGEE WATERS.

ESUS describes a young man who has wasted his life, turning about and starting for his home. He calls him the Prodigal Son. He describes the reception by his father, who has grown weary-eyed with watching. It is His picture of the

Heavenly Father. He shows us the elder brother in his petulance and his bigotry, refusing to rejoice that the lost had been found. It is His portrait of the Pharisees of that time and all times.

The other day I heard the story of a Prodigal. He

^{*}From "A Young Man's Religion." Published by Pearson Brothers.

had been away a long time. He had written no letters and he had read none. He drifted to the city and then to the plains. He mingled with the coarse life in the mines. The marks of his dissipation were written all over him. At last in sheer desperation he enlisted with the army. The Spanish war came. He was wounded, and then fever set in, and for days he lingered upon the borderland, not knowing whether he would stay or go. His Vermont mother found out his condition, and where he was, and she sent him letters, blotched with tears and throbbing with love. She asked him to come home and they would forget the past. They would live for the future. Not satisfied with this, she sent a messenger all the way to Florida. The messenger sat by the side of his cot and described the old home, until there were tears in his eyes, and told him about his mother's love and long watching for his return, until there was a lump in his throat. She brought him a box from home, and in it were apples that grew in the old orchard, and cookies that his mother had made, and jelly which she had put in the glass with her own hands. Then one day the train came, and straight from the train to the hospital came a woman whose face was deeply graven with the literature of sorrow. With a cry she sprang to her son, and, as they wept together, he poured out all the sorrow and the shame of his life, and his contrition, and she put her arms about him and hugged him tighter to her heart and smoothed his face, and said, "Now there! now there! let us forget it! I have come to take you home." Do you think it is any wonder that that wounded boy heard the overtures of love and forgiveness and went back to the Vermont homestead?

This World

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

This world that we're a-livin' in Is mighty hard to beat; You git a thorn with every rose, But ain't the roses sweet!

What Is a Creed

BY N. McGEE WATERS.



CREED is the skeleton of truth. You have seen a skeleton, and you know how gruesome it is. If I had here the skeleton of a little baby, and should wrap it up in finest silk, there is not a mother in the land who would take it from me. But

if I had a little baby here, and it was crying, there is not a mother in the land who would not take it, and soothe it, and lead it smiling into sleep. But, mother, you want your baby to have a skeleton, don't you? But you want it to be on the inside, covered up with flesh and blood. The only skeleton you want is a live skeleton. The only creed you want is a live creed. And the only way to keep it alive is to keep it growing. A creed, then, is not sacred bones to be worshiped, but it is a backbone for life.



What Have We Done Today*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while, But what have we been to-day? We shall bring each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought to-day?

^{*}From "In Merry Mood." Copyright, 1902, by Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Co., Publishers.

We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungering souls of earth. But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky, But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask, "What have we done to-day?"

A Christmas Carol

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said, "That brightens thro' the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

All round about our feet shall shine
A Light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong But keep at eve the faith of morn, Shall daily hear the angel song, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

Dying in Harness

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Only a fallen horse stretched out there on the road, Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy load;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;

See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests the head.—

Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;

After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—

Fell, and the burden killed him; one of the day's mishaps—

One of the passing wonders marking the city road—A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile.

What is the symbol? Only death? why should we cease to smile

At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?

Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?

The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,

That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and then—

Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever echoing tread—

The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead.

Hullo!

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

When you see a man in woe, Walk straight up and say "Hullo!" Say, "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do? How's the world been using you?" Slap the fellow on his back, Bring your hand down with a whack; Waltz straight up and don't go slow, Shake his hand and say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, ho! Walk straight up and say. "Hullo!" Rags are but a cotton roll Just for wrapping up a soul; And a soul is worth a true, Hale and hearty, "How d'ye do?" Don't wait for the crowd to go, Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say, They salute and sail away; Just the same as you and me, Lonely ships upon the sea; Each one sailing his own jog For a port beyond the fog, Let your speaking trumpet blow, Lift your horn and cry "Hullo!" Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away;
When you travel through the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

Sky-Born Music

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Let me go where'er I will.

I hear a sky-born music still.

It is not only in the rose.

It is not only in a bird,

Not only where the rainbow glows,

Nor in the song of woman heard;

But in the darkest, meanest things,—

There always, always, something sings.

Harvest Song

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing.
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise, Hands, hearts, and voices raise, With sweet accord. From field to garner throng, Bearing your sheaves along, And in your harvest song Bless ye the Lord.

The Frost

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

The frost looked forth one still, clear night And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight, So through the valley and over the height In silence I'll take my way; I will not go on like that blustering train, The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain, Who make so much bustle and noise in vain, But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest, He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed In diamond beads, and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread A coat of mail that need not fear The downward point of many a spear That he hung on its margin far and near Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept, And over each pane like a fairy crept. Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the moon were seen Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees; There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees, There were cities, with temples, and towers, and these All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair; He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there That all had forgotten for him to prepare; "Now, just to set them a-thinking— I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he, "This costly pitcher I'll break in three, And the glass of water they've left for me Shall 'tchick to tell them I'm drinking."

Beautiful Things

BY DAVID SWING.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, brave, and true, Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly errands to and fro— Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Christmas Everywhere

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night! Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine. Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine. Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white. Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay, Christmas where old men are patient and gray, Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight, Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ-Child who comes is the Master of all; No palace too great and no cottage too small.

International Brotherhood*

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.



F we look back along the history of the past hundred years, it is very easy to see a striking tendency toward unification in the history of the nations of the earth. They have come together even physically. The oceans that once separated

us separate us no longer—steam has abridged them. The oceans that once forbade intercommunication forbid it no longer, the cable runs under the ocean, and we stand in New York and talk to our correspondent in Liverpool. Thus physically the globe has grown smaller; Jules Verne's famous romance, so wildly fantastic only a few years ago, "Around the World in Eighty Days," has become almost a commonplace of travel.

Along with this physical conjunction of separated nations has gone the breaking down of commercial barriers and the opening of commercial highways. Piracy and privateering have disappeared from the ocean. War itself is no longer the enemy to commerce that it once was, for in civilized war we recognize the principle that "free bottoms make free goods." And in this country we are going to recognize the principle, I hope, in future naval warfare, that private commerce shall not be preyed upon as though it were a public enemy. The barriers between trade and commerce which law has raised have been greatly lessened. On this continent we have fortyfive independent States, not separated by a single custom-house, not separated by a single barrier of any kind. The rivalry between Maine and Massachusetts, between New York and Pennsylvania, is a generous rivalry, in which neither community thinks that it will build itself up by injuring its neighbor.

^{*}Extract from an oration delivered in Boston, 1899, at a meeting to consider the call for a Peace Conference to be held at The Hague.

The national unification has been even more remarkable. Within this century England has practically added to her domain Australasia and Egypt, and presently will have added a large part of Africa. Germany, which was a set of warring, independent, and rival provinces, has been welded into one great nation. Our own nation, which was nominally one, but really sundered by a great black gulf, has filled that gulf up with the noblest and the best offering the nation could give—its brave young men in blue and gray; and the great black gulf has been closed, and to-day it is no mere figure of rhetoric to say, "We know no North, no South, no East, no West, nothing but the Union."

The unification in political ideals has been yet more striking.

Since the advent of the German race as a recognized power in European history, two conceptions of government have been confronting each other in Christendom-the Latin and the Germanic. The former, inherited from the Roman Empire, vests all authority in one supreme head, and administers all government for the benefit of the governor; the latter, inherited, I believe, from the old Mosaic Commonwealth, and vitalized by the spirit of Christianity, derives all power from God through the people, and administers or professes to administer it for the benefit of the governed. At the beginning of the century Napoleon destroyed for all time the despotic governments inherited from imperial Rome; the new imperialism which he put in their place was in turn destroyed at Waterloo. Since then the governments of the Old World have been inspired by the spirit and are gradually taking on the forms of liberty. France is a republic; Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain are in form constitutional monarchies ;and the still vigorous despotism of Germany tries in vain to repress its not less vigorous spirit of liberty. All Europe, west of the Russian boundary is governed by representative assemblies, speaking, or purporting to speak, for the people.

This unification—commercial, national, and political—has been accompanied by a growth of religious unity as remarkable. The time is not so far distant

when every nation had its God; now all civilized nations recognize one God of all the nations of the earth. The time is not so far distant when Romanism and Protestantism were putting their swords into each other's hearts, each hating the other with all the hate of pride, ambition, and self-seeking, intensified by the bitterer hate of conscience. Never again shall we see a "religious war" between Romanism and Protestantism; never again a Duke of Alva overrunning a Protestant country, or a Cromwell leading his troops to butchery in Ireland: never again church against church, brother against brother; even the attempt to create a feud in America between Romanist and Protestant ends in a few sulphurous words and goes out in a puff of smoke. In the Protestant Church the old antogonisms are mitigated, and the old differences are falling into disrepute if not oblivion. Our church organizations are still separate, but how little emphasis is placed on their own separate and often hostile creeds you may tell any Monday morning by reading the reports of Sunday sermons in the newspapers. Not knowing who preached the sermon, you cannot guess to what denomination the preacher belonged! The great religious forces of the world are all forces of unification.

All these forces, material, commercial, industrial, political, national, religious, find their natural and proper exponent in such gatherings as the great international ecclesiastical meetings, the great Parliament of Religions, and the Peace Conference. These are signs and symbols of the truth that we are growing together, that the world is getting itself organized. First came the family. Then family and family rubbed together until they were cemented into a tribe. Then tribe placed on tribe were hammered together with the hard blows of war, until they were united into the nation. And now the nations are yet to learn how to be one great family. This is the problem. As one stands on a mountain-top and sees the valleys running down to the plain below, and through the trees the silver streams trickling, and knows they lead on to some great majestic river, so we look through the history of the past two or three hundred years, and see how material civilization, political progress, national history, industrial development, and religious thought flow together to make one great majestic stream which we will call International Brotherhood.

* *

The Pulpit in Modern Life*

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.



AVING lingered long in foreign climes and countries, Plutarch returned home to affirm that he had found cities without walls, without literature, without coin or kings; peoples who knew not the forum, the theatre, or gymnasium; "but," added

the traveler, "there never was, nor shall there ever be, a city without temple, church, or chapel." Since Plutarch's time many centuries have come and gone, yet for thoughtful men the passing years have only strengthened the conviction that not until cities are hung in the air, instead of founded upon rock, can the ideal commonwealth be established or maintained without foundations of morals and religion. Were it possible for the ancient traveler to come forth from his tomb, and, moving slowly down the aisles of time, to step foot into the scene and city midst which we now do dwell, he would find that, in the influence of religious teachers upon liberty, literature, art, and industry, that would fully justify the reassertion of the conviction expressed so many centuries ago. Indeed, many students of the rise and reign of the common people make the history of social progress to be largely the history of those teachers who have lifted up before men Christian ideals and principles, as beacon lights for the human race.

Standing before the Cathedral at Wittenberg, Jean Paul uncovered his head and said, "The story of the German language and literature is the story of Mar-

^{*}Extract from an oration delivered at the University of Chicago, 1899.

tin Luther's pulpit." Webster through stately oration. Rufus Choate through impassioned address, James Anthony Froude through polished essay, have alike affirmed that the town-meeting and our representative government go back to that little pulpit in the Swiss city of Geneva. In the realm of literature, also, it is highly significant that Macaulay and Morley declare that Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson received their literary instrument as a free gift from those monks named Caedmon and Bede, and those pastors who gave us the King James version of the Bible. Modern sermons may have become "dry as dust," yet the time was when the English pulpit united the functions of lecture-hall and library, newspaper and book. For the beginning of our Saxon speech, Müller and Whitney take us back to the cloisters and chapels of old England. But Addison affirmed that the sermons of two preachers, Tillotson and Barrow, were the standards of perfection in English writing, and projected a dictionary that had for its authority the words and phrases used in the writings of these two preachers, who, the essayist thought, had shaped English speech and literature. Lord Chatham once referred the dignity and eloquence of his style to the fact that he had committed to memory the sermons of the same Barrow.

In our own land, speaking of the pleas for patriotism and liberty that were heard in the pulpits of New England just before the Revolution, Emerson said the Puritan pulpits were "the springs of American liberty." While in the realm of education, Horace Mann notes the fact that one pastor in New Hampshire trained one hundred men for the learned professions, and another country pastor one hundred and fifty students, including Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

Great, indeed, has been the influence of war, politics, commerce, law, science, government; yet we must also confess that the pulpit has been one of the great forces in social progress. Be the reasons what they may, the prophets of yesterday are still the social leaders of to-day. To-morrow Moses will re-enter his pulpit, and pronounce judgment, and control verdicts in every court of this city. To-morrow, as Germans,

we will utter the speech that Luther fashioned for us, or as Saxons use the idioms that Wycliffe and Bunyan taught our fathers. To-morrow the groom and bride will set up their altars, and kindling the sacred fires of affection, they will found their home upon Paul's principle, "The greatest of these is love." To-morrow the citizen will exercise his privilege of free thought and speech, and recall Guizot's words, "Democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that brought Paul." To-morrow educators will reread the Sermon on the Mount and seek to make rich the schools for the little ones who bear God's image. To-morrow we shall find that the great arts that enrich us were themselves made rich by teachers of the Christian religion. For great thoughts make great thinkers. Eloquent orators do not discuss petty themes. The woes of India lent eloquence to Burke. Paradise lent beauty to Dante, and strength to Milton. The Madonna lent loveliness to the brush of Raphael. It was the majesty of him "whom the heavens could not contain" that lent sublimity to the Cathedral of Angelo and Bramante.

Christ's ideal of immortality lent sweetness to Handel, and victory to his oratorio. It was the golden rule, also, that shotted the cannons of freedom against the citadel of slavery and servitude. "The economic and political struggles of modern society," says the great English economist, "are in the last analysis re-ligious struggles—their sole solution, the life and teachings of Jesus Christ set forth through the human voice." In his celebrated argument in the Girard College case, Daniel Webster reviewed the upward progress of society, and asked this question. "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up, save in the track of the Christian ministry?" Having expressed the hope that American scholars had done something for the honor of literature abroad; that our courts of justice had, to a little degree, exalted the law; that the orations in Congress had tended to extend and secure the charter of human rights, the great statesman added these words: "But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been

done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit at home and abroad than our body of clergymen." Weightier or more unqualified testimony was never pronounced. Whatever the future may hold for the pulpit, the past, at least, is secure!

The Right Way

BY ALICE CARY.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

A Thanksgiving

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

In Harper's Bazar.

Lord, I am glad for the great gift of living—Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;
Grateful for joy, with an endless thanksgiving,
Grateful for laughter—and grateful for pain.

Lord, I am glad for the young April's wonder, Glad for the fullness of long summer days; And now when the spring and my heart are asunder, Lord, I give thanks for the dark autumn ways.

Sun, bloom, and blossom, O Lord, I remember, The dream of the spring and its joy I recall; But now in the silence and pain of November, Lord, I gave thanks to Thee, Giver of all!

The Queer Old Woman

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

How is it in the glass I see
A queer old woman look at me?
There are odd lines about her eyes,
And gray hair on her forehead lies;
Her cheek is wan, and her sharp chin;
She does not seem to me akin.
And yet she says—it can't be true—
That "we are one instead of two."

I know we never shall agree,
She makes such rude remarks to me.
My bonnet, with fresh garlands hung,
"Was costly folly; 'tis too young."
I must not buy a white-plumed hat—
"I have outlived the time for that;"
And this choice gown of softest pink,
"Of my lost childhood" makes me think;
And if I'm vexed, she says, forsooth,
That "she can only speak the truth."

I am not old; yet, if I were,
I could forget it but for her.
Hope's May-time still about me seems;
I gather violets in my dreams;
But when I do, she shakes her head—
"Those flowers," she says, "long since have fled.
Life's goldenrod and asters blue
Are all the blossoms left for you."

Oh, if this stranger face would pass From out my haunted looking-glass, And I again from it could see My dear old self look back at me—My pretty self, that used to wear A wreath of roses round her hair, And smile to hear her flatterers say The face beneath was fair as they, I might be happy. But, oh, no!

This queer old woman will not go; And since I'm forced with her to dwell, We might be friends, perhaps, as well; For I, at last, am sure 'tis true That we are one instead of two!

The Christian Pulpit

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.



N this age, when ignorance is a luxury that only idiots can afford, and knowledge is universal, many have come to feel that the pulpit is a waning force. It is said that the teaching function has been superseded by the press, by books, and

magazines; that the ethical ideas of Christ are now so fully developed as to be organized into institutions, becoming automatic, and therefore no longer needing a special voice for their enunciation. John said of heaven, "There shall be no temple there," nor shall any teacher need to say, Know the Lord, for all shall know him. And many have risen up to-day who assert that the pulpit of yesterday has made unnecessary the pulpit of to-morrow; that Christianity has now been organized into our social, domestic, economic, and political institutions, thereby becoming self-publishing. Those kind-hearted persons who once wept lest the loom and the engine should destroy the working people are now engaged in shedding a few tears over the pulpit, soon to be sadly injured by the press, the magazines and books.

Thoughtful men are not troubled lest some agency arise to dispossess the pulpit. In the last analysis, preaching is simply an extension of that universal function called conversation. It represents an attempt so to bring the truth to bear upon conduct and character as to cleanse the reason, sweeten the affections, and lend inspiration to imagination; so as to strengthen conscience and refine the moral sentiment. The foundation of all moral instruction is in the family, where children are influenced, not by attractions

but by the truth manifest in the voice of the father and the mother, who create an atmosphere about the Socrates came speaking, as did Plato and Paul, as did the world's Saviour; and, so long as man remains man, preaching will remain not as a luxury, but as the necessity of man's existence. So far from books doing away with the influence of the voice, they seem rather to increase it. In ages when there were no books, men sat silent in the cell or were dumb by the hearthstone. Now that a new book is published, like "The Memoirs of Tennyson," or "Equality," by Bellamy, or "The Christian," by Caine, these books, instead of ending conversation upon the themes in question, seem rather to open the flood-gates speech, so that a thousand readers break forth into discussion who before were dumb. Great is the power of books! Wonderful the influence press! But the printing-press is only a patent drill that goes forth to sow the land with the great seed of civilization. But while the drill may scatter the wheat upon the cold ground, it may not pour warmth about the frozen clods, or shed forth the refreshing dew or rain. When the living man called Luther or Whitefield or Wesley or Beecher or Brooks shines forth, then the mind lends warmth to frigid natures, calls down dew and rain upon the newly sown seed, lends light and inspiration to dull and sodden natures.

Preaching is man-making, man-mending, and character-building. On the one side it is a science—the science of the development of all the powers, animal mental, moral, and social; the subordination of the lower impulses to the higher faculties, the symmetry and harmonization of all. The genius of preaching is truth in personality. Mighty is the written word of God, but the word never conquered until it was "made flesh." Truth in the book is crippled. Truth in the intellectual system is a skeleton. Truth in personality is life and power. Always the printed philosophy is less than the speaking philosopher. lace and Bruce had their power over the clansmen, not by written orders, but by riding at the head of the host. By the torch of burning speech Peter and Bernard kindled the ardor of crusaders. When to Luther's thought was added Luther's personality, Germany was freed. Savonarola's arguments were brought together in a solid chain of logic, but it has been said that his flaming heart made the chain of logic to be "chain lightning." The printed truth cuts with a sharp edge, the spoken truth burns as well as cuts. Men have indeed been redeemed by the truth in black ink on white paper, but the truth quadruples its force when it is bound up in nerves, muscles and sinews. The soul may be taught by travel, books, friends, occupation. Yet these truths stand in the outer court of the soul. It is not given to them to enter into the secret holy of holies, where the hidden life doth dwell. Preaching is plying men with the eternal principles of duty and destiny, so as to give warmth to the frigid, wings to the dull and low-flying, clarity to reason, accuracy to moral judgment, force to aspiration, and freedom to faith. Truth is the arrow, but speech is the bow that sends it home.

Well did John Ruskin say that the issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit. "Precious indeed those thirty minutes by which the teacher tries to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sin, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of the doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded. Thirty minutes to raise the dead in." And he who hath known the joy of encouraging some noble youth who is discouraged; the rapture that comes when one who hath been long snared and held in the cruel trap hath been freed; the joy of feeling that blind eyes have come to see things unseen and deaf ears to hear notes that once were unheard; or hath swung wide some dungeon door to lead forth some prisoner of conscience, will know that there is no profession that conceals such hidden springs, receives such hidden messages, is fed with such buoyancy and happiness as the ministry—the Christian teacher, who brings divine truth to men for God's sake and for man's sake.

For Those Who Fail

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears

To all who fail in their deeds sublime,

Their ghosts are many in the van of years.

They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name, But greater many and many a time Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn, And good is the man who refrains from wine; But the man who fails and yet still fights on, Lo, he is the twin-brother of mine.

Why Shouldst Thou Fear!

BY FREDERIC E. DEWHURST.

If the sun has hid its light,
If the day has turned to night,
If the heavens are not benign,
If the stars refuse to shine—
Heart of man, lose not thy hope;
Door, there's none that shall not ope;
Path, there's none that shall not clear;
Heart of man! why shouldst thou fear!

If for years should be thy quest, If for years thou hast no rest, If thou circlest earth and sea, If thou worn and weary be—

Heart of man, lose not thy hope; Door, there's none that shall not ope; Path, there's none that shall not clear; Heart of man! why shouldst thou fear!

*

Grandmother's Song*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Grandmother's voice was always mild, And at everyday troubles she always smiled:

For she used to say Frowns didn't pay,

As she had learned when the merest child. So whenever we cried for a fancied wrong, Grandmother used to sing this song:

"To-day, to-day,

Let's all be gay;

To-morrow

We may sorrow.

My dear, don't fret

For what's not yet:

For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

Ah, me! 'tis many a lonesome year Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;

And I sigh my sigh

For the days gone by,

For you went with them, grandmother dear.

But I still have left your quaint old song,

And I shall sing it and pass along:

"To-day, to-day,

Let's all be gay;

To-morrow

We may sorrow.

My dear, don't fret

At what's not yet;

For you make a trouble double when you borrow."

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Panacea*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

It's no great oddity
That one commodity
Has such demand
Throughout the land.
You know what it is I think. Ah, yes,
It is nothing more and nothing less
Than a double X brand of happiness.

Now think what a place this world would be, What a jolly old place for you and me, What a wonderful place if you and I Would only try
To meet the demand with a certain supply. Consider, my son,
How easily done,
To make one happy, only one;
A father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Or if they be supplied, why then some other.

And my daughter, see
How well 'twould be.
Why, the thing is as plain as A, B, C!
If each of us were engaged in keeping
One happy soul from dawn to sleeping,
If each of us were busy in making
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking.
What a happy old place this would be
What a jolly old place for you and me.

And if every one else then did the same, Why wouldn't it be the cleverest game? But, pray, don't try
To oversupply,
Somebody already floating high.
'Tis the sinking wreck we need to save,
Not the one on the topmost wave.

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And remember, too,
This much—that you
And I will profit by what we do.
'Tis a curious fact, but past all doubt,
That the more of happiness one gives out
The more he has left and the more his powers.
As the gardener strips a bed of flowers
That more shall bloom, so strip your soul
That another's happiness may be whole.
And, lo! in the quick-winged second after,
'Tis filled with the bloom of love and laughter.



The Angels and the Shepherd

BY LEW WALLACE.

[From "Ben Hur."]



MILE and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive sheepcot,

ages old. Here upon this eventful occasion were assembled six shepherds, omitting the watchman. Supper over and clustered in a group near the fire, they rested and talked. Rude and simple as they were in their ways they had a knowledge and a wisdom of their own and a firm belief in the one God, and that they must love Him with all their souls.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he sat. The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; the midnight was slow coming to him;

but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children. He moved toward the fire but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible, came to view; he saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked it became a splendor, then in terror, he cried:

Awake, awake.

Up sprang the dogs, and howling, ran away. The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clamored to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they cried, in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman. "The sky is on fire." Suddenly the light became intolerably bright and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank from fear, they fell upon their faces, blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them. "Fear not!"

And they listened.

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing, more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees and looking worshipfully, beheld in the center of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings shining and folded; its hands were stretched toward them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light of which he seemed the center, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming, and going

of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison: "Glory to God in the highest and on

earth peace, good-will toward men."

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; his wings stirred and slowly and majestically he arose lightly, and without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed by distance: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The Folly of Falsehood

BY ROBERT E. SPEER.

F

ALSEHOOD is not only fear, it is also folly. "Whatsoever convenience may be thought to lie in falsehood and dissimulation," said Tillotson, "it is soon over, but the inconvenience of it is perpetual because it brings a man under an ever-

lasting jealousy and suspicion so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly." To lie is not to gain but to lose influence. It is also the beginning and not the ending of difficulty. The man who tells the truth can forget what he has said and be able to repeat it, simply by telling the truth again, but the man who lies has to remember the particular lie he told, and tell that again. The truth is single and unchanging. Falsehood is duplex and shifting and variable. In the deaf and dumb sign language, the sign for the truth is a gesture indicating a straight line from the lips; the sign for a lie is the representation of a crooked, wavering line. The straight line is one forever. The crooked line may be any one of a million. A schoolboy once came to me to ask help in his moral troubles, and said that his chief difficulty was the habit of exag-

^{*}From "The Marks of a Man." Copyright, 1907, by Jennings & Graham.

geration, which was his mother's habit also. Perhaps she had been a believer in Jeremy Taylor's easy theory of the propriety of lying to children. "I know it is wrong," said the boy, "and also it is so very inconvenient, for I can't remember how I said the thing the first time, when I have to repeat it." Truth alone can make character consistent, and give it rest and peace; for as South remarked, "There can be no greater labor than always dissembling, there being so many ways by which a smothered truth is apt to blaze and break out."

True Greatness

BY ROBERT E. SPEER.

DWARD THRING said at the opening of the Uppingham Schoolroom in 1863, "Something I would also say to the school on the subject of school greatness. I have observed lately no unnatural desire to claim a position among English

schools. Now you can not claim it. It must come. Indeed, we are very far from wishing that the school should come forward on the false ground of mere increase of numbers—which may be increase of shame, for a mob is not an army—or of mere identity with other schools, which is not what has made us what we are. Yet be sure there is the means here of being great. Have you so forgotten the motto in your head room.

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,— These three alone lead life to sovereign power?'

Yes, power must come, and there are two ways for it to come. Most of all, and first, the winning a character for truth and true honor. Most of all, that no lie in word or deed, no shams, no underhand deceits shall

^{*} From 'The Marks of a Man." Copyright, 1907, by Jennings & Graham.

harbor here—nothing that will not bear the light. Let this be the school character, as I trust it is, and fear not, the school is great."

When Saw We Thee

BY ROBERT EL SPEER.

NCE we begin to examine our lives, we see that practically all the great things of our lives have flowed out of things so small that we have absolutely forgotten their beginnings.

Great men for the most part have been shaped and directed by just some such unnoticed and obscure things in their lives. What was it that took Tames Chalmers, for example, out to the South Seas? Read his biography and you will find that James Chalmers settled the great question of his life as a boy of twelve, in a little Scotch Sunday School. Mr. Sunday School superintendent, read Mackie, the from the United Presbyterian Church Missionary Record a letter from one of the missionaries in the South Sea Islands, and when he had finished the letter he leaned down and looked into the faces of the children and said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary." Like an arrow those words went to James Chalmers's heart, though he told no one of his determination. Years of recklessness followed, but he never lost that purpose. And James Chalmers, the dearest character that Robert Louis Stevenson ever met, was what he was and became what he became, and died the martyr death he died only five or six years ago in the South Seas, because as a lad of twelve, that single, obscure, unnoticed influence had gone across his life. And I suspect that if at the end we look over our lives, we shall see that thing which has determined our career has

^{*}From "The Marks of a Man." Copyright, 1907, by Jennings & Graham.

been some inconspicuous, and obscure, and unnoticed incident, so inconspicuous, maybe, that it has slipped entirely out of our memory.

It is on this ground, this high ground, that appeal can be made to men to see the divine significance of the trivial things in their lives. "When saw we thee?" we shall say to Christ at the last. "Me? Why you saw Me in college, when you talked with that other man and he offered you the opportunity of your life. You saw Me that day when you stood face to face with that petty temptation and yielded. You have forgotten all about it, but you settled the destiny of your life in that trivial and unobserved moment." You and I are determining our whole careers by things that appear now of absolutely no consequence. I can call you to witness that the very judgment-day at last is to turn on absolutely forgotten trivialities. Christ is going to judge men at that day, not by the big things they did, by the things they have got into their biographies, but by things so small that the men cannot even remember them themselves. "When saw we Thee?" will be their question. "When did we decide this great issue? We never knew that we were deciding It is not the big thing, the conspicuous thing, the noticed thing, that is the really vital and essential thing in our personal lives; it is the little trivial, inconsequential thing. You remember how Mr. Moody used to put it in his sharp, epigrammatic way. "Men!" he would say, "Character is what a man is in the dark." Yes, character is what a man becomes in the dark, not what a man becomes out on the stage. There is a sense in which it is true, as Tolstoi says, that a man is just a machine, the discharge of a loaded gun the trigger of which has been already pulled. Let the judgment that Christ is to pass upon us at the last, warn us against our failure to behold Him in the trivial and inconsequential. In that day we shall ask Him, "When saw we Thee?" "Saw Me?" answer: "When you lied to that man in your class at college, you lied to Me. When you struck that man on the athletic field, you struck Me. When you cheated that widow and her children as you were practicing your profession, you were cheating Me. In

all the dishonesty and the dishonor and the meanness of your life you were affronting Me. When saw you Me? In absolutely every trial and testing of your life you faced Me." This life of ours, what is it except just the story of our attitude to Jesus Christ?

* *

Proem to In Memoriam

BY ALFRERD TENNYSON.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade; Thou madest Life in man and brute; Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not why. He thinks he was not made to die; And thou hast made him; thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, thou; Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day, They have their day and cease to be; They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

The Death Bed

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night, Her breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak, So slowly moved about, As we had lent her half our powers To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied— We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad And chill with early showers, Her quiet eyelids closed—she had Another morn than ours.

Requiem

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Under the wide and starry sky, Dig the grave and let me lie. Glad did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you gave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea. And the hunter home from the hill.

Epilogue

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time, When you set your fancies free, Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so.

Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel—
Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Hold we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time Greet the unseen with a cheer! Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be, "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on, fare ever There as here!"

Peace

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

My soul, there is a country Far beyond the stars, Where stands a wingèd sentry All skilful in the wars: There, above noise and danger, Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles. And One born in a manger Commands the beauteous files. He is thy gracious Friend, And—O my soul, awake! Did in pure love descend, To die here for thy sake. If thou canst get but thither, There grows the flower of Peace. The Rose that cannot wither, Thy fortress, and thy ease. Leave then thy foolish ranges; For none can thee secure But one who never changes— Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

* *

The Voice of the Heaven

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. Th' unwearied sun from day to day Does his Creator's power display; And publishes to every land, The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The Moon takes up the wondrous tale; And nightly, to the listening Earth, Repeats the story of her birth: Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball; What though nor real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found? In Reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing as they shine: "The Hand that made us is divine."

The Dying Christian to His Soul

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame! Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; Angels say, Sister Spirit, come away! What is this absorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears! Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic ring: Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O Grave! where is thy Victory? O Death! where is thy Sting?

The Quiet Heart

BY JOHN NEWTON.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teachable and mild, Upright, simple, free from art— Make me as a weaned child: From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee. What Thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive; What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to thy wisdom leave; 'T is enough that Thou wilt care: Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

God's Way

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best; Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God; So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way That leads to it be Thine; Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill;

The Speaker

Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health: Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all!



The Practice of Immortality

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

HE only way, I think, to get any firm assurance of any of the great fundamental facts of life, is not to try to prove them by what you call scientific evidence, but to assume them and build your life on them.

Foundations are always assumed.

There is not a building in the world which has not been obliged to accept its foundation. It rests on the earth. It depends for its stability on the stability of the earth. No builder can find or fashion any other foundation for his building than that which the earth gives him. After all his digging and blasting and boring he must finally trust the earth. If we cannot trust the earth he cannot build. If his building stands, the final reason will be that the earth sustains it.

Just as the foundations of our architecture are assumed, so are the foundations of our science. Science begins with an assumption, with something that cannot be proved, with what Mr. Huxley calls, a "great arc of faith." Science cannot stir a step without taking for granted what can never be proved—the uniformity of natural law. That is the one great fact of science, the one underlying, over-arching, all-encompassing, architectonic, scientific truth—but it is impossible to prove it; the scientist just believes it, takes it for granted; and goes ahead with his investigations

as if he were perfectly sure of it. It is by assuming it that he becomes sure of it. If he would not proceed until he had demonstrated it, science would be at an end.

In the same manner, as we have seen in other studies, the only way to be sure of God is to assume his constant presence in our lives and live accordingly. That will make any man sure of him. The foundation of religion, as of science, is an assumption. It is no more unreasonable to begin religion by taking God for granted, than it is to begin in science by taking the uniformity of law for granted. It is no more unphilosophical to assume that Reason and Goodness and Love are universal, than to assume that Order and Law are universal. No man can prove the one by logic or scientific evidence any more than he can prove the other, but any man who will assume that love is infinite and omnipresent and omnipotent; that it rules the universe; that it waits at every portal of sense and spirit to bring him light and joy and liberty; any man who will assume that this is true and build his life upon it, will know by an experience which all the logic in the world cannot confute, that God is, and that He is the rewarder of those who put their trust in Him. To his intellect as well as to his heart this confidence will bring repose.

The Rainbow

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

A Rose to the Living*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

A rose to the living is more Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead; In filling love's infinite store, A rose to the living is more, If graciously given before The hungering spirit is fled— A rose to the living is more Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

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The Life School*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

My little boy came home from his school to-day With his heart in a flurry of glee:
"O papa! They've taken our pencils away,
And I'm writing with ink!" said he.
And his breast is filled with a manly pride,
For it joys him much to think
He has laid his pencil and slate aside,
And is writing his words in ink.

O innocent child! Could you guess the truth You would ask of the years to stay Mid the slate and pencil cares of youth That a tear will wash away; For out in the great, wide world of men The wrongs we may do or think Can never be blotted out again, For we write them all in ink.

^{*}From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900, by Nixon Waterman. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Forbes & Co.

Mother's Apron Strings*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

When I was but a verdant youth I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sadly tried
Or spoke such bitter things
As he who said that I was tied
To my mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed That I must break away And find the broader world I dreamed Beyond her presence lay. But I have sighed and I have cried Oe'r all the cruel stings I would have missed had I been tied To mother's apron-strings.

O happy, trustful girls and boys! The mother's way is best. She leads you mid the fairest joys, Through paths of peace and rest. If you would have the safest guide, And drink from sweetest springs, Oh keep your hearts forever tied To mother's apron-strings.

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Bitter Sweet*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Just a few tears sprinkled in with our laughter, Just a few clouds in the blue of the sky; Showers make brighter the shine that comes after, Smiles are the sweeter that follow a sigh.

Just a few griefs in the midst of our gladness, Only for toil there could never be rest. Songs we love most hold a shadow of sadness, Joys that are touched with a sorrow are best.

Just a few graves in the land of the living, Just a few moans in the midst of our mirth, Just a few wrongs and the bliss of forgiving Bring the heart glimpses of heaven and earth.

•

The Attraction

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

Written for The Speaker.

"Hello, boy!" the carrier man
What brings letters here
Says whenever he sees me,
Home or anywhere;
An' his eyes wink at me so
I 'st have to laugh, you know.

"Hello, boy!" He pats my head
Same as he loves me;
He is 'st the kindes' man
'At I ever see.
Once he sed, he did fo' true:
"My boy at home is 'st like you."

^{*}Copyright, 1900, Nixon Waterman, from "A Book of Verses."

Once in a While*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.



"Man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education, is the only solution of the enigma. The planting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it. The Creator keeps his word with us all. What I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Will you, with vast pains and care, educate your children to produce a masterpiece and then shoot them down?"—R. W. Emerson.

^{*} From "A Book of Verses."

The Bible

BY GEORGE H. FERRIS. D.D.

is a conservative estimate that over twelve million copies of it were sold last vear. The Oxford Press alone put forth more than twenty thousand copies a week.

It has ever been the Book of books, and never so much as to-day. Imagine the Waldensians deriving their inspiration from Cicero! Imagine the Puritans going out to battle chanting strains from Marcus Aurelius! Imagine the Huguenots marching joyously to the stake breathing words from the Theatetus of Plato! Think you, Luther would have been so bold if it had been Aristotle that he put under his head at night? Think you, John Knox would have thundered so courageously if it had been a copy of Seneca that was open before him? Where did Milton get his vision of Paradise! Where did Handel get the inspiration of his "Messiah?" Where did Leonardo get the spirit that he put into his "Last Supper?" What words were most often on the lips of Wilberforce, when, for forty-two years, he cried out for liberty in England? Take the Bible out of our civilization, and what a great gap it would leave.

It has been the slave's book. It has been the poet's book. It has been the child's book, and its words have mingled with the sweetest accents of joy and hope that are lisped by our humanity. It has been the creator of countless Good Samaritans. It has been the hope and guide of the reformer. It has done more, by the words "Father, forgive them," to breathe peace into the jangling and warring forces of human ambition and strife, than all the systems of philosophy the world has ever produced. It lives on the ear like music, whose strains can never be forgotten. It lingers in our lives like the fragrance of flowers in the halls of our homes

Not until the human heart no longer aches with sorrow; not until the time comes when there remains no more a prodigal to be brought back to the Father's house; not until the time comes when the despairing and desolate call no more for help, until tears cease to flow, until love has no task to perform, until the cup of cold water is no longer needed to refresh the parched wanderer on the highway of life—not until then will the Bile lose its power and beauty, and until then will the Bible lose its power and beauty, and cease to be enthroned in the heart of our humanity.

The Now*

BY EUGENE WARE.

The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes with the giving;

The charm of a deed is its doing; the charm of a life is its living;

The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act in the actor;

The soul of the fact is its truth, and the NOW is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and Nowist, and tests all assumptions with rigor,

It looks not behind it to failing, but forward to ardor and vigor;

It cares not for heroes who faltered, for martyrs who hushed and recanted,

For pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in perfuming,

^{*}From "Some Rhymes of Ironquil." Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright, 1892, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

The world does not care for blossoms that wither away before blooming.

The world does not care for the chimes, remaining un-

wrung by the ringer,

The world does not care for the songs, unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in a doer?

What use has the world for a loving that never had winner or wooer?

The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions

Are buried along with the failures that come in a life of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended.

There's Now—only Now—and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended.

Away with its obsolete story and all of its yesterday sorrow;

There's only to-day almost gone, and in front of to-day stands to-morrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are brought us like loans from a generous lender,

Enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no poorer the sender:

Lightening all of our labors, and thrilling us ever and ever

With the ecstasy of success and the raptures of present endeavor.

*

The Washerwoman's Song*

BY EUGENE WARE.

In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap, Worked a woman full of hope;

^{*}From "Some Rhymes of Ironquil." Copyright, 1902, A. C. McClurg & Co.

Working, singing, all alone, In a sort of undertone; "With the Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along, I had heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile, More in sympathy than in guile; But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her friend Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor; But in monotones the song She was humming all day long: "With the Saviour for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing, For I scarce believe a thing Of the stories that are told Of the miracles of old; But I know that her belief Is the anodyne of grief, And will always be a friend That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she, Just as poor as poor could be; But her spirits always rose, Like the bubbles in the clothes, And though widowed and alone, Cheered her with the monotone, Of a Saviour and a friend Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub, On the washboard in the tub, While the baby sopped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds; Or was paddling in the pools, With old scissors stuck in spools; Still she humming of her friend Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds Have their root in human needs; And I should not wish to strip From that washerwoman's lip Any song that she can sing, Any hopes that songs can bring; For the woman has a friend Who will keep her to the end.

In His Good Time

"I go to prove my soul;
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In good time, His good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In his good time."
—Browning.

Foretokens of Immortality

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

HERE is a silence that thunders. Nature hath a concealment which is revelation. Secrets there are that proclaim themselves upon the housetops, and life hath a horizon that speaks eloquently of a continent, hidden, indeed, but real. For

shallowness alone hath no secrets. It is superficiality that tells the full story. But the unseen forces, the chemists in the roots, the monarchs of the clouds, the

giant forces in the harvests—these work in secrecy and silence. Gravity doth not blow a trumpet before it. The sunbeam doth not lift up its voice and cry aloud in the street. If summer, journeying northward, drives the arctic winds back into their icy caverns, summer's loudest tone is the soft whisper of the southwind.

For nature's silence is only seeming; her concealments are big with testimony. Every apple blossom blushes forth its secret of the rosy apple that is to be. Every acorn throbs with the germ of an acre-covering oak. Every seed aches with its thought of a golden sheaf that soon will ripen. The perturbations that deflect Uranus from its path proclaim the new planet soon to stand upon the horizon. The great discoverer tells that at the very darkest moment of his voyage he received overtures from the unseen continent. ocean currents bore golden branches upon their bosom, while through the air came the land birdsthe birds of paradise, brilliant with color—and, pouring forth their thrilling songs, welcomed Columbus to a continent hidden, indeed, beyond the horizon, but a continent that was so great as to involve apparent concealments of distant rivers and valleys, of forests and mines and mountains. How small the continent that could in a single day have revealed itself to the discoverer!

Just as sailors, when they are still far out at sea, know that they are drawing near home by reason of the odors of shores as yet unseen; as Sir Launfal, after long years of absence, staved his tired horse beneath an old tree many miles from home, yet heard the tones of the bells in the old abbey sending sweet welcome on before; as in that picture called "The Aurora" the watchman in the night saw the feet of the dawn standing upon the mountain-tops a full halfhour before the sun rose in the sky, so, if clouds are about man's tomb and silence above his grave, for him, also, there are rifts in the clouds, there are moments when heavy draperies of darkness part, there are voices that fall softly through the air, whispering that man's tomb is not the tomb on which we strew flowers and shed tears.

Peace and Hope

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

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ENTURIES ago Plato expressed the hope that at some future time the moral law might become a person; that, beholding, all mankind might stand amazed and entranced. Law alone was an abstractum too cold to kindle the heart's enthusiasm.

Fulfilling this desire, Jesus Christ entered the earthly scene. He came to teach the disciples of Socrates that nothing evil can befall a good man after death. He came to fulfill the thought of Cicero, that ideals are overtures of immortality. He fulfills Bryant's hope that He who notes the sparrow's fall will guard His children's graves. To Tennyson, falling on the altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God, He whispers that for life and death alike there is "one law, one element, and one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." These who cast their flowers and tears upon the grave are bidden to look up and cherish the memory of the dead, for the friend-ships begun in time shall wax through eternity.

Therefore the musician may die to the music of his own requiem; the poet may pass away to the note of his own bugle-call; the hero and the patriot need not fear when the sunset-gun doth boom at last. In the gallery of the Vatican the pilgrim reads upon one side the Christian inscriptions, copied from the catacombs, while on the other side are inscriptions from the Roman temples. There a single sigh echoes along the line of white marble: "Farewell, farewell, and forever farewell," but on the other side are these words: "He who dies in Christ dies in peace and hope." For the hope of immortality is the very genius of Christ's mission and message. God lives, Christ loves, goodness is eternal; therefore man shall be redeemed out of sin and death. He who goes down into the grave is as one who goes down into a great ship to sail away to some rich and historic clime. But a divine form stands upon the prow, a divine hand holds the helm, a divine chart marks out the voyage, a divine mind knows where the distant harbor is. In perfect peace the voyager may sing:

"For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Home Coming

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

EATH is a home-coming. "I go," Christ says, "to prepare a place for you." We set sail upon an unknown sea, but we go. not to a strange land. Here we are pilgrims and strangers; there we shall be at home. From some poor hut in Ire-

land one after another of the family set sail to America. their Eldorado-first the sons, then the daughters, last of all the father and mother. With some sorrow in their hearts for the memories of the past, with some fear in their hearts mingled with anticipations of the future, they take their passage in the narrow quarters furnished by the steerage. But when the voyage is over, and they land on this side, the sons and daughters are on the wharf to welcome them. Theirs is really a home-coming. So all of us have sent some friends before us, a brother, a sister, a child, a husband, a wife. When we are summoned to our departure, though the ship be strange and the sea unknown, we shall be embarking for a land where friends will be awaiting us. To fall asleep here, to wake up there and find ourselves at home-how strange will seem the sudden transition!

Why, then, should we be afraid of death? As on the Christmas Day the father attires himself as Santa

^{*} From "The Other Room."

Claus, and comes into the room bringing his hands full of gifts, and the little children do not know him, and are frightened at his coming, and cry, and run away, so death is but Christ disguised, coming laden with gifts; rest for the weary one, liberty for the enslaved one, completion to the unfinished and aspiring one, home-coming to the lonely and desolate one. Picture death no longer as a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass; that is pagan. See him luminous and radiant, the cross in his hand, a smile upon his lips, and from him the invitation, "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, and I will give you life."

The House by the Side of the Road

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

("He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.)

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart, In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths Where the highways never ran—But let me live by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road.

Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

3 ps

a are do a they working the action of the I see from my house by the side of the road, By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope, The men who are faint with the strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears-Both parts of an infinite plan-

Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man

I know there are brook-gladden meadows ahead And mountains of wearisome height;

That the road passes on through the long afternoon And stretches away to the night.

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,

And weep with the strangers that moan, Nor live in my house by the side of the road Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road Where the race of men go by-

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the corner's seat Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man.

The Sky For You

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

O the future sky is the bluest sky, With never a cloud in view; But the sky to-day is the truest sky, And that is the sky for you!

For the work you have to do; For the lives that lean on you; Or gold, or gray, 'Tis the sky to-day, And that is the sky for you!

There's a bird that sings to the future sky, Where the blossoms drip with dew; But the bird to-day makes the song of May, And that is the song for you!

For the work you have to do; For the hearts that cling to you, 'Tis the sweetest song As it thrills along, And that is the song for you.

A Song of Seasons

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There's joy, my dear, in the youth o' the year, When the heart's o' the bright buds break And the skies are blue as the eyes o' you, And the blooms blow over the lake.

There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair, And love is the sweetest blossom there!

There's joy, my dear, in the noon o' the year, When the harvest hints o' gold, And the soft sun streams with its gleams and dreams On your beautiful hair unrolled. There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair, And love is the blossom that's brightest there.

There's joy, my dear, in the gray o' the year, When the snows are drifting white, And the cold winds cry to the starless sky And the last rose weeps: "Good-night!" There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair, While your love like a lily is blooming there!

To-day*

BY EUGENE WARE.

Work on, work on, Work wears the world away: Hope when to-morrow comes. But work to-day.

Work on, work on, Work brings its own relief; He who most idle is Has most of grief.

The Soul's Christmas

BY GEO. H. FERRIS, D. D.



OD forgive us for our blindness! We are ever tempted to despise the commonplace. The simple act of service, the humble gift of live, the word of witness, the deed of gratitude, are crowded out of our lives because they

wear homespun. What was there in the birth of a common child to attract attention in Bethlehem? Nothing, save the fact that God was entering the world once more. What is there in the deed of self-forgetting generosity to cause us to give up our ease and pleasure to perform it? Nothing, save the fact that Christ is born once more in the soul when we yield to it.

See him there in the manger! What does he know of the vast machinery of law, of the stormy power of ambition, of the moving of armies, the creeping of caravans, the intrigues of courts, or of any of the

^{*}From "Rhymes of Ironquill." Copyright, 1892. A. C. McClurg & Co.

forces that send their embassies rumbling or rushing through the highways of earth? With no knowledge or experience to guide him, he lies there the very picture of helplessness. But there comes a time when he gathers into the sphere of his influence the last vestige of the dynasty of the Caesars, and rules Europe from the far Caspian to the stormy shores of Caledonia.

So with that impulse of generosity and tenderness, that angel song of good-will to men, that was born in your heart but a moment ago. You can no more leave it alone, and expect it to prosper, than Joseph and Mary could forsake the Christ child in the desert, and expect him to care for himself. You must nourish it. You must encourage it. You must carry it in your arms for a time. You must obey its behests with loyal love, and protect it from every encroachment of brute selfishness. Your pride will devour it; your sloth will starve it; your anger will trample on it; your indifference will smother it; unless, with true and faithful spirit, you care for it and guard it.

O the delight of watching this first feeble desire for a better life grow up from its Christmas morn in the soul! Its healing ministry is first manifest in quieting mad passions, and soothing the hurts of disappointment. It gathers about it its little band of impulses, its twelve disciples, bound together by the solidarity of a common hope. Then it begins the conquest of the soul. It feels its way triumphantly over the surface of a province. It runs into other regions of our life, along the Roman roads of habit. It establishes its centers of influence, its communities of kind desires, everywhere it goes. It reaches out with its influence, to embrace every force and faculty of our life. It carries a message of peace and good-will, until, at last, from a mere echo in the heights of the soul, life becomes one grand symphony of God. So is brought to pass the wish of Paul, "Until Christ be formed in you."

Christianity and Politics

BY GEO. H. FERRIS, D. D.



UR politics is in heaven." We betray our nation, as truly as Benedict Arnold did, every time we compromise with wrong, every time we bow before mere brute success, every time we love prosperity more than we love honor, every time we are

swept into a popular movement despite our conscience, every time we join those who strive to defeat an enemy by dishonest means, every time we add our voice to

the shouts of ignorance or the cries of wrong.

A Christian man has no right to belong to that thing which we call "The Machine." By its fruits we know it. It kills patriotism, by demanding a reward for everything it does for society. It turns an election from an open consideration of principles to a vile scramble for spoils. It demands of every follower that he put fealty to his party above love for his city. diverts taxes into private channels by a system of underground reprisals and secret tyranny. It shuts the door of advancement to honor, to integrity, to liberty, to righteousness. It creates an army of idle men, who are simply inducted into fanciful offices where they have nothing to do but draw their pay. It encourages the police to foster the very vices they are commanded by the law to suppress. It loads the community with ill-managed utilities that find it necessary to recover from the people the sums they have paid in bribery for franchise. All these things, and many others, it does. Let all who wish to bear the sacred name of Christ, and keep that name pure, come out!

On the way to judgment are all the evils of the past. They are not finalities. They are not fixtures. More transient than swarms of Cisco-flies, more brief than the frost of an October morning, are the evils, the abuses, the wrongs, the tyrannies, the organized sins, the great powerful iniquities of society. If there is

if there is any power in faith, if there is any revelation of God to the prophets and leaders of mankind, it is to be found in the old prayer, repeated so often by our lips, believed so soldom by our hearts. "Thy Kingdom come, on earth!"

The Worth of a Man

BY GEO. H. FERRIS, D. D.



RRIGATED land in California, that once was regarded as part of an utterly barren desert, has recently been sold for \$1800 per acre. In Colorado, a few years years ago, 710 tons of sugar beets were raised upon 29 acres of irrigated

land, and sold for \$3195, making the income of the land over \$100 per acre. This land, a few years ago, could have been had for nothing. It was thought to be absolutely useless. Grapes, oranges, almonds and countless other fruits, are now grown in these once wild and lonely lands. Engineers who have studied the matter declare that we will yet reclaim over a hundred million acres from the reign of death and desolation. O, how wise we are! When we have grown as wise in dealing with men, what of which my soul is capable, that I believe no permanent democracy is possible without a religious foundation. Democracy is just the ability to see God in men. It is an estimate of mankind based on the divine possibilities of the soul. It is a sense of the essential sacredness of a life. because of divine relationships, that enables us to disregard nationality, or color, or race, or material condition. It is a Christ-vision of one human family, with one Father, whose every member is the offspring of the Infinite, and destined to immortality. Once lose that, and just because we know we are not equal, we will instantly begin to classify men on some other basis, of property, or culture, or clothes, or ancestry, or

wealth, or the height of the cheek-bones, or the pigment of the skin.

The most sweepingly democratic utterance ever heard in this world was this: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." I am concealed, he declared, in every abandoned wretch, in every street-waif, in every human derelict, in every unfortunate pauper, in every conceivable being, who needs light, and patience, and sympathy, and training, and encouragement, and compassion, and friendship. What you do to them, unconsciously and unintentionally you do to me. To be sure, if I came as kings come, with retinue, and blare of trumpet, you would receive me gladly. But I do not care to know how you would receive a monarch. What I want to know is how much of God's glory you can find in the castaways of society.

Overworked

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what the men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and there is the churning—
Those things always must yield to these,
The world is filled with the world of beauty
If she would but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The busy men in the hayfield working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand.
Would think her lazy and call her shirking
And she never could make them understand

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner
Plenty of it and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws night.
any light in history, if there is any truth in experience,

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers,
For the least neglect of the children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor;
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than her neighbor:
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle,
When life is done and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

A Present for Little Boy Blue

BY J. W. FOLEY.

(From "The Saturday Evening Post.")

Our Neighbor, he calls me his little Boy Blue

Whenever he goes by our yard; And he says, "good morning," or "how do you do?"

But sometimes he winks awful hard.

I guess he don't know what my name really is, Or else he forgot, if he knew;

And my! You would think I am really part his— He calls me his Little Boy Blue!

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue Once stood all his tops in a row,

And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"— But that was a long time ago.

And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree, He brought me a sled, all brand-new

And smiled when he said it was partly for me And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree, So he says the best he can do

Is try to get something to partly give me And partly give Little Boy Blue.

Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,

And he said he knew it was true That ever and ever so many folks had

A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue, And said he would like to help trim

Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
It was partly for me and for him.

He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers, With popcorn and berries—you see,

He'd like to come over and help to trim ours— He's not going to have any tree!

A Cheer

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

What if your armor is broken?
What if your sword is bent?
Fight, if only in token
That courage is not yet spent.

Fight, though the foe surround you! Fight through the dust and din! Fight, and let none confound you! Fight, fight till you win!

*

The Future Bright

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Yonder comes the future bright As your sweetest dreams of light; Say to sorrow now "Goodnight Forever!"

Do not say that on the way Crouching lions wait their prey; Sorrow never comes to stay Forever!

Still to light our lives are drawn; Darkness prophesies the dawn, And the light will lead us on Forever!

The Good Old Hymns

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There's lots of music in 'em, the hymns of long ago;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know

I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by—
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful
eye."

There's lots of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old,

With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;

And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory dreaming stands,

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days; we knew

The words, the tunes, of every one the dear old hymn-book through!

We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built for show;

We only sang to praise the Lord, "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come—

Before the light has left me and my singing lips are dumb—

If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass, without a sigh, "To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie!"

To a Waterfowl

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned, At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere, Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end; Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest, And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend, Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread alone, Will lead my steps aright.

Was Lincoln a King?

We talked of kings, little Ned and I, As we sat in the firelight's glow; Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by, And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern, His armies to victory led, Then, after a pause: "At school we learn Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed He was gentle, and brave, and so Wasn't he greater than all the rest? 'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then, And in waiting for his reply A long procession of noble men Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No," came slowly from little Ned, And thoughtfully; then with a start, "He wasn't king—outside," he said, "But I think he was in his heart."

-St. Nicholas.

A Bit of Cheer

BY LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

Never mind the clouds, dear, never mind the rain; Trust in God and look ahead; the sun will shine again—

Singing after sorrow, and good health after pain; Sow the seed, and after while comes the golden grain; Sow the seed of happiness when all the skies are bright;

If the clouds come lowering down, laugh them out of sight

Never mind the wind, though it whistles loud and long;

Whistle up a tune yourself, and then break out in

song;

Laugh away your troubles and pray away your cares; That's the way, my sweetheart, to climb the golden stairs.

* *

BRIEF OF DEBATE.

Affirmative—Dickinson College.
Negative—Franklin and Marshall College.

Won by Negative.

"Resolved, That for the United States the Presidential system is a better form of Government than the Parliamentary system."

Affirmative.

HEWLINGS MUMPER.

J. Our Constitution is the result of able selection of governmental forms suited to peculiar American conditions.

II. We admit that there are faults in our system as there are faults in any system, but we maintain that our system has proven to be a wonderful government for the peculiar needs of the American people.

III. Our Government fits us because it has grown up with us, and has been a success in so far as any

government is successful.

IV. Since Government is a consequence and not a cause, the faults of our system are the consequence of the attitude of our people and are not caused by our governmental forms.

FRED. R. JOHNSON.

I. The customs and needs of our people are not those of Parliamentary governed peoples, for two reasons:

(a.) Parliamentary governed countries tend toward

in tenure and prerogative.

(b.) The Parliamentary is the system in which the

oligarchy in that a coterie of party leaders hold supreme power. Our system tends toward democracy because legislation is divided in our committees, among our whole representation.

(b.) In Parliamentary governed countries there is a marked tendency for impulse to rule, whereas our system of checks and balances exalts public opinion;

therefore,

(c.) Our system is a conservative system, and on this account better suited to the needs of our heterogeneous people.

J. WARREN GIBBS.

I. The inauguration of the Parliamentary system would mean a sacrifice of more than a century of development and precedent.

(a.) Our President would speedily become a figure-

head, thus rendering the veto worthless.

- (b.) Our House of Congress must lose its equality since the ministry, the servant of Congress, could not serve two masters.
- (c.) Our Supreme Court would be pitted directly against a sovereign people, and would therefore be no longer upheld by public opinion.

(d.) Our Constitution would be doomed.

II. The above changes would unite to cause a condition of uncertainty and chaos which would be dangerous in the extreme.

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Negative. I. R. KRAYBILL.

Introduction.

I. Definition.

(a.) The Presidential system is a system in which the executive is independent of the legislature, both State confers upon the legislature the complete control of the administration of the laws.

- (c.) The essential difference lies in the cabinet, which in the Presidential system is responsible to an independent executive, and in the Parliamentary system is responsible to the legislature.
 - (d.) Two tests for good democratic government:

1. Responsiveness to popular will.

2. Efficiency.

(e.) Change not implied by question as the two systems must be compared under the same conditions.

Brief Proper.

I. The fact that the Presidential system has been a success in the United States does not prove of itself that it is the better system.

II. The fact that the Presidential system was adopted by the framers of the American constitution does not prove that it is the better, for

(a.) They were influenced by conditions which

no longer obtain, for

1. The English Constitution of that day was

only in a state of transition.

- 2. They were influenced by the legalistic theory of Blackstone and the political theory of Montesquieu that there would be no civil liberty without a separation of the powers of government, but the subsequent history of England has proved that this is not true.
- 3. In practical working the colonial governments had two sources of authority—the Crown and the people, while to-day there is but one source—the people.

4. (a.) They feared one-man power, which experience under a parliamentary form had proved this fear groundless.

(b.) They feared democracy, which American experience has proved unwarranted.

III. The parliamentary system is a higher form of development than the presidential system, and therefore the nations of the world are drifting toward a closer connection between the legislative and executive departments.

- (a.) England, France, Germany, the United States.
- 1. Report of Senate Committee, 1881.

J. B. LANDIS.

- A. The Parliamentary form of government is better for the United States than the Presidential form, because
 - I. It is more responsive to public opinion, which must characterize a good system of government, for

(a.) A free people does not govern itself if

its will is not represented.

- (b.) The people know their interests best. and should decide matters pertaining to them.
- (c.) The English executive and legislature must belong to the same party which is desirable, for

(I.) It makes room for the fulfillment of

party pledges.

(2.) Prevents blocking of legislation.

(3.) Assures the carrying out of legislative measures.

(d.) If the Cabinet and House of Commons disagree the matter of disagreement is referred to the people which is desirable, for

(1.) It prevents revolutions.

- (e.) It is more elastic, for
 - (1.) There is no political agitation unless there is an issue, for

(1'.) There is no disagreement unless there is an issue.

(2.) Under the Presidential system there can be no elasticity, for

(1'.) Terms of office are fixed.

(2.) Since elections occur at short fixed intervals, issues must be created which is an evil, for

(1.) People are deceived by political

(2.) Attention of people centered on unimportant issues, which is a loss.

- (2.) It is not possible to change an unsatisfactory administration until expiration of the term of office.
- II. Parliamentary government is better because it enables the people to fix the responsibility which is essential to a good government, for

(a.) That the Cabinet be held responsible for enacting and enforcing laws is desirable,

(I.) It makes the members deliberate, impartial and cautious, for

(1'.) They are held individually and collectively responsible for all legislation.

(b.) It is not possible to fix responsibility un-

der the Presidential system, for

(1.) Executive and legislative heads of government are independent of each other, for

(1'.) Executive may not initiate

measures.

(2.) All bills are considered behind closed doors by

irresponsible committees.

(3.) Committees are appointed by an all powerful speaker who represents his own constituency rather than the people at large.

(3.) Blame may be shifted by reason of such an

elaborate committee system.

- III. The Parliamentary system is better because it adjusts itself more quickly in time of a crisis, for
 - (a.) There is no general depression when an administration changes, for
 - (1.) The people are certain of the policies to be instituted by reason of having voted upon them.
- (2.) Under the Presidential system the executive by keeping within certain bounds may assume any attitude, and cannot be displaced, for

(1.) Buchanan did so.

- (3.) There is a greater degree of uncertanity at the accession of a new executive in the United States.
 - (b.) In the Parliamentary system a peace

ministry may be displaced by a war ministry if the people demanded, for

(1.) The Aberdeen ministry was changed during the Chimean War.

J. S. SIMONS.

A. It is my purpose to show that the Parliamentary form is the more efficient, because

I. The Parliamentary system is the stronger in

organization.

(a.) Efficiency means strength to accomplish, and not strength to prevent.

(b.) A co-ordination of the functions of gov-

ernment strengthens them, for

(1.) The fable of "The Body and Its Members" illustrates the value of coordination in government.

II. The Parliamentary system attracts better

men.

(a.) Statesmen are attracted to a legislature that has real power.

(b.) The prime minister is an experienced

leader.

- III. The Parliamentary system secures harmony, for
 - (a.) The legislative and executive functions are co-ordinated.
- IV. The Parliamentary system secures unity of legislation, because

(a.) Practically all bills originate with the

Cabinet.

- (b.) The Cabinet is concerned for the country as a whole, and not for any particular district.
- (c.) This is a growing need in the United States.
- V. The Parliamentary system is educative in its reaction on the governed, for

(a.) Democracy is educative, for

(1.) Athens found this to be true.(b.) Responsibility is sobering.

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So Many

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

So many stars in the infinite space—

So many worlds in the lights of God's face.

So many storms ere the thunders shall cease—

So many paths to the portals of Peace.

So many years, so many tears—

Sighs and sorrows and pangs and prayers.

So many ships in the desolate night-

So many harbors, and only one Light.

So many creeds like the weeds in the sod-

So many temples, but only one God.

ADDITIONAL LIST.

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HAVE never dreamed it sin to gladden this vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh."

Such is the attitude which Oliver Wendell Holmes assumes toward laughter. As to the responsibility and source of his gift of humor, he says in the same poem, "The

Iron Gate:

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim."

THE LUDICROUS.

Concerning the attitude which so many people have toward humor, Dr. Holmes makes the genial autocrat say in one of the breakfast-table talks: "The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention. but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits so essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then call blessed! There are not a few who. even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the streets not infrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition—something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to 'doom' every acquaintance he met-that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his

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kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?"

Men who see clearly, who have a correct perception of values in the normal life, are ready to encourage laughter, or seek to excite it on occasion. These lines from an anonymous poem are worth knowing.

"Most witless wight of all is he who never plays the fool;

The heart grows gray before the head when sunk in sad prostration."

"A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh."

HUMOR A SAVING ELEMENT.

The general opinion is that humor is levity, to which serious natures cannot give themselves without losing their dignity, if not their good name. But humor of the best quality is never far removed from pathos, and is generally found in the grave, thoughtful men, rather than in clowns or buffoons. Serious men turn to humor in order to escape the keen edge of the tragic in their lives. Lincoln's jokes and undignified behavior during the trying period of his presidency are generally known, and are now recognized as inevitable and essential to this lonely, overburdened soul.

Emerson says, "The perception of the ludicrous is a pledge of sanity," and Bunyan writes:

"Some things are of that nature to make One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth quake."

Humor is the great saving element in literature as well as in society. Cicero speaks of a jest-book as a salt pit out of which one may extract seasoning to sprinkle where one wills. We have never a thought of decay or death in connection with humor. It is invigorating, life-giving. Who could think of Mark Twain as old? Yet he was born n 1835. No thought of old age will ever be associated with Lowell and Holmes.

BELIEF AND HUMOR.

"Sincerity without sympathy is deviltry," and belief without humor is bigotry. Reformers and statesmen, orators and philosophers, as well as men of letters, have been given to wit or humor, and it was one of the sanest of the philosophers who declared wit to be the best sense in the world. It is said that Luther cracked jokes with his wife, and dismissed his enemies with a merry jest. Lord Bacon made a collection of jokes, and so, we are told, did the mighty Cæsar. Queen Elizabeth had such a relish for humor that she caused twelve comedians to be made grooms of the chamber, arrayed in her livery. The prevalence of humor in letters and in life, and the evidence of its saving mission, are sufficient reason for a thorough study.

TRAGEDY AND FARCE.

Yet most of us are ashamed of our laughter, and fancy we should apologize for it as an element of weakness; and so our mirth is mixed with self-reproach. We give the humorist scant thanks, though he has entertained and instructed us. Lowell's injunction is to be borne in mind: "Let us," he says, "not be ashamed to confess that we find tragedy a bore, and that we take the profoundest delight in farce. It is a mark of sanity." And Heine protests that the prejudice against the humorist is unjust, saying that the tragic poet does not deserve such undue praise for the art of drawing tears, "a talent he shares in common with the meanest onion."

SMILES AND TEARS.

Many imagine that he who touches our emotions is a great man; but it is no harder to make people cry than to make them laugh. There is a prevalent opinion that to start a tear is higher art than to cause a smile, and we openly crown the author of tragedy, while giving the author of comedy only a sercet regard, or a preference that we dare not confess even to ourselves. Whatever the reason for this, it is manifestly unfair to allow this semi-contemptuous feeling toward the humorist blind us

to his merits. To be sure there are clowns who pass for comedians, and one who cannot tell bad spelling from perfect dialect may achieve notoriety; but the world's great writers have produced great humor, and no study of literature is complete which does not consider this element. As literature reflects life, so the prevalence of humor in letters indicates how it savors society. It prevents bigotry because it sees things in their relation; it kills hypocrisy with a laugh; and is the enemy of cant and insincerity. Humorists have exposed many pretensions, dethroned many fallacies, and changed many creeds. It is worth while to laugh.

To the Reader

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Reader, you must take this verse As you take to wife a maiden; With her faults and virtues laden— Both for better and for worse.

-T. B. Aldrich.

The Decent Man

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He must be a man of decent height;
He must be a man of weight;
He must come home on a Saturday night,
In a thoroughly sober state.
He must know how to love me,
And he must know how to kiss;
And if he's enough to keep us both
I can't refuse him bliss.

-Rudyard Kipling.

A Lover's Quarrel

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Nellie.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

Frank.

If I were you, when persons I affected, .
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew;
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

Nellie.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish.
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two.
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,
If I were you!

Frank.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer— Whiff of the best, the mildest, "honey-dew," I would not dance with smoke-cansuming Puffer, If I were you!

Nellie.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter, Even to write the "Cynical Review"——

Frank.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter, If I were you! Nellie.

Really! Would you? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful—

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue, Borrow my fan. I would not look so frightful, If I were you!

Frank.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

Nellie.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!

Where shall it be? to China—or Peru?

Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,

If I were you!

Frank.

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

Nellie.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted-

Frank.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue

Nellie.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?

Frank.

I should admit that I was piqued, too.

Nellie.

Ask me to dance! I'd say no more about it, If I were you!

(Waltz-Exeunt.)

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He'd Had No Show

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg,
Down to the groc'ry store, and throw
One leg right over t'other leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show.

O, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show."
Then shift his quid to t'other jaw.
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life;
Didn't get no money from his dad;
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"Oh. no," said Joe,
Hain't had no show;"
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

I've waited twenty year—let's see—Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck, Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnation streak of luck.

"O, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show;"
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regerler every day
For twenty years to Piper's store.
I've sot here in a patient way,

Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore:
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

Sleepy Man*

BY CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

When the sleepy man comes with the dust on his eyes (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies,
(So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun; (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

The stars that he loves he lets out one by one (So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town; (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings, (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)

And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.

(So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane.
(So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry, (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
(So husy-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

^{*}From "Poems," by Chas. G. D. Roberts. (Copyright, 1903, T. C. Page & Co.)

Herself and Myself

(An Old Man's Song.)

BY PATRICK JOSEPH McCALL.

'Twas beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
Says I, "Boys, excuse us." Says they, "Don't refuse us.
"I'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neill.
So off we went, trippin' it, up an' down, steppin' it—
Herself and Myself, on the back of the doore;

Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the dresser, An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as good as the best o' them."

Says Myself to Herself: "Sure, we're betther than gold."

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as young as the rest o' them."

Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we'll never grow old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin',
As young as it was forty-five years ago.

Twas here in this boreen I first kissed my stoireen—
A sweet little colleen, with skin like the snow.

I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin',
As old as the hills, so I gave her a proque (a kiss).

'Twas like our old courtin,' half serious, half sportin,'
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she'd say to Myself: "You can coort with the best o' them."

When I'd say to Herself: "Sure, I'm betther than gold."

When she'd say to Myself: "You're as wild as the rest o' them."

And I'd say to Herself: "Troth, I'm time enough old."

Rory O'More

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye; "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about, Faith, you've teased tell I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh, Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure, For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike!
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go; Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear, For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear!
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie; And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck," says Bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough, Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a haste.

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest." Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm 'round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck, And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,

And he kiss'd her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more; That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before." "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Kitty Neil

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BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel,
Your neat little foot will weary from spinning.
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree:
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad couples are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the boys patter the ground,
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring; now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly; Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?

Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,

Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet, love; The sight leaves his eyes, as he cries with a sigh, "Dance, light, for my heart it lies under your feet love."

A Laughing Song

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BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy, And the dimpling stream runs laughing by; When the air does laugh with our merry wit, And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green, And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene; When Mary, and Susan, and Emily, With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade, Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread; Come live, and be merry, and join with me To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, he!"

Gypsy Song

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The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold;
And the heart of man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.

-Rudyard Kipling.

Nocturne

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows, I see the lady lean, Unclapsing her silken girdle, The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover, She reaches out her hand And helps him in at the window— I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lips she holds him, And kisses him many a time— Ah, me! it was he that won her, Because he dared to climb!



Unsung

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

As sweet as the breath that goes From the lips of the blown rose; As weird as the elfin lights That glimmer of frosty nights; As wild as the winds that tear The curled red leaf in the air, Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times, I have said the mystic rhymes; But ere I open my eyes This ghost of a poem flies; Of the interfluent strains Not even a note remains.

I know by my pulses' beat It was something wild and sweet; And my heart is deeply stirred By an unremembered word!

I strive, but I strive in vain, To recall the lost refrain. On some miraculous day Perhaps it will come and stay. In some unimagined Spring I may find my voice and sing The song I have never sung.

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A Similar Case

ANONYMOUS.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me—
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light,
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet, old man, confess it,
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace, Saw the summer moon light pour All its radiance on the waters, As they rippled on the shore. Till at length you gathered courage, When you saw that none was nigh. Did you draw her close and tell her That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married, eh—my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, I'll try—
What? the deuce you say! Rejected?—
You rejected? So was I.

Babyhood

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BY JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt!

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet chuckles and crows and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by colic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go—

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea, Tossing in pitiful agony—. Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls, Specked with the barks of little souls—Barks that were launched on the other side, And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes? What does he think of his mother's hair? What of the cradle roof that flies Forward and backward through the air? What does he think of his mother's breast, Bare and beautiful, smooth and white, Seeking it ever with fresh delight-Cup of his life and couch of his rest? What does he think, when her quick embrace Presses his hand and buries his face Deep where the heart throbs sink and swell With a tenderness she can never tell, Though she murmur the words Of all the birds— Words she has learned to murmur well? Now he thinks he'll go to sleep! I can see the shadow creep Over his eyes in soft eclipse, Over his brow and over his lips, Out of his little finger tips!

Originality

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Softly sinking, down he goes! Down he goes! down he goes! See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

No bird has ever uttered note That was not in some first bird's throat; Since Eden's freshness and man's fall No rose has been original.

-T. B. Aldrich.

The Undiscovered Country

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely;
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

A Song of Sorrow

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BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

(A Lullabylet for a Magazinelet).

Wan from the wild and woful West—Sleep, little babe, sleep on!
Mother will sing to—you know the rest—Sleep, little babe, sleep on!
Softly the sand steals slowly by,
Cursed by the curlew's chittering cry;
By-a-by, oh by-a-by!
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!

Rosy and sweet come the hush of night—Sleep, little babe, sleep on!
(Twig to the lilt, I have got it all right)
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!
Dark are the dark and darkling days
Winding the webbed and winsome ways,
Homeward she creeps in dim amaze—
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!
(But it waked up, drat it!)

Cupid Swallowed

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BY LEIGH HUNT.

T'other day as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf—
The tiny traitor—Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did? I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with ten fold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

The Difference

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Some weep because they part, And languish broken-hearted; And others—O, my heart!—Because they never parted.

-T. B. Aldrich.

What Will We Do?

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

What will we do when the good days come-When the prima donna's lips are dumb, And the man who reads us his "little things" Has lost his voice like the girl who sings: When stilled is the breath of the cornet-man. And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan; When our neighbors' children have lost their drums— Oh, what will we do when the good time comes? Oh, what will we do in that good, blithe time, When the tramp will work—oh, thing sublime! And the scornful dame who stands on your feet Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered seat; And the man you hire to work by the day. Will allow you to do his work your way; And the cook who trieth your appetite Will steal no more than she thinks is right; When the boy you hire will call you "Sir," Instead of "Say" and "Guverner:" When the funny man is humorsome-How can we stand the millennium?

Identity

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BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—In Twilight land—in No-man's land—Two hungry shapes met face to face, And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape, Shuddering in the gloaming light. "I know not," said the second Shape; "I only died last night!"

"Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'"

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But

"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.
Just
"Wasse sweet and been movin"."

"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."

Just "Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.

When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Alone

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

[To appreciate "Alone," the reader should remember that Mr. Burdette is popular as a humorist. The sickness of his wife called him to her bedside for many long weeks—she finally died, and "Alone" expresses his loss.]

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you have taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me.
Old doubts make my spirit their own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
For I am alone.

A Roundelay

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BY PETER A. MOTTEUX.

Man is for woman made, And woman made for men: As the spur is for the jade, As the scabbard for the blade, As for liquor is the can, So man's for woman made, And woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd, As to night the serenade, As for pudding is the pan, As to cool us is the fan, So man's for woman made, And woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid, Be she wanton, be she staid, Be she well or ill array'd, So man's for woman made, And woman made for man.

An Original Love Song

ANONYMOUS.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same To prevent him so bold and undaunted. But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim, "Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted.

But when he returned with a wild fiendish laugh, Showing clearly that he was affronted, And threaten'd by main force to carry her off, She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet, Praying loudly, as before he had ranted, That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet, And said "Can't you!" the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he wispered, "How could you do so? I certainly thought I was jilted; But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go; Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Song

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BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

Echo, tell me, while I wander O'er this fairy plain to prove him, If my shepherd still grows fonder, Ought I in return to love him? Echo: Love him, love him!

If he loves, as is the fashion, Should I churlishly forsake him? Or in pity to his passion, Fondly to my bosom take him? Echo: Take him, take him! Thy advice then I'll adhere to, Since in Cupid's chains I've led him; And with Henry shall not fear to Marry, if you answer, "Wed him!" Echo: Wed him, wed him!

Night and Morning

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BY EUGENE FIELD.

Low hanging in a cloud of burnished gold, The sleepy sun lay dreaming; And where, pearl-wrought, the Orient gates unfold, Wide ocean realms were gleaming. Within the night he rose and stole away, And, like a gem adorning, Blazed o'er the sea upon the breast of day,—And everywhere was morning.

Sally in our Alley

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BY HENRY CAREY.

Of all the girls that are so smart!
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the street does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But shure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

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The "Old, Old Song"

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are are green;

And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen; Then hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away;

Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog its day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown;

And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down;

Creep home and take your place there, the spent and maimed among;

God grant you find one face there you loved when all was young.

A Trip to Toy-Land

And how do you get to Toy-land?
To all little people the joy-land.

Just follow your nose

And go on tip-toes,

It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And ho! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite,
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam-cars, for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land; Fine castles adorn this joy-land; And bright are the dreams And sunny the beams That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land?
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-by, forever, to Toy-land!

*From "A Little Book of Tribune Verse by Eugene Field," edited by Joseph G. Brown. Tandy, Wheeler & Co., Denver.

A Requiem

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Under the wide and starry sky, Dig the grave and let me lie, Glad did I live and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse that you grave for me; Here he lies where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

The Baffled Champion

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BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

I could be champeen of our town—
I've licked about a dozen;
I started in on Alferd Brown
An' Alferd's city cousin;
I've licked 'em all exceptin' one.
There's nothin' that I'd ruther
Be doin' than to get it done—
But Pudge is Rosy's brother.

Pudge Jones is twicet as big as me,
But just th' same I'd whip him.
I'd lead my left, then bend my knee
An' whirl my foot an' trip him!
But when Pudge double-dares me to,
I always haf to mosey—
I sometimes wish I'd never knew
That he was kin to Rosy.

Aw, no! She ain't my girl at all!

I see her at th' parties.

Them other fellers has their girls—

Th' crazy bunch o' smarties!

You bet I've licked 'em, every one! My left swing is a twister, An' long ago I'd made Pudge run, But—Rosy is his sister.

Aw, pshaw! Doggone it, now! I am not!
I ain't at all her feller.
Th' last boy told me that, he got
A whack right on th' smeller!
I've whipped lots bigger boys 'n me—
Some run an' told my mother.
An' I can whip Pudge Jones—but he—
Well, he is Rosy's brother.

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Woman: A Study*

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BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Woman, woman, winsome woman!
Tell us, are you saint or human,
Or a toy Beelzebub has sent us from afar?
We 've thought about you, sighed about you,
Fought about you, cried about you,
Stayed up nights and lied about you, puzzle that you are.

Just when we would dream we've got you
Figured out, as like as not you
Leave us topsy-turvy, guessing what to say or do;
Now we hate you, then caress you,
Now berate you, then we bless you,
But our lives are stale unless you keep us in a stew.

Some there are who really dread you,
Some who long to woo and wed you,
Some would banish you forever to a distant land;
Artists paint you, poets verse you,
Bishops saint you, cynics curse you,
But "for better or for worse" you still are in demand.

[From "In a Merry Wood." Copyright, 1902, by Nixon Waterman.]

There are times you sadly vex us,
Puzzle, plague us and perplex us,
Till we wish you were in—Texas, very far away;
But, although we sadly doubt you,
You've such winsome ways about you
We can never do without you, so we let you stay.

A Fo'cas'le Ballad*

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BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I've sailed as far as the winds dare blow,
And I've bunked a while in many a port;
The ships may come and the ships may go,
I've always found the time to court.
And I've learned one thing, and I swear it's true,
That, old or young, or black or white,
If you're good to her she's good to you—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.
Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her she's good to you—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

I've not been half what a sailor should;
But the lads are a careless lot of men,
For the gales they blow us away from good,
And seldom they blow us back again.
Yet never I've met with a sailor lad
Who was true to his lassie day and night
But he found her waiting, good and glad;
For a woman's square if you treat her right.
Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her she's good to you—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

[From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900, Nixon Waterman.] When the winds are low and the watch is long, And our ship's asleep in a lazy sea, I weave me many an idle song For those who were better than I could be. And I sing the words I swear are true, That, old or young, or black or white, If you're good to her she's good to you—
For a woman's square if you treat her right. Then ho! yo-ho! for the boundless blue!
And ho! yo-ho! for the harbor light!
If you're good to her she's good to you—
For a woman's square if you treat her right.

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An Open Letter to the Pessimist*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Brother—you with growl and frown— Why don't you move from Grumbletown, Where everything is tumbled down And skies are dark and dreary? Move over into Gladville, where Your face will don a happy air; And lay aside that look of care For smiles all bright and cheery.

In Grumbletown there's not a joy But has a shadow of alloy That must its happiness destroy
And make you to regret it.
In Gladville they have not a care But what it looks inviting there,
And has about it something fair
That makes you glad to get it.

[From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900, Nixon Waterman.]

'Tis strange how different these towns
Of ours are! Good cheer abounds
In one, and gruesome growls and frowns
Are always in the other.
If you your skies of ashen gray
Would change for sunny smiles of May,
From Grumbletown, oh! haste away;
Move into Gladville, brother.

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Following the Band*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Life was a joy when I was a boy,
In the days of long ago,
When eye and ear could see and hear
The things it was good to know.
But the kind old earth, once glad with mirth
And pleasures high and grand,
Seems stale and tame since I became
Too big to follow the band.

Yet I daresay earth holds to-day
About as much or more
Of joy and cheer, right now and here,
Than ever it held before.
But by our pride we're now denied
Good gifts on every hand;
We've grown too proud to follow the crowd—
Too big to follow the band.

I'd like to stray in a careless way
Through the broad, green fields of youth.
And wander back along life's track
To the blissful springs of truth.

[From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900, Nixon Waterman.]

I'd nke to trade my woes, self-made,
And the cares that come to men,
For the keen delight of a boy's glad right
To follow the band again.

Cuddle Doon

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BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht Wi' muckle faucht an' din.

"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues: Your father's coming in."

They never heed a word I speak, I try to gie a froon;

But aye, I hap them up, an' cry,

"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie, wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry.
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab Cries out, fra 'neath the claes, "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at once; He's kittlin' wi' his taes."

The mischief's in that Tam for tricks; He'd bother half the toon.

But aye I hap them up, and cry, "O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit; An' as he steeks the door, They turn their faces to the wa', While Tam pretends to snore.

"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon!"

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

A Happy Family

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BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I know a happy family of cunning boys and girls
Who have such round and rosy cheeks and pretty,
golden curls.

In all that they may have to do they pleasantly agree, And every one of them is kind and good as good can be.

They never call each other names, nor pull each other's hair,

Nor find the slightest bit of fault with what they have to wear.

They never cry at night because they have to go to bed, Nor ever frown at any one, no matter what is said. Not one of them was ever known to try to tease the cat, Or even have a wish to do a naughty deed like that. When they are asked to do a thing, they never say, "I sha'n't!"

Because they're dolls, these boys and girls, and so, you see, they can't.

Don't*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I might have just the mostest fun If't wasn't for a word,
I think the very worstest one 'At ever I have heard.
I wish 'at it 'u'd go away,
But I'm afraid it won't;
I s'pose 'at it'll always stay—
That awful word of "don't"

It's "Don't you make a bit of noise,"
And "Don't go out-of-door;"
And "Don't you spread your stock of toys
About the parlor floor;"
And "Don't you dare to play in the dust;"
And "Don't you tease the cat;"
And "Don't you get your clothing mussed;"
And "Don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found
A think I'd like to do
But what there's someone else around
'At's got a "don't" or two.
And Sunday—'at's the day 'at "don't"
Is worst of all the seven.
Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't
Be any "don'ts" in heaven!

[From "A Book of Verses." Copyright, 1900, Nixon Waterman.]

Ballad of Bedlam

Oh, lady, wake! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies;
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine,
To some rich desert fly with me.

—From "Punch"

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He and She

BY EUGENE FITCH WARE.

When I am dead you'll find it hard,
Said he,
To ever find another man
Like me.

What makes you think, as I suppose
You do,
I'd ever want another man
Like you?

The Higher Pantheism

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

One, who is not, we see; but one, whom we see not, is; Surely, this is not that; but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence; for under is over and under.

If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main; but faith, on the whole, is doubt;

We cannot believe by proof; but could we believe without?

Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not clover;

Neither are straight lines curves; yet over is under and over.

One and two are not one; but one and nothing is two; Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.

Parallels all things are; yet many of these are askew; You are certainly I; but certainly I am not you.

One, whom we see not, is; and one, who is not, we see; Fiddle, we know, is diddle; and diddle, we take it, is dee.

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A Child's Laughter

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none Hearing ere its chime be done, Knows not well the sweetest one Heard of man beneath the sun, Hoped in heaven hereafter; Soft and strong and loud and light, Very sound of very light Heard from morning's rosiest height, When the soul of all delight Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled Never forth such notes nor told Hours so blithe in tones so bold As the radiant month of gold Here that rings forth heaven. If the golden-crested wren Were a nightingale, why, then, Something seen and heard of men Might be half as sweet as when Laughs a child of seven.

Kitty of Coleraine

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BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping.
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down
tumbled,

And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you, now! Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;

"Twas the pride of my dairy! O Barney M'Cleary, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her That such a misfortune should give her such pain; A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

My Dream

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ANONYMOUS.

I dreamed a dream next Tuesday week,
Beneath the apple trees;
I thought my eyes were big pork pies,
And my nose was Stilton cheese.
The clock struck twenty minutes to six,
When a frog sat on my knee;
I asked him to lend me eighteen pence,
But he borrowed a shilling of me.

Paradise

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BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

[A Hindoo Legend.]

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do When twenty years united to a shrew. Released, he hopefully for entrance cries Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise. "Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said. "I have been married," and he hung his head. "Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son! Marriage and Purgatory are as one."

In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.
He scarce had entered in the Garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No; what then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.
"He that went in was no more there than I."
"Yes, that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married? 'Tis well; for I've been married twice!"
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise!"

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Chorus of Women

ARISTOPHANES.

[From the "Thesmophoriazusae."]

They're always abusing the women, As a terrible plauge to men; They say we're the root of all evil And repeat it again and again— Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed, All mischief, be what it may. And pray, then, why do you marry us, If we're all the plagues you say? And why do you take such care of us, And keep us so safe at home, And are never easy a moment If ever we chance to roam? When you ought to be thanking Heaven That your plague is out of the way, You all keep fussing and fretting-"Where is my Plague to-day?" If a Plague peeps out of the window, Up goes the eves of men; If she hides, then they all keep staring Until she looks out again.

Lines by a Medium

ANONYMOUS.

I might not, if I could;
I should not, if I might;
Yet if I should, I would,
And, shoulding, I should quite!

I must not, yet I may;
I can, and still I must;
But ah! I cannot—nay,
To must I may not, just!

I shall, although I will,
But be it understood,
If I may, can, shall—still
I might, could, would, or should!

The V-a-s-e

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

From the maddening crowd they stand apart, The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone In which had culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Millions fair to see, The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue, Or the Soulful Soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way, With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place, Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew, And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred To crush the stranger with one small word;

Deftly hiding reproof in praise, She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas, Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill, Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee, And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit praegelida Sinistra quum Bostonia.

Evil Easier than Good

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Ere half the good I planned to do Was done, the short-breathed day was through. Had my intents been dark instead of fair I had done all, and still had time to spare.

—T. B. Aldrich.

Same Old Story

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

History, and nature, too, repeat themselves, they say; Men are only habit's slaves; we see it every day. Life has done its best for me—I find it tiresome still; For nothing's everything at all, and everything is nil.

Same old get-up, dress, and tub; Same old breakfast; some old club; Same old feeling; same old blue; Same old story—nothing new!

Life consists of paying bills as long as you have health; Woman? She'll be true to you—as long as you have wealth;

Think sometimes of marriage, if the right girl I could strike;

But the more I see of girls, the more they are alike.

Same old giggles, smiles, and eyes; Same old kisses; same old sighs; Same old chaff you; same adieu; Same old story—nothing new!

Go to theatres sometimes to see the latest plays; Same old plots I played with in my happy childhood's days;

Hero, same; same villain; and same heroine in tears.

Starving, homeless, in the snow—with diamonds in her ears.

Same stern father making "bluffs;" Leading man all teeth and cuffs; Same soubrettes, still twenty-two; Same old story—nothing new!

Friend of mine got married; in a year or so, a boy! Father really foolish in his fond paternal joy; Talked about that "kiddy," and became a dreadful bore—Just as if a baby never had been born before.

Same old crying, only more; Same old business, walking floor; Same old "kitchy—coochy—coo!" Same old baby—nothing new!

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censis de A Cornaylius Ha-ha-hahannigan*

BY T. A. DALY.

'Twas the godfather stuttered, or mayhap the priest; But, be that as it may, it is certain, at least, That the wan or the other was surely to blame Fur presentin' the lad the quare twisht to his name.

For there at the christ'nin, Wid iv'ry wan list'nin,

Now didn't his Riverence, Father O'Flannigan, Wid nervousness stam'rin,

Bechune the child's clam'rin',

Baptize it, "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

Wid these words from the priest, shure, the cute little

Up an' stopped his own mouth wid his chubby kithogue, An' the dimples broke out an' prosaded to chase All the tears an' the frowns from his innocent face.

For, faix, he was afther Absorbin' the laughter

Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flannigan! Now that's the thruth in it.

An' so from that minute,

Shure, iv'ry wan called the lad "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Now, the "ha! ha! ha!" stuck to him close as his name, For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the same. Not a care iver touched him from that blissid day, But his gift o' the laughther would drive it away.

Wid jokin' an' chaffin' He niver stopped laughin',

Or if he did stop he immejiate began agin';

An' iv'ry wan hearin' His laughther so cheerin'.

Jisht j'ined in the mirth o' young "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Shure, the throubles o' life are so palthry an' small 'Tis a pity we let thim disthurb us at all.

[From "Conzoni." Copyright, 1906, by T. A. Daly.]

There is niver a care but would l'ave us in p'ace If we'd only stand up an' jisht laugh in its face.

Faix, life were a pleasure If all had the treasure

Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flannigan.

If all could but borrow That cure-all for sorrow

Possessed by "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

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The Irish Bachelor*

BY T. A. DALY.

Here fur yer pity or scorn, I'm presentin' ye Jerry McGlone.

Trustin' the life of him will be preventin' ye Marrin' yer own.

Think of a face wid a permanint fixture of Looks that are always suggistin' a mixture of Limmons an' vinegar. There! ye've a pixture of Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this Jerry McGlone.

Chris mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this Crayture of stone.

Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him; An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him, Faix, I belave 'twould immajiate, inside of him, Change to a groan.

Whist; now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the throuble wid Jerry McGlone.

He preferred single life rather than double wid Molly Malone.

Think of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin' While there's a purty girl wishful fur marryin'! Arrah! no wonder the divils are harryin' Jerry McGlone.

[From "Conzoni." Copyright, 1906, by T. A. Daly.]

Ah! but there's few o' the race but would scorn to be Jerry McGlone.

Shure, we all know that a Celt is not born to be Livin' alone.

O! but we're grateful (I spake for the laity), Grateful fur women, the bountiful Deity, Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gaiety, All for our own!

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Da Comica Man*

BY T. A. DALY.

Giacobbe Finelli, so funy; O! my!

By tweestin' hees face an' by weenkin' hees eye,
He maka you laugh teel you theenk you weel die.
He don't gotta say som'theeng; all he ess do
Ees maka da face an', how moocha you try,
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin' at you—
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! my!

I deeg een da tranch weeth Giacobbe wan day; Giacobbe ees toss up da spadefulla clay,
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da way!
Da boss he ess look at Giacobbe an' swear
So bad as he can, but Giacobbe, so sly,
He maka pretand he no see he was dere—
Giacobbe Finelli, so funny; O! my!

But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta for go, Giacobbe look up an' he mak' da face-So! I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa—Ho! ho! De boss he com' back an' he poncha my head. He smasha my nose an' be blacka my eye—I no can help laugh eff I gona be dead. Giacobbe Finelli so funny; O! my!

[From "Conzoni." Copyright, 1906, by T. A. Daly.]

The Widow Malone

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Dilye hear of the Widow Malone, Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone, Alone?

Oh, she melted the hearts Of the swains in them parts, So lovely the Widow Malone, Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone,

Of lovers she had a full score, Or more:

And fortunes they all had galore, In store:

From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone, 'Twas known

No one ever could see her alone, Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one, Mister O'Brien from Clare— How quare,

It's little for blushing they care, Down there—

Put his arm round her waist, Gave ten kisses at laste—

"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!"

"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy, My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh— For why?

"But, Lucius," says she,

"Since you've now made so free,

You may marry your Molly Malone, Ohone!

You may marry your Molly Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song, Not wrong;

And, one comfort, it's not very long, But strong:

If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!

Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone!

When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells;
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deep the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble all,
Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.

My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollections teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

Nonsense

THOMAS MOORE.

Good reader, if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing upon the western billow;
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green;
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

Woman

All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our firesides by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own. way.
—Fiz-Greene Halleck.

Oh! Weary Mother

BY BARRY PAIN.

The lillies lie in my lady's bower,

(Oh! weary mother, drive the cows to roost;)

They faintly droop for a little hour;

My lady's head droops like a flower.

(Oh! weary mother, drive the cows to roost.)

She took the porcelain in her hand,

(Oh! weary mother, drive the cows to roost;)

She poured; I drank at her command;

Drank deep, and now—you understand!

(Oh! weary mother, drive the cows to roost.)

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Metaphysics*

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

Why and Wherefore set out one day To hunt for a wild Negation. They agreed to meet at a cool retreat, On the Point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark, And, driven well-nigh to distraction, They lost their ways in a murky maze Of utter abstruce abstraction.

Then they took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,
But the sea grew rough, and their boat, though tough,
Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt, Rose a fearful Hypothesis, Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea, And the last they saw was this:

[From "The Bashful Earthquake." Copyright, 1898.]

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief
There sat the wild Negation;
Then they sank once more and were washed ashore
At the Point of Interrogation.

The Hen*

2 2 2

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

Alas! my Child, where is the Pen That can do Justice to the Hen? Like Royalty, She goes her way, Laying foundations every day, Though not for Public Buildings, yet For Custard, Cake and Omelette. Or if too Old for such a use They have their Fling at some Abuse, As when to Censure Plays Unfit Upon the Stage they make a Hit, Or at elections Seal the Fate Of an Obnoxious Candidate. No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen, Whose Egg is Mightier than the Pen.

Swiss Air

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BY BRET HARTE.

I'm a gay tra, la, la, With my fal, lal, la, la And my bright— And my light— Tra, la, le.

(Repeat)

[From "More Animals." Copyright, 1901.]

Then laugh, ha, ha, ha, And ring, ting, ling, ling, And sing, fal, la, la

La la, le.

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(Repeat)

Oh, My Geraldine

BY F. C. HURNAND.

Oh, my Geraldine,
No flow'r was ever seen so toddle um.
You are my lum ti toodle lay,
Pretty, pretty queen,
Is rum ti Geraldine and something teen,
More sweet than tiddle lum in May.
Like the star so bright
That somethings all the night,

You're fair as the rum ti lum ti sheen,
Hark! there is what—ho!
From something—um, you know,
Dear, what I mean.
Oh! rum! tum!! my Geraldine.

My Geraldine!

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The Pobble Who has No Toes

BY EDWARD LEAR.

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all,"
He replied, "Fish fiddle-de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-blinkledy-winkled a bell
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther side,
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,

From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice-five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said. "It's a fact, the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

An Elegy

On the Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

BY OLIVER GOLSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord, Lament for Madam Blaize, Who never wanted a good word— From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door, And always found her kind; She freely lent to all the poor— Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please With manners wondrous winning; And never follow'd wicked ways—Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new, With hoop of monstrous size, She never slumber'd in her pew—But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

The Modern Hiawatha

ANONYMOUS.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis. Of the skin he made him mittens, Made them with the fur side inside, Made them with the skin side outside. He, to get the warm side inside, Put the inside skin side outside; He, to get the cold side outside, Put the warm side fur side inside. That's why he put the fur side inside, Why he put the skin side outside, Why he turned them inside outside.

There Was a Little Girl

£ & &

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs,
When her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied with meals,
And she stood upon her head
In her little trunble-bed,
And then began horraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise,
And she thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair
And found Jemima there,
She took and she did spank her most emphatic.

De Squeegee

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN.

When de shaddehs fall et de close ob day,
En de red sun say, "Good night,"
En de ol' wohl slips on a cap ob gray,
Es de white stahs peep in sight,
Den ef yo' shud pass by de ol' mill-house,
Down deh by de han'ted tree,
Keep yo' heels in de aih
En run lak a hahe—
En watch out foh de ol' Squeegee!

Watch to de right en watch to de lef'; Run lak sin en hol' yo' bref. What's det shinin' fro de mill-house do'? What's det creakin' on de mill-house flo'? Soun's lak de rattle ob chain en key— Run, honey, run! Et's de ol' Squeegee!

Gran'dad he say et's de awfulist thing,
Wid teeth lak de stumps ob trees,
En great brown ahms det aroun' yo' cling,
Till yo's wrapped fum head to knees.
He take yo' away in de daid ob night,
'Way off to a han'ted sea,
Wheh de goblins dive
En gobble tads alive—
Luk out foh de ol' Squeegee!

Den watch to de right en watch to de lef'; Yo' run en run till yo's skeehed to deff. De ol' owl hoots in de deep canebrake; Each time det he hoot yo' knees dess shake, Yo' luk in de gum en two eyes yo' see—Run, honey, run! Et's de ol' Squeegee!

The Wustest Boy

BY GEORGE LOCKHART DARTE.

Th' wustest boy on our street Is Willie Dobbins—say! He's allus up to som'thin' bad, En' all th' neighbors pray Their boys won't be like Willie is. But, hully gee! th' past two weeks He's bin ez good ez pie-Hain't rung no door bells, kicked a dorg, Er told a really lie. His face shines like our boiler-Keeps it washed now all th' time. An' th' folks round are heard to say, "My! don't he look fine!" But pop told ma he's 'spicous like Thet Willie's angel ways An' all his goody-goodness Is due to holidays.

Bill told me on th' quiet like
There ain't no Santa Claus,
An' little kids like him an' me
Wuz fooled by pas and mas.
Bill said thet he was bein' good
Fer wot there wuz in sight,
An' th' more I think what Bill he said,
It 'peers thet pa was right.
His bein' good by fits an' starts
To me seems gol-durned queer,
But guess it's mainly jes' because
Thet Christmas time is near.

Her Polka Dots

£ 20 20

She played upon her music-box a fancy air by chance, And straightway all her polka-dots began a lively dance.

—By Peter Newell.

The Little Boy Who Moved

BY McLANDBURGH WILSON.

The fairies missed him when they came
To play their evening game;
They searched the old red farmhouse through,
They called aloud his name;
They even looked inside the barn,
But vain their questing proved,
So they made up their elfin minds
The little boy had moved.

Kris Kringle missed him when he came Upon his reindeer ride;
He hunted for him high and low,
But not a trace he spied.
But still he keeps a lookout sharp
To find him if he can—
The little boy who went one day
To live inside a man.

The Song of the Motor Car

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BY JAMES BALL NAYLOR.

(In Collier's Weekly.)

I'm the coy and ingenious toy of the strenuous Era of Civilized Man;

I'm the truly respectable, duly delectable Outcome of project and plan;

And my gassy and thunderful, massy and wonderful Shape splits the landscape in twain,

As I race where the fountain speaks grace to the mountain peaks—

Then over valley and plain.

Oh! it's—"honk, honk-honk!"—is the song I sing In the cool of the morning gray,

And it's—"honk, honk-honk!"—is the raucous ring Of my voice at the close of day;

And the echoes wake—and the echoes quake, In their sylvan retreats afar:

For I am the fizzing, the buzzing, and whizzing, Redoubtable Motor Car!

I'm the snappiest, pluckiest, happy-go-luckiest Work of Man's reckless career— The machine of divinity green asininity Never can conquer or steer;

And there's never a note or bar honked by the Motor Car Rounding an angle or curve,

But it cheats the pedestrian—beats the equestrian—Out of his poise and his nerve.

For it's—"honk, honk-honk!"—is the song I sing
In the blaze of the noonday bright,

And it's—"honk, honk-honk!"—is the raucous ring Of my voice in the starry night;

And the echoes quake and shiver and shake, In their rocky retreats afar;

For I am the puffing, the chugging, and chuffing And masterful Motor Car!

Through the haze of the dreamiest days of the gleamiest Summers I speed to and fro,

In the height of the glorious, mighty, uproarious Tempest I come and I go;

I'm the tool and the servant, the cool and observant Rare creature of project and plan,

And the coy and ingenious toy of the strenuous Era of Civilized Man.

And it's—"honk, honk-honk!"—is the song I sing In the cool of the ev'ning's hush,

And it's—"honk, honk-honk"—is the raucous ring Of my voice in the morning's blush:

And the echoes wake—and the echoes shake, In their woody retreats afar; For I am the purring, the whizzing and whirring And marvelous Motor Car!

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The Boast of a Virtuous Man

BY S. E. KISER.

I have never been in Venice, I have never gazed on Rome, I have never strayed through Athens while my wife drudged on at home;

I have never bunked in Lisbon or gone boating on the Rhine

While my wife was patching trousers for a little one of mine.

I have never lolled in London or sat flirting in Berlin While my wife was keeping boarders or was taking sewing in;

I have never searched through Paris for the evils that are there,

While at home my wife was drudging with a bosom full of care.

I have never gazed on Egypt, never climbed an Alp, indeed;

I have never crossed the ocean, leaving those I love in need;

I have not gone South in winter to escape the blasts that roar,

Leaving those I love to face the grim collectors at my door.

I possess no costly habits; there are few games that I play;

I remain at home contented, gaining flesh from day to day:

With a patience that is noble, never yearning to be free, I permit my wife to daily watch me while supporting me.

You Git Up

BY JOE KERR.

There's lots of folks that has good times,
There's lots that never does;
But the ones that don't like morning naps
Is the meanest ever wuz.
It's very nice to eat a meal
With pie for its wind-up;
'Tain't half so sweet's th' nap pa spoils
When he yells "You git up!"

I'd rather lay in bed and snooze
Jest one small minit more
In the morning when the sunshine
Comes a-creeping o'er the floor,
Then go to Barnum's circus or
To own a bulldog pup.
The meanest thing pa ever said
Wuz: "Come now—you git up!"

I like to go in swimming.
And I like to play baseball;
I like to fight and fly a kite,
'N' I sometimes like to bawl;
But them there forty winks of sleep
Pa tries to interrup'
Is better'n' all. It breaks my heart
When pa yells: "You git up!"

I'd stand the hurt and ache and pain
And all the smart and itch
Of having him turn the bedclothes down
To wake me with a switch,
Ef he 'ud on'y jest go 'way
And let me finish up
The nap I started jest before
He yelled out: "You git up!"

You bet when I git growed up big
Es rich 'n' old as pa.
'N' never haf to go to school,
Nor work nor stand no jaw,

I'll sleep all night and all day too,
And only just git up
When I git 'nough sleep to suit me,
If all the world yells: "You git up!"

Absence

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BY STEPHEN CRANE.



T was six o'clock and George Tresham had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Bellairs.

"Good-bye, darling," the young man said fondly, as they stood at the door.

"Good-by, George," she murmured, nest-

ling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-by."
"Good-by."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," George Tresham whispered, kissing the girl passiontely. "Do you know that we may never meet again?"

"Oh, George, darling!" she cried, clinging to him .

fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen ere we see

each other once more?"

"Oh, George, say that you will come back to me—back to your little, loving Lillian! My George, the same beautiful and brave George you have always been!"

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George!"

"Oh, George," she said, strong in the faith which women have; "I do trust you! How could I love you if I did not?" And she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own."

"But when, George, when?" she whispered passionately.

"At eight this evening, darling."

"Oh, George!" she wailed, "must it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her tenderly in his strong arms.

"Darling," he whispered, "I will make it half-past seven."

And it came to pass as he had spoken.

The Corpse's Husband

[Dialogue between a mistress and maid.]



RIDGET: "I'd like to go away the day, ma'am, the work is all done, ma'am, and there's nothing to do, ma'am, and it's a funeral if you plaze, ma'am.

Mistress: "Why, Bridget, I'm very sorry. I hope it is not the funeral of a

relative or friend."

"No relative or friend, ma'am, but just the friend av a friend, and I'll be back at tin o'clock the morrow, plaze God."

"Of course you can go, Bridget, but don't make any mistake about coming back."

"Aw! don't give yourself any trouble about that, ma'am; don't you give yourself any onasinass about that. Sure an' it's not Bridget O'Hara that would be sarvin' ye that mane trick not to be comin' back when you give her the devarsion of going to a funeral. Many thanks to ye. Don't ye give yourself any onasiness about that. I'll be back betimes, I will."

Three o'clock next day and Bridget just returned—Mistress: "Well, Bridget, what can have happened to

keep you so long."

Bridget (angrily): "Sure; an' it's because I did not come back at tin o'clock that ye speak to me in that way? Sure, an' I'll be givin' ye warnin', an' I'll be lavin' at once as I said I——

"Why, Bridget, what have I said to throw you into

such a temper? I thought you liked the place."

B. (very much embarrassed): "Well, I do like the place, ma'am, and I like you, ma'am, an' little did I think yesterday morning I'd be lavin' ye, but it's all along o' the wake."

"Well, I'm sure you need not be afraid to tell me about it, Bridget."

"O, ma'am, an' I do think it be the worse way for a man to be losin' his wife. And the way this one did take on, just a cryin' an' a groanin'; an' a cryin' an' a groanin.' Sure, an' it would have gone to yer heart to hear him.

I never heard anything like it in all my life, ma'am. Jest a cryin' an' a groanin,' an' a cryin' an' a groanin'. An' what could I do but go to him just as any woman wid a heart in her bosom would have done. Most like you would have done it yourself, ma'am, if you had been there. An' what could I do but just go to strokin' him down, and strokin' him down. An' what could I say to comfort him but, 'Take it aisy, take it aisy. There's plenty more days in the sky, an' there's plenty more girls in the world. Take it aisy, take it aisy.'

"And this marnin' he said I was the loveliest girl at the wake (laughing). An' we're going to be married, ma'am; we're going to be married. Me an' the corpse's

husband. Me an' the corpse's husband."

£ £ £

The Envoy

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTER.

Life came, and sought, and found her, And put his arms around her, Giving her promises both full and rare; He dropped a kiss of gold upon her hair, And crowned her pure brow as a halo faint Might crown a saint.

And then Youth came and found her, And wound his arms around her. He cautioned her to be both brave and wise, And dropped two violets upon her eyes, Sighing to think that at some future day He must away.

Love came and sought, and found her, And flung his arms around her. He brought full many flowers from the South, And pressed a rose-red kiss upon her mouth; Then left her, saying to assuage her pain, "I come again." Next Sorrow came and found her, And slipped his arms around her; With tender touch he kissed her forehead fair, Leaving a whiteness sad and holy there, And loved her, nor would leave her side, although She bade him go.

Death came, and sought and found her.
And wrapped his arms around her.
"'Tis Love," she cried; "who else so fair of face!"
"Nay," answered Death, "Love sent me in his place,
To give thy lips, bidding their grieving cease,
His kiss of peace."

What Was It?

£ £ £

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Guess what he had in his pocket!

Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?

A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brassy watch key broken in two,
A fish hook in a tangle of string?
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, and a rubber gun?
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?

Before he knew it, it slyly crept
Under his treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole.

The Proposal

A very shy fellow was Dusky Sam,
As slow of talk as a typical clam.
He couldn't talk love to his Angeline
Tho' his love grew as fast as Jonah's gourd-vine.
So he brought the telephone to his aid
To assist in wooing the modest maid.
"Miss Angeline, is dat you?" called he.
"Yes, dis is Angeline. Dis me."
"I—des wanter say dat—I—loves you—
Miss Angeline—?" "Yas." "Does you love me,
too?"

"Yas; yas; of co's' I loves my beau—Say, what's de reason you want to know?"
"Oh—hol' de wire. Will you marry me? True?"
"Yas. Co's I will. Say—

Who is you?

How to Tell The Time

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

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I've just learned how to tell the time;
My mother teached me to,
An' ef you think you'd like to learn,
I guess I might teach you.
At first, though, it's as hard as fun,
An' makes you twist an' turn,
An' mother says that they is folks,
Big folks, what never learn.

You stan' before the clock, jus' so,
An' start right at the top;
That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach
The little hand, you stop;
Now, that's the hour, but you've got
To watch what you're about,
Because the hardest part's to come—
To find the minutes out.

You go right back again, to where
You started from, an' see
How far the minute hand's away,
Like this—you're watching me?—
An' when you've found the minute hand,
You multiply by five,
An' then you've got the time of day,
As sure as you're alive.

They's folks, I know, what says that they
Don't have to count that way.
That they can tell by jus' a glance
At any time o' day;
But I don't believe no fibs like that,
Because ef that was true,
My ma would know it, but she showed
Me like I'm showing you.

The Little Boy's Baby Prayer

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BY S. M. TALBOT.

Dear God, I need you awful bad;
I don't know what to do.
My papa's cross, my mama's sick,
I hain't no fren' but You.
Them keerless angels went and brung
'Stid of the boy I ast,
A weenchy, teenchy, baby girl;
I don't see how they dast!

And, God, I wish't You'd take her back,
She's just as good as new;
Won't no one know she's second hand,
But 'ceptin' me and You.
An' pick a boy, dear God, Yourself,
The nicest in Your fold;
But please don't choose him quite so young,
I'd like him five years old.

My Dearie

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

She's kissin' of my cares away— My dearie, O my dearie! A sunbeam on the darkest day— My dearie, O my dearie!

An' when in storms no stars I see
An' all my life grows weary,
She comes an' cuddles close to me—
My dearie, O my dearie!

She sees the bright tears fallin' fast, When all the world is dreary, An' says she'll love me to the last— My dearie, O my dearie!

Weary for Her

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I'm weary
For my dearie
From the mornin' to the night;
I'm missin'
Of her kissin'
An' her footsteps fallin' light—
O I'm weary
For my dearie
From the mornin' to the night!

I'm weary
For my dearie
When the lark flies o'er the loam;
When the meadows
Feel the shadows
An' the cows come lowin' home—
O I'm weary
For my dearie
An' she's far away from home!

I'm weary
For my dearie
When the hearthstone flickers bright;
When the lily
Dews fall chilly
An' the hollows hold the night—
O I'm weary
For my dearie

An' her black eyes beaming bright!

So weary
For you dearie—
An' you're hidin' from my sight—
An' the blossom
Seeks your bosom,
An' the snow falls ghostly white,
Where you're sleepin'
An' I'm weepin'
From the mornin' to the night!

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Bobbie's Exchanges

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I wish I owned a motor-car—a slashing big red-dragon. I'd swap it in a minute for a handsome horse and wagon.

And then I'd take that horse and cart, delaying not a minute,

And swap 'em for a new canoe, with nice soft cushions in it.

And then I'd take that new canoe—I wouldn't wait a jiffy—

And swap it for a puppy dog with manners fine and sniffy.

And then I'd take that sniffy dog for fear that I'd be bitten.

And swap it off with someone who preferred it to a kitten.

And then I'd take that kitty-cat and sell it for a quarter. The which I'd swap for one big pail of fizzy sode-water.

Pretty Peggy

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BY CAROLINE WELLS.

His gold beams a-spinning, I asked of the sun If he ever had any to spare; "Only once," he replied, "too many I spun, And I gave them to Peggy for hair."

I asked of the sky if his stars were all right, Or if he had over supplies; He said, "I had two which were rather too bright, So I gave them to Peggy for eyes."

I asked of some fays who were cutting out flowers,
If they had any remnants or snips;
They said: "We had scraps of these popies of ours,
But we gave them to Peggy for lips."

I said to the rain, "What becomes of the drops
That you may not have used when it clears?"
He said, "If there are any left when it stops,
I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

I artfully coaxed him to spill them all out, And scatter them over the miles. And that is the reason, I haven't a doubt, That Peg's always dimpling with smiles.

Kissing No Sin

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Some say that kissin's a sin;
But I think that it's nane ava,
For kissing has woun'd in this warld
Since ever there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu'
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folks wadna get it.

—Anonymous.

A Lullaby

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BY KATE WISNER McCLUSKY.

I.

Suppose I put my babe to sleep In a nest in a tree-top high, Where the wind would blow it to and fro And sing this lullaby:

"Rest, Rest, babe in a nest!
Little white bird in a tree!
The old tree shall keep a watch o'er thy sleep,
The little leaves guard over thee;
And one little leaf lays its palm on thy brow—
Soft, cool little leaf—

Go to sleep, baby—now! now! soon ceaseth thy grief. "Sh! Sh!" says the leaves—that is their lullaby; But old tree-mother and green little leaves,
My baby still would cry.

II.

Suppose I put my babe to sleep In a tiny boat on the sea, Where the waters would move it softly with love, And sing this melody:

"Waft! waft, wee little craft, Afloat on the silver sea! Rock on the deep, white little one! Sleep! Canst trust thyself with me. For each little wave holds a star in its hands,
To frighten away the dark;
And a far-off wind brings a song from the lands,—
Hear little baby! Hark!
"Sh! Sh!" breathe the waves—that is their lullaby;
But kind sea-mother and gray little waves,
My baby still would cry.

III.

Where I can watch the golden head
Gleam through the lonely night:
Not near enough! Not close enough!
I strain her to my breast.
Now Rosy-lips! Now Finger-tips!
Now Weary-lids we rest!
Thou and mother the whole night through;
All night mother and thou;
At last my hungry arms are filled;
Thy homesick cry at last is stilled;
We both can sleep—sleep now!
With a smile on my lips for thy little hands,
And a prayer in my heart that understands,
For "Hush! oh hush! says a voice in the sky.

Suppose I put my baby to sleep

And we-we do not cry.

Upon her pillow white,

Jilted

I'll send her all these notes
And cards and letters back,
This ring and photo, too—
They make a goodly pack—
There's yet one thing I ought to do,
'Twould be celestial bliss,
If I but dared along with these,
Return her every kiss.

A Distinction

BY JOHN WILKES.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

A man may rant and a man may rail
When a honk-honk honks at him;
A man may pant and a man may wail
As the honk-honk-honk grows dim;
But the same man smirks and the same man smiles
And to honk-honk-honk is prone—
See the same man's quirks and the same man's wiles
When he gets a honk-honk of his own!

The Tale of the Sea-shell

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BY ALJEAN EDWARD STARR.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

A daughty warrier Sword-fish
Had wooed a dainty Trout,
And wedding invitations
Were duly hurried out.
The Cuttle-fishes wrote them
In very blackest ink;
The Flying-fish delivered them
Before the Eel could wink.

The Shrimp was melancholy—
Miss Trout had been his love,
And he'd prepared a homelet
In a little, sheltered cove.
The Walrus preached the sermon,
Arriving there on Skates—
The "Fishing Line" was charging
Such very fishy rates.

The Fiddler-crabs' fine music
Was mostly played in Scales;
The dance was neatly opened
By two gigantic Whales—
Their pretty partners chosen
From pupils of the schools
Which Miss Trout had attended,
Though 'twas against the rules.

The Weakfish got dyspepsia
Because he over-ate
Of the delicious supper
The thrifty Clam had baked.
The Codfish said he never
Had so enjoyed a ball,
And all the fishes in the swim
Had a good time at the haul.

Which of Three?

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BY MARTIN E. JENSEN.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

My Marguerite, she is so sweet.

That Elsa scarce seems sweeter;

And Josephine is just a treat—

I'd like almost to eat her.

Gay Josephine of blithsome mien
Is younger than the others;
Sly Elsa coming in between,
With charm that fairly smothers;

While Daisy, pure and as demure
As is the flower she's named for,
Affects a dignity mature
Her years cannot be blamed for.

At once to see these lassies three
Makes any choice uncertain—
So much of love peeps out at me
From 'neath each dear eye's curtain.

So, triply blest, I love each best,
For surely 'twould distress them,
Should I prefer one to the rest—
My daughters three. God bless them!

A Summer Cycle

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BY NELLE PARKER JONES.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair
(But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there.)

Love in June

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BY C. CUNNINGHAM.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

Somethin' meller in the air—Bees and blossoms ev'rywhere; Re'lly don't intend to shirk, But I jest can't git to work. Seein' green, new-feathered trees

Makes me trimbly in the knees; Jest fall over in the shade In the greenest grass that's made Snoozin' to the bluebird's tune— Anybody knows it's June!

Feller watches dronin' bees Courtin' 'mong the blossom-trees; Birds is lovin', right in sight— Don't mind strangers, not a mite. So when I met Mary Lou, Kissed her for a "How d' y' do"; Tol' her she I love the bes'; Got a shy-like, timid "Yes." No use talkin', any loon Knows 'at love is part o' June!

Her Reason

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BY MINNA IRVING.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

She always met my ardent looks
With ill-concealed disdain
And wouldn't share my cab when caught
One morning in the rain;
But all at once her freezing air
Dissolved in sunny smiles;
She danced with me, and drove with me,
And spread for me her wiles.

My locks may be a trifle thin,
My mustache slightly gray.
But still my heart is twenty-one,
Romantic, light, and gay.
She pinned a rosebud in my coat
(I keep it, dry and brown),
And I began to think I ought
To wed and settle down.

On operas, dinners, books, and flowers
My money dwindled fast,
Until that calculating maid
Unclosed my eyes at last.
"It's been so good of you," she said,
"To entertain me, when
Since I have been engaged I can't
Go out with younger men."

Finale

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BY W. M. THACKERAY.

The play is done—the curtain drops, Slow falling to the prompter's bell; A moment yet the actor stops, And looks around to say farewell. On life's wide scene you, too, have parts. That fate ere long shall bid you play;—Good night! With honest, gentle hearts And kindly greeting, go alway!

The Stuttering Sonneteer

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BY SAM S. STINSON.

[From Judge.]

And now kuk-comes the bub-bub-bitter time,
When dud-dud-darkness throws her pup-pup-pall
Across the path on which I kuk-kuk-crawl
To reach my gug-gug-goal—your love sublime.
The dud-dud-day is done, still up I climb,
And brave the sh-sh-shadows that inthrall
My lul-lul-love for you, my own, my all,
The inspiration of my rah-rah-rhyme.

I know my speech is mum-mum-mum-mum-marred, But still my heart beats tut-tut-tut-tut-true; And that's what mum-mum-makes it very hard To sus-sus-say, my love, a-dud-dud-dieu. So tut-tut-take this sonnet from your bard, Until to-morrow bub-bub-brings me you!

Joking

ANONYMOUS.

We had paused to watch the quiver,
Of faint moonbeams on the river,
By the gate.
We had heard something calling
And a heavy dew is falling,
Yet we wait.

It is no doubt very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist.
Still I linger hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.

So I stooped to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot.
But she draws back with discreetness,
Saying with tormenting sweetness,
"I guess not."

Her whole manner is provoking;
"Oh, well, I was only joking,"
I reply;
She looks penitently pretty,
As she answers: "What a pity!
So was I."

The Dreams

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

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Just keep on a'dreamin'
Of the roses of the May,
The clouds can't rain the roses
Of your dreams away.
Deep in the winter, with the daisies,
You can still have holiday
And weave the icy snowflakes into blossoms!

II.

Just keep on a'dreamin'
For all the winter's blight,
The bee knows where the bloom is,
And the lilacs are in sight;
And dream your soul forever
To meadows of delight,
And weave the icy snowflakes into blossoms!

Playing

ANONYMOUS.

A cow and a bull wanted something to do! Moo-moo-moo!—something to do! "O! let us do something that's perfectly new! Moo-moo-moo!—perfectly new!"

"Let's play that we're people," said Billy the Bull, Moo-moo-moo!—said Billy the Bull!
"Let's dress up like dandies, of fun we're so full!
Moo-moo-moo!—of fun we're so full!"

"I'll be a lady," said Kitty the Cow,
Moo-moo-moo!—said Kitty the Cow!
"And you'll be a gentleman—if you know how!
Moo-moo-moo!—if you know how!"

And they rollicked and romped, as I've heard it said, Moo-moo-moo!—I've heard it said; Till the farmer's boy caught them and sent them to bed, Moo-moo-moo!—sent them to bed!

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On a Visit

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BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

[In Harper's Weekly.]

When I go to my Gram'ma's an'
She gets done kissin' me,
I wonder what's to happen nex'.
(Don't have to 'cite no "Golden Tex'"
At Gram'ma's—no, sir-ee!)

My Gram'ma, she puts on her specs (That's so's 'at she can see).
"More like his father ev'ry day;
Don't favor his ma's folks," she'll say,
"A mite, it 'pears to me."

My Gran'pa, when we go outdoors
To give th' horse his feed,
Stands me up 'gainst th' big barn door
An' marks it where I've grow'd some more.
I'm "growin' like a weed!"

My Gram'ma knows it's dreffle hard For busy folks like me To have to stop an' take a nap, An' so I sleep right on her lap;

An' after—we go see

If Mr. Gingersnap is home—

He has a roun', tin house—

An' I can "help myse'f to some,"

An' mus'n't drop a single crum',

So's not to call th' mouse.

My Gram'pa says I'll help him lots
If I'll hunt 'round an' see
Wich pocket's got his wintergreens
An' peppermints—I know he means
His candy! Some's for me!

W'en I'm all grow'd up tall an' big I don' know w'ich I'll be— A Gram'ma or a Gram'pa, 'cause They're bof so good to me!

Lides to Bary Jade

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ANONYMOUS.

The bood is beabig brighdly love,
The sdars are shidig, too;
While I abb gazing dreabily
Add thigkig, love, of you;
You caddot, oh, you caddot kdow,
By darlig, how I biss you—
(Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got—
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

I'b sittig id the arbor, love,
Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, Autubdal dight
You said you'd be by bride.
Oh, for wud bobedt to caress
Add tederly to kiss you;
Budt do! we're beddy biles apart—
(Ho-rash-o! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
The tibe whed first we bet;
It seebs budt odly yesterday,
I thigk I see you yet.
Oh, tell be, ab I sdill your owd?
By hopes, oh, do dot dash theb!
(Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse—Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-thrash-eb!)

Good-by, by darlig Bary Jade,
The bid-dight hour is dear,
Add it is hardly wise by love
For be to ligger here!
The heavy dews are fallig fast;
A fod good-dight I wish you;
(Ho-rash-o!—there it is agaid—
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-trash-eb!)

A Shy Little Maid

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A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maid once, All of a summer's day he pled, Oft he spoke of the bonds of love—the dunce! And shyly she shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled, He spoke of bonds he had in town, Still the silly little maiden shook her head, But she shook it up and down.

—Anonymous.

Watchin' the Sparkin"

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BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

Say, Jim, ye wanter see the fun?
Jemimy's sparkin's jess begun!
Git deown—this box won't hold but one
Fer peekin' through the winder!
Yeou stay down thar jess whar ye be;
I'll tell ye all thar is to see;
Then you'll enjoy it well as me;
An' deon't yeou try to hinder!

[From "Old Ace and Other Poems." Forbes & Co.]

That teacher is the dumbdest goose
That Cupid ever turned eout loose;
His learnin' hain't no sort o' use
In sparkin' our Jemimy!
Tho peekin's 'ginst the golden reule,
He told us t'other day in scheol
To watch him close; so git a steool
An' stand up here close by me.

Neow he's got suthin' in his head
That somehow ruther's gotter be said;
Keeps hitchin' up, an' blushin' red.
With one leg over t'other.
He wants to do the thing up breown.
Wall, he's the biggest gawk in teown:
Showin' her pictur's upside deown;
An' she don't know it nuther!

He's got his arm areound her chair,
And wonders if she'll leave it there.
But she looks like she didn't care!
I'll bet he's goin' to kiss 'er;
He's gittin' closer to her face,
An' pickin' out the softest place,
An' sort o' measurin' off the space,
Jess so as not to miss 'er.

If she'd git mad, an' box his ear,
'Twould knock his plans clean out o' gear,
An' set him back another year;
But she ain't goin' to do it;
She thinks the teacher's jess tip-top,
An' she won't let no chances drop;
If ever he sets in to pop,
She's goin' to pull him through it!

I gum! an' if he ain't the wust!
Waitin' for her to kiss him fust!
He's goin' to do it neow or bu'st:
He's makin' preparation!
Neow watch him steppin' on her toes—
That's jess to keep her down, I s'pose.
Wall, thar, he's kissed her on the nose!
So much fer edication!

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

ANONYMOUS.

Is love contagious?—I dont' know; But this I am prepared to say, That I have felt for many a day I great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought of me? Sometimes I think she does; and then I'm forced to grope in doubt again, Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking know? I grant perhaps it might be wise; But when I look into her eyes. And hear her voice which thrills me so,

I think that on the whole I won't; I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

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If I can Be by Her*

BY BEN. KING.

I d-d-don't c-c-care how the r-r-r-obin sings, Er how the r-r-r-ooster f-f-flaps his wings. Er whether 't sh-sh-shines, er whether 't pours. Er how high up the eagle s-s-soars,

If I can b-b-be by her.

I don't care if the p-p-p-people s-say
'At I'm weak-minded every w-way,
An' n-n-never had no cuh-common sense,
I'd c-c-c-cuh-climb the highest p-picket fence,
If I could b-b-b-be by her.

[From "Ben King's Verse." Copyright, 1894, by Aseneth Bell King.]

If I can be by h-h-her, I'll s-s-swim The r-r-r-est of life thro' th-th-thick an' thin; I'll throw my overcoat away, An' s-s-s-stand out on the c-c-coldest day, If I can b-b-b-be by her.

You s-s-see sh-sh-she weighs an awful pile, B-b-b-but I d-d-d-don't care—sh-she's just my style, An' any f-f-fool could p-p-p-lainly see She'd look well b-b-by the side of me, If I could b-b-be by her.

I b-b-b-braced right up, and had the s-s-s-and To ask 'er f-f-father f-f-fer 'er hand; He said: "Wh-wh-what p-p-prospects have you got?" I said: "I gu-gu-guess I've got a lot, If I can b-b-be by her."

It's all arranged f-f-for Christmas Day, Fer then we're goin' to r-r-r-run away, An' then s-s-some th-th-thing that cu-cu-couldn't be At all b-b-efore will then, you s-s-see, B-b-because I'll b-b-b-be by her.

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Keep a-goin'! Set to BY FRANK L. STANTON. Try

If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a-goin'! If it hails or if it snows, Keep a-goin'! 'Taint no use to sit an' whine When the fish ain't on your line; Bait your hook and keep on tryin'-Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop, Keep a-goin'! When you tumble from the top, Keep a-goin'!

S'pose you're out of every dime?
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,—
Keep a-goin'!
When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring—
When you feel like sighin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

Little Ah Sid

£ 15 15

ANONYMOUS.

Little Ah Sid was a Chinese kid—
A cute little boy you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun and a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through long summer day;
And he braided his cue as his father used to,
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once over a lawn that Ah Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring.

"Melican butterfly," said he with winking eye;

"Me catchee and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap he struck it a rap—
This innocent bumble-bee—
And put its remains in the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green sat the little sardine In a style that was strangely demure, And said with a grin that was brimful of sin, "Me mashee um butterfly sure." Little Ah Sid was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug he was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

Ki-ya! Kip-jip-gee," Ah Sid cried as he Rose hurriedly up from the spot, "Ki-ya! Yub-a-kam! Dam um Melican man— Um butterfly belly much hot!"

Some Experiments

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BY F. X. MOONEY.

A grafter I would like to be. But not the kind you mean. I'd like to try experiments— For that kind of work I'm keen. I'd really like to try my hand To see what I could do, And what queer things I could evolve. Now, really, wouldn't you? I'd like to cross a mooly cow, To realize a dream, With something that would make her give A quart of nice ice-cream. I'd like to cross a race-horse With an ostrich, don't you see? So that he could run faster, Then I'd win a bet maybe. I'd like to cross a lion with A big watch dog I own, And have him hang around the house When I am home alone. Now, if you cross a cabbage with Some apples, then no doubt, You'll be sure to gather in next fall A crop of sauerkraut. If you take a sweet potato And a green pea, if you please,

And cross them, will the answer be
A crop of nice sweet peas?
Then I would turn my hand to fruit,
If I had the time to spare.
If you cross a lemon with a peach,
Now would that make a pear?
If you take a bunch of nice sweet corn—
Your palate now I'll tickle—
And cross them with a cucumber,
Will you get a nice sweet pickle?
But, best of all, I'd like to cross
My pitiful amount
Of salary, with some magic wand,
And produce a bank account.

An Explanation

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BY WALTER LEARNED.

Her lips were so near That—what else could I do? You'll be angry, I fear, But her lips were so near—Well, I can't make it clear, Or explain it to you, But—her lips were so near That—what else could I do?

Temporal Happiness

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Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give. We are apt to call things by wrong names. We will have Prosperity to be Happiness, and Adversity to be Misery; though that is the school of wisdom, and oftentimes the way of eternal happiness.

—William Penn.

The Train Misser*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

At Union Depot.

'Ll where in the world my eyes has bin-Ef I hain't missed that train agin'! Chuff! and whistle! and toot! and ring! But blast and blister the dasted train! How it does it I can't explain! -Git here thirty-five minutes before The dern thing's due!—and, drat the thing! It'll manage to git past—shore!

The more I travel around, the more I got no sense!—To stand right here And let it beat me! 'Ll ding my melts! I got no gumption, ner nothin' else! Ticket Agent's a dad-burned bore!-Sell you a ticket's all they kerr! Ticket Agents ort to all be Prosecuted—and that's just what!— How'd I know which train's for me? And how'd I know which train was not?-Goern and comin' and gone astray, And backin' and switchin' ever'-which-way!

Ef I could jes' sneak round behind Myself, where I could git full swing. I'd lift my coat, and kick, by jing! Till I jes' got jerked up and fined! For here I stood, as a dern fool's apt To, and let that train jes' chuff and choo Right apast me-and mouth jes' gapped Like a blamed old sandwitch warped in two!

[From "Afterwhiles." Copyrighted, 1887, by James Whitcomb Riley. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.]



When de Folks is Gone*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

What dat scratchin' at de kitchin' do'?
Done heah'n dat foh an hour er mo'!
Tell you, Mr. Niggah, des sho's yo' bo'n,
Hit's mighty lonesome waitin' when de folks is gone!

Blame my trap! how de wind do blow!

An' dis is des' de night foh de witches, sho'!

Dey's trouble gon' to waste when de ole slut whine,

An' you heah de cat aspittin' when de moon don't

shine!

Chune my fiddle, an' de bridge go "bang!" An' I lef 'er right back whah she allus hang, An' de tribble snap short an' de apern split When dey no mortal man wah a-techin' hit.

Dah! Now, what! How de ol j'ice crake! 'Spec dis house, ef hit tell plain fac's, 'Ud talk about de ha'nts wid dey long tails on What dasn't on'y come when de folks is gone!

What I tuk an' done ef a sho'-nuff ghos' Pop right up by de ole bed-pos'? What dat shinin' fru de front do' crack? God bless de Lo'd! hit's de folks got back!

Take That Back

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He kissed her on her rosy cheek,
It was a pleasing smack;
And quick she turned and frowned on him
With—"Now, sir, take that back!"

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He Understood

BY ANNA V. CULBERSON.

Robin rashly kissed my hand, Therefore I gave command, "Leave me, sir; or else refrain Doing this bold deed again.

"Once for all, pray, understand, You do wrong to kiss my hand." Robin heeded my command— Stayed, nor kissed again my hand,

Yet he doth not mope nor sigh; What can be the reason why? This I told him! "Understand, You do wrong to kiss—my hand."

Nothing But Leaves

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BY M. H. G.

He's devotion itself all the summer; That she's caught him she fondly believes; But when comes the last day of the season, He simply says nothing—but leaves.

They've danced through each hop and cotillion, No other his homage receives.

But chilled by the first frost of Autumn,

He coldly says nothing—but leaves.

When she adds up her gains and her losses, Like a husbandman counting his sheaves, She mentally puts a black mark to his name, And says: "This year I've nothing—but leaves."

Cavalry Song

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Our good steeds sniff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabers jingle!
Halt!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball: Now, cling, clang! forward all, Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome; Through level lightnings gallop nearer! One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home; The guidons that we hear are dearer. Charge!

Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall:
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
Wheel!

The bugles sound the swift recall: Cling! clang! backward all! Home, and good-night!

Varia

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
And when asked for the cost
Of what he had lost,
Said, "Really, can't tell. for I rent 'em!"
—Anonymous.

The Dead Napoleon

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

And what care we for war and wrack, How kings and heroes rise and fall? Look yonder; in his coffin black, There lies the greatest of them all!

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his, He died without a road his own; And borrowed from his enemies Six feet of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars, And more than half the world was his, And somewhere, now, in yonder stars, Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

Constancy

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"

"Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

-John Boyle O'Reilly.

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The Eagle's Song

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

The lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub Was seized by an eagle and carried up And homed for awhile in an eagle's nest, And slept for awhile on an eagle's breast, And the eagle taught it the eagle's song: "To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!"

The lion whelp sprang from the eerie nest, From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest; He fought the King on the spreading plain, And drove him back o'er the foaming main. He held the land as a thrifty chief, And reared his cattle and reaped his sheaf, Nor sought the helps of a foreign hand, Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore,
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry lived with the Northern one.
Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again, Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!" And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song, "To be staunch and valiant and free and strong!" For the eagle's beak and the lion's paw And the lion's fangs and the eagle's claw, And the eagle's swoop and the lion's might, And the lion's leap and the eagle's sight, Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain!" Now that the two are one again! Here's to a cheer for the Yankee ships! And "well done, Sam," from the mother's lips!

Preacher Preferred Cash

ANONYMOUS.

The knot was tied; the pair were wed, And then the smiling bridegroom said Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay To you the usual fee to-day. Or would you have me wait a year And give you then a hundred clear, If I should find the marriage state As happy as I estimate?" The preacher lost no time in thought, To his reply no study brought, There were no wrinkles on his brow; Said he, "I'll take \$3.00 now."

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Three Little Chestnuts

ANONYMOUS.

Three little chestnuts, lying on the ground— At least so the story's told, The first said, "Ah!" and the second said, "Oh!" And the third said, "E! Ain't it cold!"

Three little chestnuts crowded in a pail,
Then thrust in a boiling pot—
The first said "Ah!" and the second said, "Oh!"
And the third said, "Ee! Ain't it cold!"

Three little chestnuts seized by naughty Sam, Who swallowed them all for a lark,— The first said, "Ah!" and the second said, "Oh!" And the third said, "Ee! Ain't it dark!"

The Alarm

ANONYMOUS.

His eye was stern and wild; his cheek was pale and cold as clay;

Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay.

He mused awhile, but not in doubt; no trace of doubt was there;

It was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair!

Once more he looked upon the scroll, once more its words he read;

Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue, cold gleaming steel,

And grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel. A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head;

I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead!

Black, icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;

I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

Again I look'd: a fearful change across his face had pass'd;

He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering blade; then first I found a tongue;

"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave;

And ere I could arrest his hand, he had-begun to shave!

Slow



KIND-HEARTED clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer-meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around

him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.

Here is another story of a minister, which is told by the Rev. J. P. Brushingham:

An English theologian and Wesleyan was in the habit of carrying with him a strong bottle of pepper-sauce, the very strongest he could find. He would not trust to that furnished by the hotels. One day a guest said to him: "Please pass those peppers over this way."

"Why, I beg your pardon, but that is my private prop-

erty."

"Well, give a fellow a taste of it, anyway." He tasted it and then said after a moment, "You are a preacher, are you not?"

"Yes."

"An orthodox preacher?"

"I am so taken and accepted."

"You believe in hell-fire?"

"Well, I feel it incumbent upon myself to warn the impenitent of their danger."

"You believe in a literal hell-fire?"

"I so interpret the Scriptures."

"Well," said the guest, "I have met your kind before, but I never before met a man who carried his samples with him."

One more story about a minister, and this one tells of how one minister dealt with that perplexing problem the man who sleeps in church:

One of Peter Glass' parishioners, a farmer of the name of Cowan, was remarkable for the habit of sleeping during the sermon. Whenever Mr. Glass observed him asleep, he stopped his sermon, and desired a neighbor of the guilty person to awake him. Mr. Cowan was very

much annoyed by this practice on the part of the clergyman; and at last, one day, meeting him on the street, said he would willingly cause his horses to drive all the minister's coal gratis, provided he would permit him to get his customary nap, which he said was truly necessary to him, on account of his incessant labors during the week. To this the minister assented. Next Sunday, on Mr. Cowan proceeding to sleep as usual, the preacher stopped and cried out, "Waken Robin Cowen in the wast laft."

On the poor man being aroused accordingly, he fell a-rubbing his head with an air of great concern, and exclaimed: "Minister, d've no mind oor bargain?"

"Oh, bawly do I mind oor bargain," answered the minister; "but ye ken, Robin, though I agreed to let ye sleep, I didna gie ye leave to snore."

He Did



R. MILTON S. TERRY, professor in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., tells this story of a preacher who was interrupted in his sermon:

My ideal of the church of the present and of a considerable section of the future is

illustrated by the sermon of a minister preaching to a company of miners. They were lying around in their loose array, listening or not, as the case might be, and the preacher himself was in his shirt-sleeves, but he was the man for the place. Somehow, right in the midst of his sermon, in which he had made no reference to hell whatever, a man half drunk rose up and said: "Hold on, pard; I have a question to ask. Do you believe in hell?"

The preacher was a little taken aback—it would take a great preacher to be equal to the emergency. But he said, "Hold on, brother, if you ask a question like that you should stand up and face the music."

The man, who had sunk back on the ground, got up again.

"Now," said the preacher, "these are your neighbors; they know you and you know them. Now, straight and

true, answer like a man, didn't vou ever know some fellow that you thought ought to go to hell?"

The man started, and then he said, "Say, pard, you

het I do."

Boundaries

BY JOSEPH W. HINER.



EVERAL months ago a few American gentlemen were having a Fourth of July banquet. One of them proposed this toast: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the Great Lakes, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by the Gulf, and on the west by the Pacific!" This was thought almost

too conservative by the next speaker, and he put it in this way: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the Rising Sun, and on the west by the Setting Sun!" As the champagne went down the patriotism went up, and it finally culminated in this sentiment, which was proposed by the speaker: "Here's to our country, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the Procession of the Equinoxes, on the east by the Primordial Chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment."

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Profane Silence



HE following story, told by Frederick A. Ward, is given by many another:

The other day upon the links hard by-I do not say Dyker Meadow-a distinguished clergyman was playing a closely-contested game of golf. He carefully teed up his ball

and addressed it with the most approved grace; he raised his driver and hit the ball a tremendous clip, but instead

of soaring into the azure it perversely went about twelve feet to the right and then buzzed around in a circle. The clerical gentleman frowned, scowled, pursed up his mouth and bit his lips, but said nothing, and a friend who stood by him said: "Doctor, that is the most profane silence I ever witnessed."

This was clever, but perhaps no more clever than the quick reply of a Scotchman, told in the following story:

An Indiana stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly, with a strong Scotch brogue, replied: "I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

Faring Worse



OHN H. CONVERSE, of Philadelphia, is fond of telling the following story:

It is related of that sturdy Vermont Senator and once Postmaster General, Jacob Collamer, that a friend said to him, whilst a Presidential nominating convention was

sitting, "Mr. Collamer, did you know that they were talking of presenting your name as a candidate?"

"Well," he replied, "they might go further and fare worse, and they probably will."

William M. Evarts, another Philadelphian, used to enjoy telling this story on himself. He, too, might have gone further and done worse than to please his daughter, though that meant what is quoted from his letter:

William M. Evarts told this good story. A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest

pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father, "Dear papa, I so wish you would come up here soon—my donkey is so lonesome."

The Two Outside

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ALPH BINGHAM, the humorist, tells the following story of two walnuts, two boys, two men, and a graveyard.

Two boys were out gathering walnuts. When they had all they could carry they reluctantly started for home, for there were

many more nuts on the ground. On their way they passed a cemetery. This, they decided, would be a quiet place where they might divide their walnuts, so they climbed over the wall. In doing so, one boy dropped two walnuts and started back for them, but the other boy said:

" Never mind, we will get them after awhile."

Inside the wall they piled up their walnuts and began to divide them, saying as they did so:

"I'll take this one."

" I'll take that one."

"I'll take this one."

"I'll take that one."

A negro man passing the cemetery heard these voices saying:

"I'll take this one."

"I'll take that one."

And the negro was scared. He said, "De debil an' de Lord a-'vidin' up de folks!"

A half mile up the road a white man stopped him.

"Here, Sam, what you running for?"

"Le'me go! le'me go! Back hyar in de grave yard de debil an' de Lord a-'vidin' up de folks."

"Oh, now, now! Sam, you're a scared nigger. What's the matter?"

"Le'me go! le'me go, quick. I wants to git away from hyar."

"No, I won't, you've got to come back with me. I want to see about this."

- "No, sah! no, sah! I dun been dyar." But he forced the negro to go with him. As they stood outside the cemetery wall, they listened. Sure enough, there were the voices.
 - "I'll take this one."
 - "I'll take that one."
 - "I'll take this one."
 - "I'll take that one."

Then one voice said: "Now we'll get the two outside and we'll be done."

And they do say the white man beat the negro running.

Eat Less



EV. FREDERICK HOPKINS, of Chicago, tells this story in one of his lectures:

A Lake Shore Railroad conductor, who weighed three hundred pounds, came through the train one night collecting tickets. When he came to a passenger

asleep he said:

"Tickets! tickets! please."

No reply. The passenger slept on. Again the conductor said, "Tickets! tickets! please."

Still no reply.

Shaking the passenger the conductor repeated his demand for tickets.

Partially roused from a heavy sleep, the passenger said: "Eh?"

- "I want your ticket."
- "Eh?"
- "You must give me your ticket."
- "All right," said the passenger, and sank back into the seat.

Again shaking the passenger the conductor said, "You must do one of three things now, produce your ticket, pay your fare, or get off."

"All right." But the passenger made no move to do

any one of the three.

Impatient at the delay, the conductor repeated his de-

mand: "You must do one of three things now, produce your ticket, pay your fare, or get off."

The passenger began searching his pockets, almost going to sleep again as he went from one pocket to another.

This was exasperating. Again the conductor shook the man and repeated his demand, "Produce your ticket, pay your fare, or get off."

Finally the ticket was found, and was handed to the

conductor.

Then the three hundred pound conductor went on down the aisle. By this time the sleepy passenger was awake enough to take in the situation. Observing the fat conductor going down the aisle, he called out: "Say, Mr. Conductor, you got to do one of three things, eat less, walk more, or bust."

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What Children Say

ERE, Alfred, is an apple. Divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, mamma?"
"Give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saving, "Here, sis, you divide it yourself."

Henry Elias Howland tells the following story of children at their play:

A four-year-old boy at a country house in England was noticed standing alone by the closed nursery door, while from within came sounds of childish laughter. "Well, my little man," said the gentleman who saw him, "what are you doing there all alone?"

"I am playing."

"What are you playing?"

"I am playing house, sir," was the reply.

"Playing house? Why, you can't play all by yourself. Why don't you go in and play with the other children?" "I mustn't do that yet, sir," said the little fellow ser-

iously; "I am to be the new baby, and I am waiting to be born."

Theodore Roosevelt tells this story of a boy who was equal to the situation:

A boy in school was asked this question in physics: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?" And he answered, "Well, you don't have to pay for lightning."

A little girl asked her mother if liars ever went to heaven, and was answered, "No, I suppose not."

She then asked if papa ever told a lie.

"Well," said the mother, "I suppose sometimes he does."

"Well, did you and grandpa and Uncle Jim ever tell a lie?" said the little girl.

"Yes, I suppose sometimes in our lives we have told what wasn't exactly true."

"Well," said the little girl, after deep thought, "I should think it would be awful lonesome in heaven with nobody there but just God and George Washington."

The Stutterers

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NE of our bishops, when pastor at Stamford. Conn., asked a little boy afflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher. The little fellow replied: "I-I w-w-w-would 1-1-like the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering, b-b-but the s-s-speak-

ing w-w-would b-b-bother me."

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley says that this is a favorite story of the Hoosier poet:

A man who has an impediment in his speech was one day trying to talk to a fellow-passenger on the train. After a patient attempt to understand him the passenger said:

"My friend, are you always like that?"

"N-no; j-j-jes' when I talk."

Hugh McGibboney, of Indianapolis, tells this story of a friend of his in that city who has an impediment in his speech:

Meeting his friend one day, McGibboney learned that there was to be an amateur play presented soon in which

his friend was cast for a part.

"Well," said McGibboney, "that's interesting, but I am wondering how you are going to manage to speak the part."

"Oh," said the friend, "I t-think I can g-g-get along all-right. I j-j-just have to c-come on and s-say, 'The

k-king comes."

Meeting his friend a few weeks later, McGibboney

asked how he succeeded in the play.

"Oh, b-bum," replied the friend. "I got excited. I c-came r-running on, and said, 'The-the-the' (gesticulating. 'The-the-the' (gesticulating). 'The-the-the-the' (gesticulating violently) and b-broke up the show."

Another of these stuttering stories is told of a man by the name of Simpson, who was one day arrested and brought into the police court.

Said the justice, "What is your name?"

"S-s-s--"

"What is your name?" demanded the justice.

"Why S-s-s-s-s-"

"I don't understand. What did you say your name is?"
"Why, my n-name is S-s-s-s."

Turning to the policeman, the justice said: "Here, officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Faith, your honor, and I think it's sody-wather."

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Woman's Will

Men, dying, make their wills, but wives Escape a work so sad;

Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

-John Godfrey Saxe.

In a Sleeping Car



VERYBODY can appreciate "M. Dooley's" protest when, in describing the difficulties of undressing in the upper berth of a sleeping car, he says, "How can ye take off your pants when yer settin' on 'em?"

Two Irishmen who had just landed in this country found new experiences at every hand. They had become accustomed to sleeping in a hammock on shipboard, but they had had nothing to prepare them for a sleeping car experience. They had a section, and after some difficulty Mike managed to get into the upper berth. After awhile he leaned over and called to Pat below:

"Say, Pat, air ye in bed yet?"

"No," said Pat; "Oi've got me clothes off, but oi can't git meself into this little hammick."

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All Mixed Up



ENRY VAN DYKE is fond of telling children's stories. Here are a couple of his best:

So wonderful is the mixture that we can easily understand the state of mind of the little girl who asked her father, "Pa, where

were you born?"

"In Boston, my dear."

"And where was mamma born?"?

"In San Francisco, my dear."

"And where was I born?"

"In Philadelphia, my dear."

"Well," said the little dear, "isn't it funny how we three people got together?"

The children of a friend of mine were chased across a field by a ferocious cow.

"We were saved, mamma," said the little girl, "we were

saved in answer to prayer. I told Tommy he must pray while we ran; but he said he didn't remember any prayer, only what papa says at breakfast, and I told him to say that, so he hollered, 'For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful,' and then we crawled under the fence and were saved."

American Aristocracy

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BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy."
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten piers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

English and Irish, French and Spanish, Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish, Crossing their veins until they vanish In one conglomeration!

So subtle a tinge of blood, indeed, No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

A Kiss in the Rain

BY SAMUEL M. PECK.

One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
I kissed her in the rain!

With raindrops shining on her cheek Like dewdrops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak,
My boldness to oppose;
She strove in vain and quivering,
Her fingers stole in mine,
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow;
And I am as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain:
She says I am her rain beau since
I kissed her in the rain.

His Future

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

[In Collier's Weekly.]

Quick and hair-triggerous, Joyous and vigorous, Home from the niggerous* African shore,

^{*} Oh, we'll make it "rigorous" if you don't like the word.

The Speaker

Bringing a zoo with him, Zebra and gnu with him, What shall we do with him— Our Theodore?

What new renown for him?—Pick out a gown for him?
Buy up a crown for him,
Make him a king?
Make him an editor?
(What, a competitor!
Who was it said it or
Fancied the thing!)

No sweet manorial,
Grave professorial,
Staid senatorial
Honors will do.
Give him the Stick again,
Freedom to kick again,
Raise the Old Nick again!
"Whoop!" and "Hurroo!"

Railroad commissioner?
Graft abolitioner?
High politicianer?
Farm autocrat?
Nature mythologist?
Trust criminologist?
Universologist?—
Something like that?

Do you admire him?
Would you inspire him?
Do you desire him
Laid on the shelf?
Peace to your pattering,
Scolding or flattering!
Building or battering,
He'll run himself.

Abandonment of Protective Tariff

Triangular Intercollegiate Debate—Philadelphia: Penn (aff.) defeated Columbia (neg.). New York: Cornell (neg.) defeated Columbia (aff.). Ithaca: Penn (neg.) defeated Cornell (aff.).

"Resolved, That our legislation should be shaped toward the gradual abandonment of the protective tariff." Briefs prepared by Frank A. Paul.

AFFIRMATIVE.

I. The reasons that justified protection in the past do not justify it to-day, under changed economic conditions. These reasons were:

(I) to foster infant industries.

(2) to equalize the difference in cost of production.

(3) to develop the home market.

These reasons always hold in an immature, undeveloped country. Hamilton, Blaine, Friedrich List. Reed, Mc-Kinley and all leading protectionists justify the system only as a temporary measure to transform an agricultural into an industrial and commercial nation. This transformation is now substantially complete.

The infant industries of forty years ago are giants now. Iron and steel products, machinery, boots and shoes and other vast interests, totaling over two-thirds of the capital invested in protected industries, are independent of the necessity for tariff coddling altogether. History repeats itself in American industries, and those businesses which still require protection show a clearly-defined tendency away from the need thereof.

II. No tariff is needed to equalize the difference in cost of production here and abroad, because, generally speaking, there is no difference, unless it be in our favor.

This second argument is the illegitimate descendant of the infant industry argument. It finds its chief ground for support in the admittedly cheaper wages paid abroad. There are three elements in the cost of production:

(1) raw materials.

(2) transportation.

(3) labor cost.

The tariff effectually handicaps American industries by inflating the cost of raw materials. Present drawback systems are unsatisfactory, and for several reasons can never succeed. Wholesale revision with a view to ultimate tariff-for-revenue-only would inure directly to our benefit in this respect by cheapening raw materials. Transportation is the same as between America and European producers. Labor cost is the determining factor, therefore. But wages fund and labor cost are not synonymous terms. The American operative is paid twice as much or more; but he is worth the difference. This is conclusively proved when the well-paid American product can undersell the pauper product in its own market. There is economy in the high wages of America because of

(1) the ability, ambition and enterprise of American

labor.

(2) our superior natural resources.

(3) our superior industrial organization.

Statistics show that on the two fluctuating factors in production, raw materials and labor cost, we have everything to gain by immediate revision.

III. The home market argument is no longer in point

as a justification for continued protection.

It was in the first century of our industrial existence. The country is well-knit together, homogeneous, well-populated now. The home market has advanced by leaps and bounds; but the domestic capacity for supplying it has outstripped even its growth. Most firms now produce more than the home market can absorb. Our annual surplus is conservatively estimated at \$2,000,000,000.

These reasons, however, are purely negative. They can be supplemented by three positive arguments in favor

of gradual abandonment.

IV. In the first place, protection keeps prices inordi-

nately high.

Wages have advanced 19 per cent in the last fifteen years; the cost of living has advanced 49 per cent. This is directly traceable to the high tariff. The Elgin Watch Co. recently shipped 2.500 American-made watches to London, sold them at a profit there at such a price that they could be re-shipped to New York, made to pay the duty and successfully compete with American watches

that had come direct from the maker. Instances of this kind could be multiplied ad infinitum.

V. Again, high protection causes the depletion of our natural resources.

Coal, iron, lumber, wood pulp, and other natural products native to our country are used up at a reckless rate. This also is directly traceable to the tariff. President Roosevelt and other high authorities agree that it is folly to continue this exhaustive process.

VI. Finally, protection hampers us in extending our foreign markets.

A progressively expanding foreign outlet for our surplus products here is absolutely necessary to insure prosperity. By keeping out foreign products, we also shut our own in. While we sell about \$500,000,000 worth of goods abroad every year at lower retail prices than here, though in general still at a profit, this leaves the bulk of our two million dollar surplus unprovided for. With competition keen, the United States cannot trust to luck for markets as heretofore. Our foreign market has obviously not thrived under protection. Six countries outsell us in the Orient. Our South American trade is onetenth what it ought to be. Reciprocity, a theory with abundant opportunity for trial, has failed. High tariff has invited retaliation. This shows that we must solve the problem of foreign markets by immediate revision of the tariff.

For these reasons, our legislation should be shaped toward the gradual abandonment of the protective tariff. Such revision on articles that are produced more cheaply here should be made, and such a sliding scale, adjusted to each industry on its merits, should be adopted, that we can ultimately abandon protection when no longer needed, if it be to our advantage to do so.

NEGATIVE.

I. Protection is founded on reason and experience in America.

It is the typical American system. We have never had free trade and hardly ever a tariff-for-revenue-only. The tariff has been accompanied by a period of tremendous industrial expansion and prosperity. This prosperity

cannot be explained on the ground of accidental coincidence. Extreme tariff revisionists concede that protection in the past has been highly instrumental in prospering the nation. The country is still in its industrial infancy. Its population is one-eighth of that which could comfortably subsist upon the soil. Having worn well in the incipient stages, it is folly to discard the principle now, on the threshold of the crucial middle stages.

II. Protection is needed to foster feeble industries and to equalize the difference in cost of production here and abroad.

While many big industries have outgrown their infancy and could now probably prosper with little or no protection, other industrial infants have since been born and will in future be born. History repeats itself in industry. The time will never come when our expansion will cease and we will have no young businesses to foster.

The cost of production in at least a clear majority of protected industries is higher than abroad. It follows that tariff is needed to equalize the difference and protect American capital and labor. Otherwise they cannot compete on even terms. Raw materials are cheaper abroad; the American manufacturer is not unduly handicapped, because he is entitled to a drawback when he manufactures for export. Transportation is a common factor. Labor cost throws the balance heavily in favor of Europe. Wages are so much higher here that the difference cannot be explained away on the ground of better system, higher efficiency or more general use of labor-saving machinery. We have no monopoly on these devices; Europe is daily copying them and crawling up on us.

Protection has raised and maintained the standard of living of American labor. It will always be needed unless we are content to lower the standard and reduce our laborers to the level of the pauper working classes of Europe and Asia.

III. Protection is a necessary integer in our fiscal and diplomatic policy.

Even with our present tariff, we have an annual deficit of \$150,000,000 per year. This would be measurably increased by any wholesale revision, unless we concentrated our taxes on a few non-competitive articles and made the rates excessive. This the affirmative would hardly dare

to maintain. A century and a quarter of experience has shown that the best way to finance the government is by indirect rather than by direct taxes.

Protection, instead of hindering foreign markets, gives us a basis upon which to expand them. While affording ample protection against ruinous competition from parallel products, it admits of infinite reciprocity treaties covering articles specially needed here, whenever the need for reciprocal exchange is clear. Without a tariff to start with, America, in attempting to deal with other nations, would have nothing to offer, and hence could get nothing in return. Tariff affords a safety-valve on the home market for the relief of over-production; free trade removes all precautionary measures.

IV. The gradual abandonment of the protective tariff

would spell industrial demoralization and ruin.

Many business men have testified that if protection were removed, they would go out of business or move their plants abroad. When wool tariff was lowered in 1894, it practically killed sheep-raising in America. The home market, while well taken care of now, would be thooded with cheap foreign products. The close interrelation of our banking, manufacturing and commercial interests would indicate that ruin for one class would mean ruin for all. While there is some demand for immediate revision of certain schedules, there is substantially no demand for ultimate abandonment of the principle of protection. Even the Democratic national platform is less insistent now than it used to be. Protection is universally accepted as our settled policy. This does not mean that we should not correct the abuses of protection. But they can be cured without discarding the system.

[The negative brief is naturally somewhat shorter than that of the affirmative. A larger part of the negative's time in both rounds must necessarily be occupied with rebuttal.]

TEAMS.

Pennsylvania—affirmative: Gustave H. Baur, '10L; Arthur J. Culler, B. G.; Frank A. Paul, '10L, captain; Everett Kent, '11L, alternate. Negative: Charles A. Prefs, '10C: Sanuel Rosenbaum, '10C; Dale H. Parke, '00L, captain; Isadore E. Sauder, '00L, alternate.

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Happiness

To make it: Take a hall, dim lit;
A pair of stairs where two may sit;
Of music soft, a bar or so;
Two spoons of—just two spoons, you know;
Of little pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist—the size to be embraced;
And two ripe lips, rose-red—to taste;
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You'll find your happiness complete.

The Speaker

Who Got Skinned?

BY MARGARET G. HAYS.

Nursy put a beau'ful pair o' new gloves
On my fat little hands to-day;
But, you know, they sort o' scare me,
'Cause I heard my nursy say,
"Those gloves is very 'spensive ones;
White knitted ones would do;
But those is made o' real kidskin."
Oh, dear! I wonder who—

Cause of en when big Uncle Bob
Comes out wif' us to stay,
He kisses mother; 'en he says,
"How are the kids to-day?"
Now, who you s'pose he means by "kids?"
Why, Bruvver Ted an' me!
I wonder who on earf' got skinned
To make these gloves for me?

Father Time

يو يو څن

BY E. K. Z.

You can bribe a legislator
Often with your money slime,
But you're up against it proper
When you tackle Father Time.

When you start out hunting rebates, You'll find railroads cocked and prime; But I'd like to see the offer That you'd get from Father Time.

While the world receives the money Tainted with your deeds of crime, Stack it up and see how useless It would be to Father Time.

The Speaker

So here's to you, grim old reaper,
You're a character sublime;
But, say—Jon't forget this jolly
Comes from me, though, Father Time.

A Send-off

1

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

[In Collier's Weekly.]

Say, Teddy, we have joked about those Spectacles and Teeth,

We have joshed you on your Strenuous Proclivity; Now a little word, at parting, for the Heart that beats beneath

And the Purpose that was true to your activity.

For you're going—for you're going, and we scarce believe it's true;

Yes, a sort of lonesome feeling, like an arrow, shoots us through—

By the Laws that got the scrubbing And the Trusts that took the clubbing,

'Twill be many a cold, hard winter ere we see the like of vou!

Here's a bumper to you, Teddy, and so-long to you! See the Manhood of the Nation rise and throng to you. Let the Predatories roast you— We, the People, rise and toast you In a cup of Glory, Teddy—and so-long to you!

You were often hard to follow in your chase for Bull and Bear;

And your walks with Army Captains—my, you hiked it so!

Say, we almost choked to see you beard the Congress in its lair

And emerge without a bump-and O you liked it so!

You were never dull or clammy—you were either pleased or vexed,

And we woke up mornings asking, "What will he be doing next?

Will he give the railroads Hades,

Or express his views on Ladies,

Or impale some Rabbit Faker on a pointed Moral Text?"

Here's a bumper to you, Teddy, and so-long to you! Here's a banzai and a broadside and a song to you— By the Slaves that you have fathered And the Masters you have bothered, We, the People, wake the welkin—and so-long to you!

You have bred a Bunch of Language that will live beyond its day,

You have told the Truth where Lies might be defensible:

You have butted in where angels would have fainted dead away,

Yet your madness has been always commonsensible.

You have raked the old traditions of the barnacles that clung,

You have whizzed into the Bee-hive where the Nation's Honey hung,

You have spotted out the shirkers

As they fed among the workers;

And there's been an awful buzzing from the Drones—when they were stung!

Here's a bumper to you, Teddy—and so-long to you! Here's the send-off of the Nation free and strong to you; Go and rest in wild Zambezi,

Hunt the Lion-oh, that's easy-

You have bagged some Big Ones, Teddy—and so-long to you!

The Speaker

Mother's Almanac



I tell you, when it comes to dates, My mother's just the boss! She tells me all I want to know 'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes; At school I know I do— 'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain Was fought in '98,
The year you all had chicken-pox,
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer War in Africa— That was a dreadful thing— Began in '99, I know, For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98, the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuba channels;
"Twas summer, for you children had
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
The Russians fought the Japs;
That year was very cold, and you
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up
With hist'ry just that way.
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps,
But there's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day.

In the Old Church Choir

BY LOWELL OTUS REESE.

[In Leslie's Weekly.]

The world was young in those days of ours,
The world was so young and new,
All builded of birds and of sweet spring flowers,
And To-morrow fresh wonders grew;
But the world rolled back and Love reigned instead
And smote on a magic lyre—
For Someone sat in the seat ahead
When we sang in the old Church choir.

Someone with eyes of the brownest brown,
And lips that were wondrous rare;
Dark waves of glory that tumbled down
From the crimson "tam" set there
At a rakish slant. O, that pure delight!
Life! grant me but one desire—
To see and feel as I felt that night
When we sang in the old Church choir!

The Preacher prayed with a will. And when He prayed for "those near and dear," The deacons shouted a loud "Amen!" And I felt that the Lord was near. The Preacher preached of the bleeding Lamb, And his words were as words of fire; But I worshipped the girl with the crimson tam When we sang in the old Church choir.

The church is gone, and the Preacher long
In the land that he loved so well.
Hark! out of the new church, deep and strong,
Hear the great pipes joyous swell!
I sit and dream and contented am,
For Someone is by my fire,
Sweet as in the days of the crimson tam,
When we sang in the old Church choir,

The Speaker

Jennie*

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

"The sweetest lass in all the land
Is Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!"
Said Robin as he held each hand,
Too many, many, many!
'Twas in the lane, the fence was high;
There was no room to pass him by;
He held my wings, I could not fly;
Not any, any, any.

"How many sweethearts have you, pray, Sweet Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"
The rogue within me bade me say—
"Not many, many, many!"
But when I found it grieved the youth, I could no longer hide the truth,
And said, not many was, forsooth,
Not any, any, any!

He said: "And would one sweetheart be Too many, many, many? Could you accept of one like me, My Jennie, Jennie, Jennie?"

Let others think whate'er they may, When Robin took my heart away I had no heart to tell him nay, Not any, any. any!

Although I never said he could
Take any, any, any,
He did just what I thought he would—
Kiss Jennie, Jennie, Jennie!
My lips were closed, I could not add,
Nor count the kisses of the lad,
And yet I hardly think he had
Too many, many, many!

*From "Old Ace." Copyright, 1894. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Slap Him On the Back

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

If you should meet a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled.

An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world, Go up and slap him on the back, and holler, "How d' you do?"

And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend

in you.

Then ask what's hurtin' him, and laugh his cares away, And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day. Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,—
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all splashed
with rain,—

And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by

We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smiling sky.

So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores

Because the Lord's opinion dosn't coincide with yours; But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud,

That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

Concerning George

عر عر عو

They tell us that George Washington
Could never tell a lie;
In which respect George Washington
Was unlike you and I.
But if 'tis true he couldn't lie—
And lots of folks have said it—
Why should he for his truthful ways
Be given so much credit?

Now, here are we, and unlike George, We can tell awful whoppers; We can spin fairy tales galore
Unto our moms and poppers.
But we do not—and so we claim
George simply isn't in it
With modern boys and modern girls,
Not for a single minute.

He couldn't tell a single lie—
With accent on the "couldn't."
Now, we could always tell a lie,
But, then, we simply wouldn't.
Now, honest Injun, don't you think
Our praise you should be singing,
Instead of always boosting George
And that old chestnut ringing?

The Universal Habit*

£. الله الله

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

I saw her go shopping in stylish attire,

And she felt

Of her belt

At the back.

Her step was as free as a springy steel wire, And many a rubberneck turned to admire

As she felt

Of her belt

At the back.

She wondered if all those contraptions there Were fastened just right—'twas her unceasing care;

So she felt

Of her belt

At the back.

^{*} From "Including Finnigan." Copyright, 1908, by Strickland W. Gillilan. Pearson Brothers, Publishers.

I saw her at church as she entered her pew,

And she felt

Of her belt

At the back.

She had on a skirt that was rustly and new, And didn't quite know what the fast'nings might do;

So she felt Of her belt

At the back.

She fidgeted 'round while the first hymn was read; She fumbled about while the first prayer was said.

Oh, she felt Of her belt 'At the back.

Jack told her one night that he loved her like mad,

And she felt

For her belt

At the back.

She didn't look sorry, she didn't look glad; Just looked like she thought: "Well, that wasn't so bad!"

> As she felt For her belt

At the back.

And—well, I don't think 'twas a great deal of harm, For what should the maiden have found but Jack's arm,

When she felt For her belt 'At the back?



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The Speaker

Volume IV, No. 4.

SEPTEMBER, 1909.

Whole No. 16-

ELOQUENCE.



HE audience is the constant metre of the orator. There are many audiences in every public assembly, each one of which rules in turn. If anything comic or coarse is spoken, you shall see the emergencies of the boys and rowdies, so loud and vivacious,

that you might think the house was filled with them. new topics are started, graver and higher, these roisters recede: a more chaste and wise attention takes place. You would think the boys slept, and that the men have any degree of profoundness. If the speaker utter a noble sentiment, the attention deepens, a new and highest audience now listens, and the audiences of the fun and of facts and of understanding are all silenced and awed. There is also something excellent in every audience—the capacity of virtue. They are ready to be beautified. They know so much more than the orator—and are so just! There is a tablet there for every line he can inscribe, though he should mount to the highest levels. Humble persons are conscious of new illumination; narrow brows expand with enlarged affections; -delicate spirits, long unknown to themselves, masked and muffled in coarsest fortunes, who now hear their own native language for the first time, and leap to hear it. But all these several audiences, each above each, which successively appear to greet the variety of style and topic, are really composed out of the same persons; nay, sometimes the same individual will take active part in them all, in turn.

Eloquence must be attractive, or it is none. The virtue of books is, to be readable, and of orators, to be interesting. The right eloquence needs no bell to call the people together, and no constable to keep them. It draws children from their play, the old from their arm-chairs,

the invalid from his warm chamber: it holds the hearer fast; steals away his feet, that he shall not depart—his memory, that he shall not remember the most pressing affairs—his belief that he shall not admit any opposing considerations.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Runaway Toys*

. . .

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

The Hobby Horse was so tired that day,
With never a bite to eat,
That he whispered the Doll: "I shall run away!"
And he galloped out to the street.
With the curly-headed Doll Baby on his back;
And hard at his heels went the Jumping Jack!
And the little boy—he never knew,
Though the little steam engine blew and blew!

Then the Humming Top went round and round,
And crashed through the window-pane,
And the scared Tin Monkey made a bound
For the little red Railroad Train.
The painted Duck went "Quack! quack! "But the Railroad Train just whistled back!
Till the Elephant saw what the racket meant
And packed his trunk and—away he went!

The little Toy Sheep in the corner there
Was bleating long and loud;
But the Parrot said "Hush!" and pulled his hair,
And he galloped off with the crowd!
And the Tin Horn blew, and the Toy Drum beat,
But away they went down the frightened street,
Till they all caught up with the Railroad Train,
And they never went back to their homes again!

*From "Comes One With a Song." Copyright 1888 by The Bowen-Merrill Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers. The blue policeman and all the boys
Went racing away—away!
For a big reward for the runaway Toys
Was cried in the streets that day.
But they kept right on round the world so wide,
While the Little Boy stood on the steps and cried,
Where did they go to, and what did they do?
Bored a hole to China and—dropped through!

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Prayin' for Rain*

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Never seen weather so powerful dry—
Burnt up the hill an' the plain;
An' I say to the deacon: "We'll perish," says I;
"We'd better be prayin' for rain."
An' "You're right," says the deacon, An' so we got down
An' soon had 'em prayin' all over the town!

They prayed before breakfas', petitioned at noon:
"Good Lord, sen' the rain, sen' the rain!
We hain't had a drop since the middle o' June—
The dry drought has ruint the grain.
The hills are on fire, an' the heat up on high
Is makin' big cracks in the blue o' the sky!"

They prayed in the mornin' and hollered all night, 'Till at last come the ghost of a cloud—
A rollin' o' thunder—a flashin' o' light,
An' the big rain all over the crowd!
It swelled up the rivers, it deluged the town—
An' still the mad Angels kep' flingin' it down!

Never seen weather so powerful wet!
Ruint the corn an' the rye;
An' I says to the deacon: "We're sufferin' yet,
We'd better be prayin fer dry!"
An' "You're right," says the deacon; an' so we got down,
An' soon had 'em prayin' all over the town!

*From "Comes One With a Song." Copyright 1888 by The Bowen-Merrill Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

A Football Hero*

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

From the jaws of the jungles of Jayville the Jasper hiked out of his lair;

The barn-breath breathed balm from his bootlets, the hay-germs had homes in his hair;

His mouth hung ajar like a fly-trap, each hand was as big as a ham.

His freckles a leopard-like legion, his verdancy far from a sham;

His clothes were those mother had made him, his mop had been mowed 'round a crock;

Each wilted congressional gaiter was rimmed with a négligé sock.

When Reuben strayed in with his satchel, and eyes you could snare with a rope,

A "ha-ha" arose from the campus that strangled the last of his hope.

But Reuben was big—he was husky; his legs were like saplings of oak;

His arms were like steel, and he'd often made two-yearold steers take a joke;

His back was the back of a Samson—gnarled, knotted, and hard as a rock.

His neck would have served as a bumper to ward off a switch-engine shock;

His unpadded shoulders were hillocks of sinew and muscle and bone;

His chest was a human Gibralter, his voice had a vulcanoid tone.

His prowess had never been tested quite up to the limit at home,

Although he had romped with the yearlings and guided a plow through the loam.

The boss of the 'leven was speechless when Rusticus loomed on the scene.

What mattered the fact he was shabby? What mattered the fact he was green?

*From "Including Finnigan." Copyright 1908 by Strickland W. Gillilan. Pearson Brothers, Publishers.

Could ever a team get a line-up 't would stand for a centre like that?

The ranks of the foe would vanish ere one could articulate "Scat!"

He rushed to the Reuben and nailed him, and led him away to a room

Where trainers and rubbers proceeded to marvel and fondle and groom;

And when at the close of a fortnight, the wonder was trotted to sight,

The grand-stand and bleachers went daffy and howled themselves hoarse with delight.

What next? Asked the worried kodaker who skirmished in vain for a shot!

The Reuben-led phalanx proceeded to score, with a loose jointed trot;

The foe faded fast as a snowflake in Tophet's most tropical frit,

While Rusticus romped through the rout like a mastodon having a fit.

And when all the team that opposed him lay mangled and dead on the field,

The mob went as mad as a Mullah, and hooted and hollowed and squealed,

Then Rusticus, bordered with lasses who called him a hero and prince,

Pranced off with his halo of glory, and hasn't been worth a cuss since.

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The Origin of the Banjo

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

(From "Christmas Night in the Quarters.")

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired a-hearin' you a-squawkin'. Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—

About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—

Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches, An' lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamer Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' and a-chippin' an 'a-sawin'; An' all de wicked neighbors kep a-laughin' an' a-pshawin'; But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' what wuz gwine to happen:

An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—

Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces! He had a Morgan colt an' several head o' Jarsey cattle—An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby, De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;

De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an de critters.

An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';

De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin'; De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all

de fussin',

You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'round an'

You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'round an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,

Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket:

An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,

An' soon he had a banjo made—de furst dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;

An' fitted in a proper neck—t'wuz berry long an' tap'rin'; He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it:

An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin'; De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjostringin':

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day dinner graces:

An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twus " Nebber min' de wedder,"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder; Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los'
'em---

Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo and de 'possum!

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How I Spoke the Word*

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

The snow come down in sheets of white An' made the pine trees shiver; 'Peared like the world had said good-night An' crawled beneath the kiver.

The river's shiny trail wuz gone— The winds sung out a-warnin';

*From "Comes One With a Song." Copyright 1888 by The Bowen-Merrill Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers. The mountains put their nightcaps on An' said: "Good-by till mornin'!"

'Twuz jest the night in fiel' an' wood When cabin-homes look cozy, An' fine oak fires feel mighty good, An' women's cheeks look rosy.

An' that remin's me. We wuz four, A-settin' by the fire;
But still it 'peared ten mile or more
Betwixed me an' Maria!

The old man—he was readin', at
The middle, nigh the mother;
An' from two corners, 'crost the cat,
We jest looked at each other.

An' though Maria said no word, Each bright eye, like a rover, Kep' talkin', till I sorter heard: "Speak, John, an' have it over!"

An' then I speaks! I give a cough, (The way we all begin it!) Then reeled the English langwidge off At 'bout a mile a minute!

"I've got some feelin's to express,"
I said, "About Maria!"
(The old man eyed me, then said: "Yes;
She's most too nigh the fire!")

"I don't mean fire," I floundered on (He shet the dog-eared pages),
"I thought I'd ax—" He stopped me: "John,
You want a raise in wages?"

"No sir!" I caught that eye of his,
An' then I fit an' floundered!

The thing I want to tell you is—"
Says he: "The old mare's foundered?"

No, sir! it ain't about no hoss!"
(My throat begin to rattle!)
"I see," he said, "Another loss
On them fine Jersey cattle!"

An' then I lost my patience! Then
I hollered high and higher
(You could 'a heard me down the glen):
"No, sir! I want Maria!"

"An' now," says I, "the shaft 'll strike:

He'll let that statement stay so."

He looked at me astonished—like,

Then yelled: "Why didn't you say so?"

Everything Reminds Me So of Chicken*

* * *

BY CHARLES T. GRILLEY.

Fo' 'bout a month this dahkey has been tryin'
To shake his sinful ways and be religious,
But dere seems to be a hoo-doo 'round me lyin',
My temptations dey have grown to be prodig'yus.
Fo' instance, I'se a natch'al taste fo' chicken,
An' it seems to be my fate where'er I go,
Even though I may be comin' from prayer meetin',
I'm sure to hear some rooster softly crow.

And so I makes de claim
Dat a darky ain't to blame
Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',
No matter whah he'll go,
At least I've found it so,
Everything reminds me so of chicken.

Dis mornin' while at work a fence white-washin' Some boys was playin' baseball cross de way;

*From "Jingles of a Jester." Copyright 1907 by Chas. T. Grilley. Pearson Brothers, Publishers.

De langwidge dat dey used was powerful shockin';
'Twas enough to make dis dahkey's hair turn gray.
I started den to give dose boys a lickin';
When dey saw my object dey began to howl.
Jus' den dat ball come bang against my stomach,
An' I jus' remember someone yellin' "Foul."

And so I makes de claim
Dat a dahkey ain't to blame
Fo' no doubt dose boys dey well deserved a lickin',—
But even den I will be bound,
As I lay dah on de ground,
Dat "Foul" dey hollered made me think of chicken.

Jus' one more instance I am bound to mention,
The memory of it fills my soul with shame.
I fell asleep in church las' Sunday mornin',
Since it happened, I have never been the same.
'Bout "Angel's wings" de preacher man was talkin',
I was dreamin' 'bout a chicken, I've no doubt;
When I heard him mention wings I whispered softly,
"Don't forget dat hen-house do' when you come out."

And so I makes de claim
Dat a dahkey ain't to blame
Fo' dat ol' desire dat's ever to him stickin',
No mattah where he'll go,
Even at church I've found it so,
There was something there reminding me of chicken.

Play Ball, Bill*

BY CHAS. T. GRILLEY.

Twas at a baseball game one day, Where I was passing an hour away, I chanced to hear some wisdom rare, The last thing I had looked for there. h distall

*From "Jingles of a Jester." Copyright 1907 by Chas. T. Grilley. Pearson Brothers, Publishers.

'Twas from the catcher, a wise old fox, Who was coaching a youngster in the box Who badly needed a kindly word, And these are the ones I overheard.

Get 'em over the plate, Bill, play ball for fair! Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go up in the air!

Many a race has been landed, when it looked in doubt, No game is lost Bill, till the last man's out.

Could Solomon wise, in word or deed, Give better advice to a friend in need? And oftentimes in life's great game, When trouble and worry around me came, I thought of the catcher and once more heard The voice of cheer and the helpful word, And they served a mission and smoothed my way, As they helped his pal in the box that day.

Get'em over the plate, Bill, play ball for fair! Keep your feet on the ground, boy! Don't go up in the air!

Many a race has ben landed, when it looked in doubt, No game is lost Bill, till the last man's out.

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Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson*

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I think, of all the things at school A boy has got to do, That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule, Is worst of all, don't you? Of dates there are an awful sight, An' though I study day an' night, There's only one I've got just right-That's fourteen ninety-two.

*From "In a Merry Mood." Copyright 1902 by Nixon Waterman.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
In fourteen ninety-two;
We whipped the British, fair an' square,
In fourteen ninety-two.
'At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the redcoats on the run
While the band played "Johnny Get Your Gun,"
In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat Henry, with his dyin' breath—
In fourteen ninety-two—
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
In fourteen ninety-two.
'An' Barbara Frietchie, so 't is said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old, gray head,
But I'd rather 't would be your own instead!"
In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
Asked, "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear
That our children's children's children dear
May boast that their forefathers landed here
In fourteen ninety-two."

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
In fourteen ninety-two.
'An' the Smith tribe started then an' there,
An' now there are John Smith's everywhere,
But they didn't have any Smiths to spare
In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
In fourteen ninety-two,
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
In fourteen ninety-two.
Ben Franklin flew his kite so high
He drew the lightnin' from the sky,
'An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
In fourteen ninety-two.

Hoch der Kaiser

BY. A. M. R. GORDON.



The Montreal correspondent of the New York Herald says regarding the origin of this poem:

The occasion upon which the poem was written was the Emperor William's speech upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth. At that time A. M. R. Gordon, a Scotchman by birth, and whose real name was A. McGregor Rose, was a member of the Montreal Herald staff. He had been in the habit of writing verses upon different subjects, and was looked upon as a very bright fellow indeed. The city editor, turning to him, said: "Give us a poem, Gordon, on the emperor." In less than an hour's time he turned out thirteen verses, which were entitled by him "Kaiser & Co." not "Hoch der Kaiser." The matter was sent up to the printer just as it was written, and by some mistake the foreman of the composing room only picked up eight verses in type, leaving the other five verses on the galley. The paper went to press and Gordon, who was very particular about the matter being strictly correct, got one of the first copies off the press. He at once saw the mistake and the form was recast, not, however, before a few hundred had been sent into the mailingroom for the foreign mails. Thus the fact that only eight verses were copied in the papers which printed the poem at the time. In the second edition it was given in full and signed A. M. R. Gordon. Here is the poem in its original form:

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland Und Gott on high all dings command, Ve two—ach! Don't you understand? Myself—und Gott.

He reigns in Heafen and always shall, Und mein own Embire don'd vas shmall. Ein noble pair I dinks you call Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine, Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein's Und drink der health in a Rheinish wine Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt, She's ausgespielt, she's no account. To much we think she don't amount, Myself—und Gott. She vill not dare to fight again, But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain Dot Elsass (und in French) Lorraine Are mein—by Gott.

Von Bismarck vas a man auf might, Und dought he vas glear out auf sight, But ach! he vas nicht good to fight Mit Me---und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man auf sdraw, Ve let him know whose vill vas law, Und dot we don't vould sdand his jaw, Meinself—und Gott.

We send him oudt in big disgrace, Ve gif him insuldt to his face, Und put Caprivi in his place, Meinself—und Gott.

Und ven Caprivi get svelled hedt Ve very brombtly on him set, Und toldt him to get up and get, Meinself—und Gott.

Dere's grandma dinks she is nicht small beer, Midt Boers und such she interfere; She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere But Me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got, Und soldiers midt der scarlet goat. Ach! We could knock them—pouf!—Like that,

Myself-midt Gott!

In dimes of peace, brebare for wars,
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Myself—midt Gott!

The Speaker

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In fact, I humor efry whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him.
Myself—und Gott!

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The Thirty-second Day

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,

On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute, we'll find all things we seek:

They are here in limbs of Lollipop land—a cloud island resting in air,

On the No-where side of the Mountain of Mist, in the valley of Over-there.

On the No-where side of the Mountain of Mist, in the valley of Over-there,

On a solid vapor foundation of cloud, are palaces grand and fair;

And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow—

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po!

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po,

We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we care to know;

For there the old man will never lament, the babies will never squeak,

In the Cross-Road Corners of Chaosville, in the Country of Hide-and-go-seek.

In the Cross-Road Corners of Chaosville, in the Country of Hide-and-go-seek,

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,

We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish whatever we try—
On the sunset shore of Some-time-or-other, by the beautiful Bay of By-'n'-Bye.

The Kitchen Clock

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BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly, Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy;

"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockerty-nick, nickerty-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly, Every whit as close and cozy, Billy; "Time's a-flying, Worth your trying;

Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now-now, quick-quick!
Knockerty-nick, nickerty-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly, Billy boy is looking very silly;

"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;

Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Knockerty-nick, nickerty-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy; Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!

"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockerty-nick, nickerty-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly? Spring has come again, and where is Billy? "Give me credit,

For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My-O, O-my,
By-by, by-by,
Knickerty-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

A Piazza Tragedy

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The beauteous Ethel's father has a Newly painted front piazza—

He has a Piazza;

When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted They had the front piazza painted—

That tainted Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance, Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—

That night, perchance,

In gorgeous pants; Engaging Ethel in a chat

On that piazza down he sat—

In chat, They sat.

'And when an hour or two had pass'd, He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast—

At last Stuck fast!

Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!" And fainted in a deadly faint—

This saint

Algernon sits there until this day— He cannot tear himself away,—

Away? Nay, nay!

His pants are firm, the paint is dry—He's nothing else to do but die—

To die! O my!

"Soldiers, Rest!"

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A Russian sailed over the blue Black Sea Just when the war was growing hot, And he shouted, "I'm Tjalikavakeree—Karindabrolikanavondorat—Schipkadirova—Ivandiszstova—Sanilik—Danilik—Varagobhot!"

A Turk was standing upon the shore
Right where the terrible Russian crossed;
And he cried, "Bismillah! I'm Abdel Kor—
Bazaroukilgonautoskebrosk—
Getzinpravadi—
Grivido—
Blivido—
Jenikodosk!"

So they stood like brave men, long and well,
And they called each other their proper names,
Till the lockjaw seized them, and where they fell
They buried them both by the Irodosholames—
Kalatalustchuk—
Mischaribustchup—
Bulgari—
Dulgari—
Sagharimainz.

The Recruit

BY ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad un!
Now turn out yer toes!

Yer belt is unhookit.
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through! Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Park!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden
To dhrill such a mug!
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—
Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you! Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n'— Sure, man, ye've no shape! Behind ye yer shoulders Stick out like two boulders; Yer shins is as thin As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan—two!— Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—two! Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't sphake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken your eye.

Ye're gettin' too bold, ye Compel me to scold ye,— 'Tis halt! that I say,— Will ye heed what I told ye? Wan—two!—

Wan—two!— Wan—two!—

Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gaddin', Wid dagoes like you! I'll travel no farther, I'm dyin' for wather;—Come on, if ye like,—Can ye loan me a quather?

Ya-as, you— What,—two?

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!
You'll do!
Whist! Mark!

The Regiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!"

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A Story of the Barefoot Boy

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

On Haverhill's pleasant hills there played, Some sixty years ago, In turned up trousers, tattered hat, The "Barefoot Boy" we know.

He roamed his berry fields content;
But while from brush and brier
The nimble feet got many a scratch,
His wit, beneath its homely thatch,
Aspired to something higher.

Over his dog-eared spelling-book, Or schoolboy's composition, Puzzling his head with some hard sum, Going for nuts, or gathering gum, He cherished his ambition.

He found the turtle's eggs, and watched To see the warm sun hatch 'em; Hunting with sling, or bow and arrow, Or salt to trap the unwary sparrow, Caught fish or tried to catch 'em.

But more and more to rise, to soar—
This hope his bosom fired,—
He shot his arrow, sailed his kite,
Let out his string and watched its flight,
And smiled while he aspired.

"Now I've a plan—I know we can!"
He said to Matt—another
Small shaver of the barefoot sort;
His name was Matthew—Matt, for short;
Our barefoot's younger brother.

"What, fly?" says Matt. "Well, not just that,"
John thought; "for we can't fly;
But we can go right up," says he;
"Oh higher than the highest tree:
Away up in the sky!"

"Oh, do," says Matt; "I'll hold thy hat, And watch while thee is gone." For these were Quaker lads, lisped Each in his pretty Quaker speech. "No, that won't do," says John.

"For thee must help; then we can float
As light as any feather.
We both can lift now don't thee see?
If thee lift me while I lift thee,
We shall go up together!"

An autumn evening, early dusk,
A few stars faintly twinkled;
The crickets chirped; the chores were done,
'Twas just the time to have some fun
Before the tea bell tinkled.

They spat upon their hands and clinched,
Firm under hold and upper;
"Don't lift too hard or lift too far,"
Says Matt; "or we might hit a star,
And not get back to supper!"

"Oh, no," says John; "we'll only lift A few rods up, that's all, To see the river and the town. Now don't let go till we come down, Or we shall catch a fall!

"Hold fast to me, now, one, two, three! And up we go." They jerk,
They pull and strain, but all in vain!
A bright idea and yet, 'twas plain,
It somehow wouldn't work.

John gave it up. Ah, many a John
Has tried and failed as he did.
'Twas a shrewd notion, none the less,
And still, in spite of ill success,
It somewhat has succeeded.

Kind Nature smiled on that wise child, Nor could her love deny him The large fulfillment of his plan, Since he who lifts his brother man In turn is lifted by him.

He reached the starry heights of peace Before his head was hoary; And now, at threescore years and ten, The blessings of his fellowmen Waft him a crown of glory.

Echo

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Asked of Echo, t'other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plain: "Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry? Should it be A dashing damsel gay and pert, A pattern of inconstancy; Or selfish, mercenary flirt? Quoth Echo sharply: "Nary flirt!"

What if, aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promise to amend her life,
And sin no more; can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: "Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vows she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: "Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: "Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her
Will share my labor and my rest
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (sotto voce): "Take her!"

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The Child Musician

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

He had played for his lordship's levee, He had played for her ladyship's whim, Till the poor little head was heavy, And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie, And the large eyes strange and bright, And they said—too late—"He is weary! He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violincello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!—" was the last that he said.

The Speaker

The Last Shot

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY JOHN D. REID.

Three to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved— That's the key of my tale, deep on my heart engraved. With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,

Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,

With her childlike face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest curl;

She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even caressed,

Yet never had hero braver heart than beat in that girlish breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim;

The biggest tyrant that ever lived was a lamb compared to him:

Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas next, a Borderer born and bred, With a sin on his soul for every hair that grew on his handsome head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis the stout of heart,

Foremost in every row and brawl, skilled in the "manly art";

Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young, They were three of the greatest scamps that ever deserved to be hung.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke: "Pat, look to the horses' girths; Graham, give the lady this cloak;

Now, miss, be your father's daughter; our lads are close below,

The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and we've only five miles to go."

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak but clear:

"I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're all together here,

That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope despairs;

Better to die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and turned his face away;

Denis, the stout of heart, had never a word to say;

And Douglas grasped his hilt with a look and gesture grim,

While he looked on the face o' the girl with eyes grown suddenly blurred and dim.

"Oh, you'll promise me, will you not?" the weak voice pleaded again,

"You will not leave me to them—you—soldiers—my father's men?

For the sake of my mother in heaven—and God and death so near—

Oh, father, father, you would, I know, if only you were here."

"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices were hoarse and low,

And each man prayed, I ween, that the task he might not know,

As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently— Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear, As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near"Noo, Denis, boot tae boot-keep close between, ye twa-

We've cut her a way through waur than this, an'— Chairge!" "Hurroo!" "Hurrah!"

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of

Hushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood, Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly— "Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

"Hit?"—"Ay, here in the side."—"Bad?"—"Ay, bad. but—a—h!

I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—

Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there!
—woa, there, Gem!—

Dinna forget your promise—you lassie's no for them."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,

As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night;

Then round the nearing foe, under the starry sky,

Alone with his God and his own brave heart Grahame Douglas turned to die.

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust, and fighting it, blow for blow,

Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,

He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—

And the ne'er-dae-weel was still at last 'neath the river's turbid tide.

A sputter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear, And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew His blood and life were ebbing away with every breath he drew.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made, And rising up in his saddle, erect as when on parade, "Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead; Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise," he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of pain—

"O Heaven, have pity!" she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein;

Then, giving his last command: "Ride on!" with impatient frown,

True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Oh, pale the maiden's face, but her brow was calm and clear,

Though never had woman yet such awful cause for fear; And Denis, the stout of heart, in his saddle turned to rise, With the lurid glare of maddened rage in his kindly Irish eyes.

Swiftly he aimed and fired—every shot was sure, And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each dusky blackamoor,

Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony:

"Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the last for me!"

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, and her white lips moved in prayer;

Then, with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there,

With the virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonny brow, She laid her hand on Denis's arm, and gently whispered: "Now!"

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips,

And "Say you forgive me, miss," broke hoarse from his ashen lips.

"Forgive you? Again and again! You see I do not fear! God bless you, gallant soldier! Now, straight and sureaim here!"

She laid one hand on her heart, then clasped them over her head,

And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped;

And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim-

When all the world seemed leaping to meet them in thunder and cloud and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek and grate—

'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—

'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's mad'ning alarms—

The Captain's daughter fainted safe in her frantic father's arms.

While, with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and steel,

With flame in each rider's eye, and fire at each charger's heel,

With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath—

The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

But prone on his back lay Denis-Denis, the stout of heart-

Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.

Dying—alone! Unheeded! What matter? The fight was won.

He was only a common soldier—besides, his work was done.

Only three common soldiers, only three common men, Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again;

Only doing their duty, teaching this lesson anew— Where'er true woman points the way, true man will dare

The Speaker

Requital

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Loud roared the tempest,
Fast fell the sleet;
A little Child Angel
Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions,
And weary feet.

The moon was hidden,
No stars were bright,
So she could not shelter
In heaven that night,
For the Angels' ladders
Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
At each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
But all in vain:
"Listen," they said,
"To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed, as the laughter
And mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter
Beside your fire,
And I will give you
Your heart's desire!"

The dreamer sat watching
His embers gleam,
While his heart was floating
Down hope's bright stream
. . . So he wove her wailing
Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
For his time was brief;
The mourner was nursing
Her own pale grief:

They hear not the promise That brought relief.

But fiercer the Tempest Rose than before, When the Angel paused At a humble door, And asked for refuge And help once more.

A weary woman,
Pale, worn and thin,
With the brand upon her
Of want and sin,
Heard the Child Angel,
And took her in.

Took her in gently,
And did her best
To dry her pinions;
And made her rest
With tender pity
Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
Grew bright and red,
Up the first sunbeam
The Angel fled;
Having kissed the woman
And left her—dead.

Illusions of War

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BY RICHARD LAGALLIENNE.

War I abhor, And yet how sweet The sound along the marching street Or drum and fife! And I forget Wet eyes of widows, and forget Broken old mothers, and the whole Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink Of heady music, sweet as death; And even my peace-abiding feet Go marching with the marching street; For yonder, yonder, goes the fife, And what care I for human life!

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe
You hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O, snap the fife, and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

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An Evening Idyll

The evening star its vesper lamp Above the west had lit, The dusky curtains of the night Were falling over it.

He seized her waist and clasped her hand And told his tale of love; He called her every tender name, "My darling," "duck," and "dove."

The Speaker

A tremor shook her fairy form, Her eyes began to blink; Her pulse rose to a hundred, and She cried: "I think—I think—"

He sighed: "You think you love me?" for His soul was on the rack; "Oh, no!" she yelled; "I think a bug Is crawling down my back!"

-Anonymous.

Casey At the Bat

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BY PHINEAS THAYER.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day, The score stood four to six with but an inning left to play.

And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,

A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest, With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.

For they thought if only Casey could get a whack at that,

They'd put up even money with Casey at the bat.
But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to
the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all, And the much despised Blakely tore the cover off the ball.

And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,

There was Blakely safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from the gladdened-multitude went up a joyous yell,

It bounded from the mountain top and rattled in the dell,

It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat, For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,

There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face,

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,

Five thousand tongues applauded as he wiped them on his shirt;

And while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip—

Defiance gleamed from Casey's eye—a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That hain't my style," said Casey—"Strike one," the
Umpire said.

From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,

Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;

"Kill him! Kill the Umpire!" shouted some one from the stand—

And it's likely they'd have done it had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,

He stilled the rising tumult and he bade the game go on; He signaled to the pitcher and again the spheroid flew,

But Casey still ignored it, and the Umpire said "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" yelled the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud,"

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed:

They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips; his teeth are clenched with hate,

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate; And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go. And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

'And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has "Struck Out."

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When I Was a Boy

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed When I was a boy, a little boy! For the grace that through the lattice streamed Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of phophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times-to-be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

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Hear the Drums March By*

BY WILL CARLETON.

Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by! This is Decoration Day. Hurry and be spry! Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high! Crippled of the body, now, and blinded of the eye, Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul. Hear the beat-beat o' the boots on the street; Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife; Hear the tones grand of the words of command; Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply; Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em for all that; Old Colonal Ray, stately an' gray, Riding slow and solemn, at head of the column; There's Major Bell, sober now, and well; Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag; There's old Strong that I tented with so long;

*From "City Festivals." Copyright 1902. Harper & Brothers.

There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud! Hey, boys, say! can't you glance up this way? Here's an old comrade, crippled now, and gray! This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch; I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly! No, I won't sit still an' let the boys march by!

Oh! I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!
No use to flutter; no use to try.
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front;
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;
All the milk's spilt; there's no use to cry,
Plague o' these tears, and the moaning in my ears!
Part of a war is to suffer and to die;
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—Suffer and to die—suffer and to—why!

Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead, and gone!

All the old regiment, excepting only I,
Marched out of sight in the country of the night;
That was a spectre band went past so grand,
All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky—
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!

* * * *

On the Bottom of the Dory*

BY J. B. CONNOLLY.



HERE was constraint between the men, else it would never have happened. When Martin came to the surface the dory lay bottom-up, perhaps thirty feet away, and between him and the dory was Harry struggling heavily. "Take the thwart." said

Martin, and tossed it to him. "And here," picking up the empty trawl tub from beside him in the sea and casting that also to Harry, although with each effort he

*From "Collier's." Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. Reprinted by special permission.

pushed himself under the water and came up gasping; and yet a light matter that to him who was a swimmer beyond the average, and who now, weighted down though he was with heavy winter clothing, jack-boots, oilskins, had but little fear of reaching the dory.

Between tub and thwart the weaker man rested himself until Martin made the dory, when, taking a turn around one elbow of the painter which Martin cast him, he allowed himself to be drawn carefully alongside, and being by then pretty well exhausted he accepted Martin's further help to climb up on the bottom of the dory.

"And now take the plug strap," said Martin; and in

his voice was just a note of contempt.

And there they clung on, Harry hanging safely to the plug strap, while Martin balanced himself with wide-spread arms and legs straddling the narrow bottom of the dory's bow. Two hours they clung so, and still the fog held; and then the snow began to fall. Only once did it break, and then only as if to make a lane through which they might see the sun sinking in the west. And with that sun went down much of their hope, though Martin would never have confessed it aloud.

"One good thing, we're sure of the points of the compass anyway, now. 'Tis a northeaster, and 'twill hang on till morning surely."

"I'll never live till morning," said Harry, "even if I

could hang on that long."

The consuming pity that glowed in Martin for all weak creatures dulled for a moment to the old ashes of contempt, though his "No, I don't think you could," was more by way of prodding the creature to at least a show of courage.

Во-о-о-т!

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"There goes the skipper with that old-fashioned foggun of his." Martin raised himself on an elbow as if to catch an echo. "She'll still be at anchor, and in the same spot. That's good."

"The vessel!" exclaimed Harry, and began to call

wildly: "Hi-i-the Ariadne!"

"You might save your breath," suggested Martin, and again his scorn betrayed itself; "for she must be a mile to wind'ard of us."

It was not yet too dark for Martin to observe the ex-

pression of despair overcasting Harry's face. "Cheer up, boy, cheer up. 'Tis a deep sounding yet to bottom."

"Why, have you any notion we c'n save ourselves?"
"Oh, I don't know—a way will turn up, maybe."

Bo-o-o-m! came over the darkening waters.

"Like a word from home, that old fog-gun, isn't it?" Martin had made his way along the dory's bottom until now he lay beside his mate. Possibly for five minutes he lay so, gazing out thoughtfully along the broken level of the heaving sea. "Ay, there is a chance."

The meditating pauses gave way then to more incisive speech: "Help me get off my oilskins. One hand at a time, and between us we can do it. And don't be so everlastingly afraid you'll fall overboard. There—there's the oil-jacket. Now the boots. Let 'em go. 'Tis no time now for economy—better them than us. Now the oil pants. There—the clothes 'll come easier. These wet underclothes—they're like another skin, aren't they? There now," and he stood up on the bottom of the dory, swaying easily to the upheave of it. "Br-h-h—but the air's cold. The water's warmer." And, dropping down by the bow, immersed himself to the neck.

"What are you going to do, Martin? Not swim to the

vessel?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing? You'll never make it."

"No? And what then? Will I be any worse off than you here? There's no chance for us to be picked off to-night, and the skipper won't shift his berth to-night, for the very reason you said yourself—he'll think we're looking for the vessel. And so he'll wait where we can find him, as he'll think. So, even if it clears up to-night, which it won't, he can't see us, and so no chance for us before morning. And you can't last till then, you say. And there's one chance for me to make the vessel. Straight up the wind she lies, maybe three-quarters of a mile, maybe a mile."

"But, Martin, if you do make it? Just think, you might make it—you don't know your own strength. It's common talk, Martin, your strength. Will you come

back to me?"

Martin cast the other's imploring arm from him.

"Come back? Heavens, man, for what do you take me? Come back!"

"What do you mean by that, Martin? You will or you won't? Oh, Martin, I know what's in your mind. And I know what that'll mean to me? Before morning I'll be standing before the God that made me, and, Martin, I'm afraid. Martin, did Malachi ever hint to vou anything between me and you and Sarah? Ay, he has. I know he has. Malachi never did like me much, but since we've left on this trip he's hated me. He drew part of it out of me one night on deck, and I remember how afraid I was to pass between him and the rail for fear he'd take it into his head to throw me overboard. And he would, if he made up his mind to it, and no fear he wouldn't sleep sound after it. A terrible man, Malachi Jennings, and hates me. Ever since he saw me at Sarah's house before we left home this trip, while he was on his way to the dock to go aboard the vessel, he's had a grudge in for me. And that's what's between you and me, though neither of us has spoken of it, all this trip. Dorymates are we, and yet like strangers. Martin, I'll tell you the whole truth. Sarah had promised to have mein a way. At first she said that she couldn't make up her mind; but next trip in, she said at last, she'd have me if-if-"

"If what?" The naked man in the water rose up beside the other, his shoulders and back uncannily white against the dark sea, and the face white, all white but the staring dark eyes.

Harry drew back in alarm. "Don't look at me so, Martin—don't! She said yes—if she weren't promised

to somebody else before the vessel went out."

"If she warn't—to somebody else." Martin repeated it slowly. "And," after a pause—"and she wasn't either."

"Why, no. It couldn't been plainer, of course. She was expecting you'd ask her before we went out this trip. And I thought you would. And I knew you would if I hadn't been there, and so I took care you'd see me at the window as you crossed the street to come up to the door; and I laughing so, you didn't come in, but went on by, and she sitting in back couldn't see how it was."

"And she promised you?"

"Well, the same as that, 'If I'm not promised to anybody else when next you're home—if I'm not—I'll marry you,' she'd already said, not knowing that you had come to the door and gone away without ringing."

The white body sank into the water, and like a strange voice the words came back to the man at the plug strap. "You see our chance—the tide is almost slack now. an hour now 'twill be setting to the southwest, and the westerly tide at its height is here like a mill-race—'twill carry you and the dory out of sight long before morning. But in the next hour or two you won't drift far from here, and I'll try and make the vessel. If I do, I'll be back with a dory, and we'll find you, don't fear. And don't get discouraged if I'm gone longer than you think I ought to be. I'm going, and in case we never see each other again, good-by to you."

With a great fear Harry saw the white shoulders slip away from his side. From the level of the dory's bottom he gazed along the sea, till he could no longer see the gleam of the white skin. He listened, and faintly he could hear the strokes of arms and legs kicking through

the water.

Suddenly it flashed on him—it was all a trick! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Martin, a mighty man in the water, would make the vessel. And Martin would not come back. And why? Because he, and not Martin, had her promise. That was why. She would never go back on her word, not while he held her to it. But if he were lost, how easy it would all be for Martin! And for her, with Martin, there would be small regret for his own self dead and gone.

"Martin! Martin Carr!" he shieked. "Don't leave

me! Don't leave me here alone!"

But no word came back to him; he could not even hear the steady, powerful strokes of Martin Carr struggling with the heavy waves. Now and again the swimmer lifted his head and sought to pierce the darkness, but even from the crest of the rolling seas he doubted if he could have made out the vessel ten feet away. Rather to rest himself than for any other purpose were those little pauses—'twas a long road before him. He battled on and found his brain was not altogether dulled.

Bo-o-o-m! At the report fresh courage came back to him. It seemed nearer. A long battling and it sounded again—Bo-o-o-m! Again—but what a long wait between! Martin could barely lift his arms through the sea, he was that tired, and began to realize that the end might be at hand, and with the thought all the stories he had ever heard of men drowning alongside the vessel flashed into his brain again.

Bo-o-o-m!

"What an everlasting mournful sound—like minuteguns for the dead."

Bo-o o-m!

"Fainter, that's sure. I'm falling off. You've got to bid higher up, Martin Carr."

Bo-o o-m!

"Nearer but no time yet to waste breath in hailing."

Bo-o o-m!

Still faint it was, and yet from out of the snow loomed phantom lights and high, vague shadows of phantom sails.

Boom! The flash of it was almost blinding, and the shock enough to deafen. No phantom gun, anyway. "God! I must be some tired," he observed; "so near and not to suspect it"—and lifting a hand he felt the side of the vessel. But there was nothing to hold to, and the sea threatened to throw him against her planking. Patiently he shoved off and made for the bow. And not till then, with a hand to her straining cable, did he hail.

To Malachi Jennings, on watch and somewhat worn

came the cry, and Martin was drawn aboard.

"Where's Harry? Glory be—God forgive me for saying it—but is he gone?"

"No, but waiting, Malachi."

"Waiting? For who? For what?"

"For a dory to be put over and pick him off. He's lying—so"—Martin's arm pointed—"a good mile—ten miles, I thought it one time. But call it a mile straight down the wind."

"And would you go back for him? For that chalk and water image of a human being? God, man, it's all

in your hands now-leave him there."

"No, no, no, Malachi-we must do what's right."

"And what's right in this case? A creature like him to be placed ahead of you? He never was any good nor never will be, while you—man, leave this to me. Sometimes disillusioned men like me win hope of heaven by watching out for overtrustful men like you, Martin Carr."

Footsteps hurried toward them. The skipper's face broke into the yellow circle of the riding light. "What's

it, Malachi? And what's that-a man?"

"It's Martin, skipper. His dory's capsized, and he's swam aboard."

"Man alive, how did you? And where's Harry?"

"Gone, Martin thinks, skipper;" and to the tired man whispering: "Hist now, leave it to me," and turning to the argumenting group on deck: "Quit asking him questions and give him a mug of coffee."

"Sure, a mug of coffee—this way, Martin," and

helped him below.

Into the fo'c's'le Martin staggered, and, his nakedness covered, dropped on the locker nearest the galley stove, and drank the mug of coffee they brought him. Before he had quite finished they poured him out another, and sat around and discussed the fate of Martin's dory mate.

"So Harry is gone? Well, that's hard, too."

"Yes, though I never could warm up to him; but when a man's lost it's different."

"Poor Harry! Well, there was a bit of good in him, too. And lost at last!"

Martin had been coming out of his stupor. He gazed from one to the other. "Who's lost? Harry? Who said he was lost—me? No, no—God, man, no!"

"What, he's not! Not lost, you say, Martin?" It

was the skipper himself who grasped his arm.

"No, no, no! Over with a dory and put her straight for where I said and you'll get him. And keep the gun going all the time, never a let-up—play tunes with it. By that he'll know I'm aboard, and 'twill cheer him up while he's waiting. Over with a dory—quick!"

The skipper jumped for the companionway. "Sling

a dory over the side."

"Ay, go straight down the-" but the reaction set-

ting in, he leaned back with closed eyes.

"That's enough, Martin." Malachi was beside him on the locker. "You're tired, man—turn in. You told

me how the dory bore. I'm going in her with the skipper and we'll get him."

Martin gazed blankly after the retreating bootlegs of Malachi, and rubbing his forehead and turning to the cook: "What was it he said?"

The cook jumped to his side. "Martin, man, you're all gone. There, you're staggering again. Another mug of coffee now. And here, tumble into this bunk."

The creak of the rope and block came down to them from the deck. Martin, about to roll into the seductive, handy bunk, hesitated, turned out onto the locker, and, gazing up the companionway, asked: "Isn't that the dory?"

"Sure."

A splash on the water dented the tense silence below. "There, she's over the side, Martin. Don't worry—they'll get him, the skipper and Malachi."

"Malachi? Let me by. Stand aside—aside, man!"

"Steady, Martin. You're weak-lie down."

"Weak?" He tossed the cook to the fore-bulkhead and rushed on deck. Malachi was pushing the dory from the side of the vessel. "To wind'ard, skipper," he was saying. "Straight up the wind, Martin, said."

"No, but to le'ward, skipper, straight down the wind—and to make sure, I'll go myself," and Martin leaped

from rail to dory.

"Heavens!" snapped Malachi, "he's ruined the whole

thing!"

"What's that?" The skipper half turned on his thwart. "What's ruined?"

"My pipe. I bit the stem of it off between my teeth."

"H-m—no wonder, and the way you snap those jaws of yours at times. But give way now, give way. Straight down the wind you said, Martin? Lord, but it's good to think I'll not sail into Gloucester with a half-masted flag this time."

Suddenly, he and the skipper rowing and Martin huddled in the stern, Malachi almost let an oar slip from between the thole-pins in an unconscious effort to slap his thighs as the thought came to him, and: "I'll fix him yet," he gritted.

"What's the matter with you?" The skipper, half

turning again, spat it out impatiently.

As if in warning the drowsy voice of Martin came from the stern—" Play fair for him Malachi, play fair." Straight down the wind they found the dory, with Harry still hailing feebly from the bottom of it. They bore down with great caution, and when they were all but within reach, Malachi, who had the bow athwart in with his oars.

"I suppose, skipper, with Martin so weak he can hardly help himself, I'd better lift Harry in. So, if you'll lean up to windward, I'll make ready to get him in."

"That's right, Malachi, go ahead," said the skipper.

"And now," Malachi leaned over the gunwhale nearest the overturned dory—"now you'll have to jump into the sea, Harry—we daren't come nearer. Jump for me and I'll get you—it's only one plunge."

"I'm afraid. Can't you get me, skipper?"

"Well, come on."

Over plunged the shivering man. One scoop, and Malachi, reaching far out, with one long arm drew him under the flare of the dory's bow.

"Safe!" gurgled Harry.

"D'ye think so?" gritted Malachi. "Do you feel it—my thumb to your wind pipe? I'll fix you yet—say it, say it quick now when I slack up."

"Y-yes, yes."

"You'll tell the story of this night to Sarah? Say it."
"I will—lift me in—G-g—I'm going! I promise—so

help me—G-g—"

"That's it, and to see you do it right—that's if you have the face to go back and see her again after what Martin did for you this night—I'll be there when you tell her; for blast your shivering soul, I wouldn't trust you even now. And after you've told it I know what you'll get—"

"What's wrong there, Malachi? Can't you lift him in alone?"

"Lift him? That periwinkle! Man alive—" Malachi heaved mightily. One long wrench, and from the clinging sea he tossed him into the bottom of the dory. "Like a fresh-caught halibut, ain't he, skipper. Only to carry out the likeness I suppose I ought to've hit him on the nose with a gobstick, before I hauled him in."

"Quit your foolin', Malachi-you did a good job,

though."

"Ho! ho! that's it—a good job, skipper. Yes, sir; if I do say it myself, a good job. A better job than you or even Martin there thinks," and loudly he laughed.

"Stop your foolishness and give way."

"Sure, skipper, way it is. But did ever you hear, skipper?" and loudly he sang:

"Oh, the gods looked down and the gods decreed That if ever a good man stood in need, They'd send a bolt from out the sky, And the bolt they sent, O Lord, was I.

Ho! ho! ain't that a good one, Harry-boy? Hah, what?"

Tut the rescued man only shivered in the bottom of
the topy.

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The Last Straw*

BY CHAS. T. GRILLEY.

His name is Litzschaikowtzski,— Where'er he telephones, He wishes good kind Providence Had christened him plain Jones.

For when a voice says, "Name, please?" And he does his best to tell it—
The limit surely has been reached
When echo answers, "Spell it!"

*From "Jingles of a Jester." Copyright 1907 by Chas. T. Grilley. Pearson Brothers, Publishers.

Napoleon

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOL.



LITTLE while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the

balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolar in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the Pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic, in defeat and disaster. driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris-clutched like a wild beast-banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king,-and I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said: "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my

children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great."

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"Faces In the Street"

BY HENRY LAWSON.

They lie, the men who tell us, in a loud, decisive tone, That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown; For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet, My windowsill is level with the faces in the street,—

Drifting past, drifting past, To the beat of weary feet,—

While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair.

To see upon those faces stamped the look of Want and Care:

I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street.—

Drifting on, drifting on,

To the scrape of restless feet;

I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

I wonder would the apathy of wealthy men endure, Were all their windows level with the faces of the poor? Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your hearts in terror beat,

When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the street.

The wrong things and the bad things And the sad things that we meet

In the filthy lane and alley, and the cruel, heartless street.

Democracy

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[An extract from an address delivered at Birmingham, England, 1884.]



SHALL address myself to a single point only in the long list of offences of which we are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease

of Democracy.

But is it really a new ailment, and, if it be, is America answerable for it? Even if she were, would it account for the phylloxera, and hoof-and-mouth disease, and bad harvests, and bad English, and the German bands, and the Boers, and all the other discomforts with which these later days have vexed the souls of them that go in chariots? Yet I have seen the evil example of Democracy in America, cited as the source and origin of things quite as heterogeneous and quite as little connected with it by any sequence of cause and effect. Surely this ferment is nothing new. It has been at work for centuries, and we are more conscious of it only because in this age of publicity, where the newspapers offer a rostrum to whoever has a grievance, or fancies that he has, the bubbles and scum thrown up by it are more noticeable on the surface than in those dumb ages when there was a cover of silence and suppression on the caldron.

Nor was it among the people that subversive or mistaken doctrines had their rise. A Father of the Church said that property was theft many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue reaffirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops, and of the theory that the State owed every man a living. Nay, was not the Church herself the first organized Democracy? A few centuries ago the chief end of man was to keep his soul alive, and then the little kernel of leaven that sets the gases at work was religious, and produced the Reformation. Even in that, far-sighted persons like the Emperor Charles V, saw the germ of political and social revolution. Now that the chief end

of man seems to have become the keeping of the body alive, and as comfortably alive as possible, the leaven also has become wholly political and social. Formerly the immense majority of men—our brothers—knew only their sufferings, their wants, and their desires. They are beginning now to know their opportunity and their power.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and polit-'ical theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. "For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the Rights of Man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible

is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No: the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes, as if the movement of which we are conscious were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and embed it in the memory.

Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us—certainly every generation since the invention of printing-has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. "Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it—have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions—at

all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as is has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficient ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school for manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjunct and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners. and conduct-to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

American Democracy

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[An extract from an address delivered at Birmingham, England, 1884.]



EW people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with spectres

and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people, by the people, for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" And this the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' And he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee'; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself;' and the door was opened to him."

But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such the citizens decide directly upon every question

of public concern in a general assembly.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in the theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed.

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved, on the whole, successful? If it had not, would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? This trial would have been less severe could it have been made with a people homogeneous in race, language, and traditions, whereas the United States have been called on to absorb and assimilate enormous masses of foreign population, heterogeneous in all these respects, and drawn mainly from that class which might fairly say that the world was not their friend, nor the world's law. The previous condition too often justified the traditional Irishman, who, landing in New York and asked what his politics were, inquired if there was a Government there, and on being told that there was, retorted, "Thin I'm agin it!" We have taken from Europe the poorest, the most ignorant, the most turbulent of her people, and have made them over into good citizens, who have added to our wealth, and who are ready to die in defence of a country and of institutions which they know to be worth dying for.

Carlyle said scornfully that America meant only roast turkey every day for everybody. He forgot that States, as Bacon said of wars, go on their bellies. As for the security of property, it should be tolerably well secured in a country where every other man hopes to be rich, even though the only property qualification be the ownership of two hands that add to the general wealth. Is it not the best security for anything to interest the largest possible number of persons in its preservation and the smallest in its division?

I should not think of coming before you to defend or to criticize any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race, with signal services to humanity and culture. The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet, if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble a good while before it found the chance for a convincing reply.

As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised, but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he

had imagined.

It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed, and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it?

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

"Be your own palace or the world's your goal."

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the smallpox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

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John C. Breckenridge

BY JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN.

[An extract from the oration delivered at Lexington, Ky., 1887, at the unveiling of the statue of John C. Breckenridge.]



HEN a great man dies the living seek to perpetuate his memory. For this monuments are builded, mausoleums founded and statues erected. This is not done to appease the dead nor to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to

inspire the living to nobler and better lives. No monuments that we may build, no honors that we may render, no eulogiums that we may utter, can reach into that faroff mysterious realm to which the spirit of the mighty dead has gone; but the living may be taught by great example, and ambition may be stirred in those who are to follow us by study of the lives of those who were truly great. Kentucky has selected a model to offer to her coming generations. She, the great commonwealth, comes to-day with uncovered head to consecrate a statue that she has built with loving hands to the memory of an illustrious son whom "she wisely nursed for fame."

Within the mind and heart of John C. Breckinridge, there dwelt the most profound love and admiration for the principles of the Constitution and for a government administered under them. Fortunately, although no historian has yet formulated these views for the enlightenment of posterity, he has left in enduring print the record which vindicated his name.

. On the fourth of January, 1859, in the memorable address which he delivered as Vice-President in vacating the old Senate chamber to occupy the new one, he said in a burst of patriotic fervor, after reviewing the progress of the country to its then advanced position of natural glory: "Is there an American who regrets the past? Is there one who will deride his country's laws, pervert her Constitution, or alienate her people? there be such a man, let his memory descend to posterity laden with the execration of all mankind." Concluding. he placed upon record in imperishable words his estimate of that Constitution: "And now, Senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments of the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires, and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble halls must molder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoulty trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the representatives of American States, still united, prosperous and free." . . .

War had come. The Southern senators had gone. Deserted and abandoned, solitary and alone, treading in the footsteps of the immortal Clay, illustrating his statesmanship, his patriotism and his courage, pleading for a rational adjustment and honorable peace, he will pass into history all the grander because he stood alone. . . .

Suspected and mistrusted upon his entrance into the Senate, he patiently braved and bore it all. The battle of Manassas was fought. A beaten and broken army sought refuge in the capital, but this triumph of the South extorted no exultation from the grave and anxious senator. His allegiance was still due to the Government that he was seeking to serve. He had seen the political

system of his forefathers shattered. His efforts were futile. His mission was ended. Amid the ruin that surrounded, in this same chamber over which he had so long presided, sadly surveying the wreck that had come both to the Union and himself, he sat like Caius Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. All was lost but honor.

Brave words he spoke. Unawed by power, he dared to plead his convictions. He clung with a hope that defied despair. He came back to his people to find that they were shackled. His love of country, his hopes, his ambitions, his aspirations, were all at stake. Before him had stretched all that a trusting people could bestow. The goal for which American statesmen have ever struggled had been within his easy reach, but was only to be attained by a forfeiture of principles and an abandonment of friends. He took counsel of his conscience and did not err. Cæsar had been accredited with pushing aside a crown, but Cæsar accepted imperial power. Washington refused to don the purple of permanent authority, but Washington accepted the rulership of a new-born republic. This man calmly surveyed the field and put behind him the well-assured possession of the greatest trust ever committed to mortal man—the Presidency of a republic numbered with the foremost nations of the earth—a place that out-ranks crowns, if acquired not by fraud or accident, but as a tribute paid to ability and conspicuous service.

None who knew him doubted the decision he would make. Faithfully and fearlessly he had striven to avert war and save the union of the States. His powers had all been exerted and exhausted. Nothing remained but to take his place where conscience pointed and meet the inevitable with lofty courage.

He knew that the voice of Kentucky was stifled. He knew that, with the mailed hand of military power at her throat, she could not voice the will of her people. He knew that the State could not go with him to the Confederacy, but that he must go alone, uncovered by her shield; but he knew that thousands of her intrepid sons would gather to his standard and follow where he led. He did not ask to place his action upon the ground of obedience to the edict of his State. He recognized as the great issue involved in the struggle, the preservation or

destruction of the whole system of constitutional government. He believed that the question to be determined was whether the government which survived should be one of limited powers, under which the liberties of the citizen might find shelter, or one resting alone upon arbitrary power. Every principle or conviction that he cherished was at stake. He did not hesitate. Refusing to recognize as a State government those who were overawed by a military government they dared not defv. on the 8th of October, 1861, he published an address from Bowling Green to the people of Kentucky, returned to them the great trust they had given, resigned his seat in the Senate, and, flinging away ambition, drew that sword that was never sheathed until the last army had melted from the earth and the flag that he followed had gone down at last amid tears and blood.

Viewed in the light of results personal to Breckinridge, the great mistake of his life would appear to consist in the persistency with which he clung to the hope of a peaceful adjustment and in his failure to take his State with him into the Confederacy, which he could undoubtedly have done in the spring of 1861. The only explanation is to be found in the hope, to which he tenaciously clung, of a settlement without resort to arms. With Kentucky as a member of the Confederacy, Breckinridge would have stood on even terms with the other leaders in that great drama, but throughout this stormy period he seems never to have thought of self, but only to take his place wherever assigned and discharged his duties as best he could. He never sought promotion nor did he need to.

May the youth of our State and country learn from a study of his life, whom to-day we honor, the lofty patriotism, the dignity, the fidelity and courage that constitute

the worthy citizen.

Recalling the past and measuring her responsibilities to the future, in the presence of her sons and daughters, in the sight of Omnipotent God, Kentucky dedicates this monument to her broad-brained, great-hearted idol son. Orator, statesman, soldier, patriot, to thy immortal name and to thy deathless fame, Kentucky consecrates this statue and tenders it to posterity as proof of the love she bore thee.

Provoked

Henry W. Grady in The New South tells the follow-

ing:

You remember the story of the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruption as the landing afforded, into the basement; and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out:

"John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John; "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

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Alexander Hamilton

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

[Delivered on the steps of Trinity Church, New York City, July 14, 1804, just before the burial service. An extract.]



F on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my

own; and yet, I fear, that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to portray that heroic spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia, he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shade when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world. The penetrating eye of Washington soon per-

ceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an aide, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the more important scenes of our revolution. At the siege of York he pertinaciously insisted on, and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He stormed the redoubt: but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the unlifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favor—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our pros-

perity.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity. All these he found in Hamilton.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the

eternal principle of justice.

Fellow citizens, you have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivaled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourself. And now you feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my

departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, Would Hamilton have done this thing?

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead you to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

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Uses of Education for Business

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT.

[An extract from an address delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, 1890.]



HE business man in large affairs requires keen observation, a quick mental grasp of new subjects, and a wide range of knowledge. Whence come these powers and attainments—either to the educated or to the uneducated—save through practice and study?

But education is only early systematic practice and study under guidance. The object of all good education is to develop just these powers—accuracy in observation, quickness and certainty in seizing upon the main points of a new subject, and discrimination in separating the trivial from the important in great masses of facts. This is what liberal education does for the physician, the

lawyer, the minister, and the scientist. This is what it can do also for the man of business; to give a mental power is one of the main ends of the higher education. Is not active business a field in which mental power finds full play? Again, education imparts knowledge, and who has greater need to know economics, history, and natural science than the man of large business?

Further, liberal education develops a sense of right, duty and honor; and more and more, in the modern world, large business rests on rectitude and honor, as well as on good judgment. Education does this through the contemplation and study of the moral ideals of our race; not in drowsiness or dreaminess, or in mere vague enjoyment of poetic religious abstractions, but in the resolute purpose to apply spiritual ideals to actual life. The true university fosters ideals, but always to urge that they be put in practice in the real world. When the universities hold up before their youth the great Semitic ideals which were embodied in the Decalogue, they mean that those ideals should be applied in politics. When they teach their young men that Asiatic ideal of unknown antiquity, the Golden Rule, they mean that their disciples shall apply it to business; when they inculcate that comprehensive maxim of Christian ethics, "Ye are all members of one another," they mean that this moral principle is applicable to all human relations, whether between individuals, families, states, or nations.

Now, there is no field of human activity in which ideals applied are of more value than in business. Again, higher education has always made great account of the power of expression in speech and writing, whence has arisen an opinion that liberal education must be less useful to the man of business than to the lawyer, or minister, because the business man has less need than they of this power. It seems to me that this view is no longer true. Have we not all seen, in recent years, that leading men of business, particularly those who act for corporations, have great need of a highly trained power of clear and convincing expression? Business men seem to me to need, in speech and writing, all the Roman terseness and the French clearness; the graces and elegancies of literary style they may indeed dispense with, but not with the greater qualities of compactness, accuracy, and vigor.

It is a liberal education indeed, which teaches a youth of fair parts and reasonable industry to speak and write his native language strongly, accurately, and persuasively. That one attainment is sufficient reward for the whole long course of twelve years spent in liberal study.

But you may say: This is all theory; what are the facts with regard to the connection between higher education and successful business life? To investigate the results actually obtained in this respect by the American colleges during the past forty or fifty years would require the cooperation of a very large number of persons; for no satisfactory result could be reached which was not based on an intimate knowledge of the careers and personal fortunes of thousands of men who are in no sense public men. Business life does not necessarily bring a man before the public as the life of a lawyer, minister, or politician does; each individual can only report the facts which have fallen under his personal observation. My own class in Harvard College numbered eighty-nine at graduation. Eleven of that number, or one-eighth of the whole, have attained remarkable success in business-a larger proportion than have distinguished themselves to a corresponding degree in any other walk of life.

Among the young men who have graduated from Harvard University within forty years, I have seen many cases of rapid advancement from the bottom to the top of business corporations in great variety. A young man leaves college at twenty-three and goes into a cotton mill at the bottom; and in four years he is superintendent. Another lands in a Western city, three days after his graduation, without a dollar, and without a friend in the city, and ten years afterwards he is the owner of the best establishment for printing books in that city. A young man six years out of college is superintendent of one of the largest woolen mills in the United States. Another, but a little older, is the manager of one of the most important steel works in the country.

These are but striking examples of a large class of facts. In eastern Massachusetts, graduates of Harvard get greatly more than their due numerical proportion of the best places in banking, insurance, transportation, and manufacturing. This is the case not only in the old,

well-established occupations, but in the new as well. For example, the president of the corporation which controls one of the newest industries in the world is a Harvard first scholar. I speak from no little personal observation when I say that there is no more striking general fact about the graduates of Harvard during the past fifty years than their eminent success in business. From one-fifth to one-third of the members of the successive graduating classes ultimately go into business. The same is probably true of many another American college.

Finally, successful business men themselves give no doubtful answer to the question we are considering. I observe that successful business men, with the rarest exceptions, wish their sons to be educated to the highest point the sons can reach. No matter whether the father be himself an educated man or not; when his success in business has given him the means of educating his children, he is sure to desire that they receive a liberal education whether they are going into business or not.

I should not worthily represent here the profession to which I belong, if I did not say in closing that liberal education is an end in itself, apart from all its utilities and applications. When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision, and open for it the avenues of knowledge. The same is true of liberal education in its utmost reach. Its chief objects for the individual are development, inspiration, and exaltation; the practical advantages which flow from it are incidental, not paramount.

For the community the institutions of higher education do a like service. They bring each successive generation of youth up to levels of knowledge and righteousness which the preceding generation reached in their maturity. Public comfort, ease and wealth are doubtless promoted by them; but their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness.

The Birth of Saint Patrick

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

On the eighth day of March it, some people say,
Saint Partick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could
know

If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in old Ireland, they say, Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday. Some fought for the eighth,—for the ninth more would die.

And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye! At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine, Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine; Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark, So let that be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk. "If he wasn't a twin, sure our history will show That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!" Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their bliss,

'And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Irish Astronomy

BY CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

O'Ryan was a man of might Whin Ireland was a nation, But poachin' was his heart's delight 'And constant occupation. He had an ould Militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "Avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
While betther is to spare, sir;
But here's a jug of mountain-dew,
And there' a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll send you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull and Cancer."
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin' is rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the Shillaly.

A Pair of Platonics

BY W. B. FERRETT.

I had sworn to be a bachelor—she had sworn to be a maid-

For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony "paid:"

Besides, we had our higher loves: fair Science ruled my

And she said her young affections were all wound up in Art

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live

'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more

to give; We would be "friends,"—and friends as true as e'er were man and man,

I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan!

We scorned all sentimental trash-vows, kisses, tears, and sighs;

High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;

We liked each other—that was all—quite all there was to say;

So we shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;

We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum,"

And many a time we wandered together o'er the hills; I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease, We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees, And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,-

While the western skies, and my cigar. burned slowly out together.

Yet, through it all, no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,

Told aught of warmer sentiments than friendly sym-

pathy:

We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ, And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go,—

My going meant our parting; when to meet we did not know;

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;

For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."

The words came lightly, gayly; but a great sob, just behind,

Welled upward—with a story of quite a different kind!

An then, she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue!

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;—

One long, long glance, and then I did . . . what I never did before!

Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but sure the kiss meant more!

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Youth's Reply

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(From "Voluntaries III.")

In an age of tops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—

Break sharply off their jolly games, Forsake their comrades gay And quit proud homes and youthful dames For famine, toil, and fray?

Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, I must
The youth replies I can.

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The Husband's Petition

(From "Bon Gaultier" Ballads.)

Come hither, my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee, And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee. I feel a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire, That glows beneath my bosom, like coals of kindled fire. Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, thy tresses on my cheek: I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with mine,

I know my soul's emotion is doubly felt by thine.

And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my love:

No, sweet, my love is shadowless, as yonder heaven above!

O, then, do not deny me my first and fond request: I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best, By that great vow which bound thee for ever to my side. And by the ring that made thee my darling and my bride! Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task:—Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask!

Music-pounding

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(From The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.)



HAVE been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flowers round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two and pluffed down onto it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand

basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as though she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop-so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of pumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music.

* * * Wanted—A Drink



(Time: 2 A. M.)

[&]quot;Ma, I want a drink!"

[&]quot;Hush, darling, turn over and go to sleep."

[&]quot;I want a drink!"

[&]quot;No, you are restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

⁽After five minutes.) "Ma, I want a drink!"

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink!"

"No, you don't want a drink; you had a drink just before you went to bed.

"But I want a drink."

"Now be still and go right to sleep."

"I do, too, want a drink!"

"Don't let me speak to you again, child; go to sleep." (After five minutes.) "Ma, won't you please give me a drink?"

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you.

Now go to sleep. You are a naughty girl."

(After two minutes.) "Ma, when you get up to spank me will you give me a drink?"

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The Tongue

BY PHILLIPS BURROWS STRONG.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill," declared the Greek. "The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword." The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue—an early death." Or sometimes takes this form instead: "Don't let your tongue cut off your head." "The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed." While Arab sage doth this impart: "The tongue's great store-house is the heart." From Hebrew hath the maxim sprung, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue." The sacred writer crowns the whole, "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Music on Rappahannock Waters

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain, Where Rappahannock's waters Ran, deeply crimsoned with the stain Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents In meads of heavenly azure; 'And each dread gun of the elements Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

'And now, where circling hills looked down, With cannon grimly planted O'er listless camp and silent town The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came A strain—now rich, now tender; The music seemed itself aflame With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks. Till, margined by its pebbles, One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks," And one was gay with "Rebels." Then all was still, and then the band, With movement light and tricksy, Made stream and forest, hill and strand Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow Went proudly o'er its pebbles, But thrilled throughout its deepest flow With yelling of the Rebels.

'Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
'And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew, To kiss the shining pebbles; Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang Above the stormy riot; No shout upon the evening rang— There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noisless flood Poured o'er the glistening pebbles; 'All silent now the Yankees stood, And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard That plaintive note's appealing, So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees, As by the wand of fairy, The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees, The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies Bend in their beauty o'er him; Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes, His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory waked by Music's art Expressed in simplest numbers, Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart, Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines, That bright, celestial creature, Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines, Gave this one touch of Nature.

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A Hen or a Horse

The following story is said to be a favorite with

William Jennings Bryan.

Two men were disputing as to who is really the head of the house, the husband or the wife. Each advanced his opinions, supported by such arguments as he could muster. As the discussion grew warmer a wager was made, and the two men set about proving their contentions. One said, "To every woman we find who is the head of the house I'll give a hen."

The other said, "To every man we find who is the

head of the house I'll give a horse."

So they set out with two hens and two horses. At the first house where they inquired a woman answered the door,—a slight, mild-mannered, little woman.

To her the question was put. "Madam, who is the

head of this house?"

The reply came promptly; she said gently, but firmly, "I am."

"Well we have a hen here for you."

At the next house the door was answered by a tall,

thin, hard-faced woman. To her the same question was put:

"Madam, who is the head of this house."

Even if the men had not heard her words her manner was sufficient answer to the question. She said "I am." They knew she was.

"Well, we have a hen for you."

They were out of hens, and were compelled to return for another supply.

At the third house where they inquired a man an-

swered the door.

"Sir, who is the head of this house?"

The man looked over his shoulder, and then said in a

voice hardly above a whisper, "I am."

"Well, sir," said the men at the door, "we have a horse for you. Indeed we have two horses, a white horse, and a bay horse, you may take your choice."

"Why, I'll take the bay horse."

Just then a woman's voice called out, "No, John, you take the white horse."

"Oh no, my dear, the bay horse is much the better animal.

"Why, John, the white is much prettier. Now, you take the white horse."

The men at the door said, "We will return presently and get your decision."

At the next house they lost another hen. Then they returned to get the decision about the horse. At the door they met the man and the woman, and inquired.

"Have you decided which horse you will take?"

To this the man replied, "Well, we have decided to take the white horse."

"Oh, no you don't, you get a hen."

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There was a grass widow quite proper, Who was formerly married to Hopper:

But he got a divorce, As a matter of course,

And the grass widow's now a grass-Hopper.
—Chicago Tribune.

John Marshall

BY RICHARD OLNEY.

[An extract. Delivered in Boston, 1901, at the celebration of the centennial of the installation of the first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.]



WISH to remark upon but three things connected with the career of John Marshall. It is not obvious what most of us are born for, nor why almost any one might as well not have been born at all. Occasionally, however, it is plain that a man is sent into

the world with a particular work to perform. If the man is commonly, though not always, unconscious of his mission, his contemporaries are as a rule equally blind, and it remains for after generations to discover that a man has lived and died for whom was set an appointed task, who has attempted and achieved it, and who has made the whole course of history different from what it would have been without him.

John Marshall had a mission of that sort to whose success intellect and learning of the highest order, as well as special legal ability and training, might well have proved inadequate. Yet—the mission being assumed the first thing I wish to note, and the wonderful thing, is that to all human appearances Marshall was meant to be denied anything like a reasonable opportunity to prepare for it. For education generally, for instance, he was indebted principally to his father, a small planter, who could have snatched but little leisure from the daily demands of an exacting calling, and presumably could not have spent all that little on the eldest of his fifteen children. The parental tuition was supplemented only by the son's attendance for a short period at a country academy and by the efforts of a couple of Scotch clergymen, each of whom successfully tutored him for about a year.

r It was all over before he was eighteen, when the shadow of the revolutionary struggle began to project itself over the land, and Marshall joined the Virginia militia and became immersed in military affairs. As lieutenant of militia and lieutenant and captain in the

Continental army he was in active service during almost the entire war, fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, was half-starved and half-frozen at Valley Forge, and during that terrible winter ate his share of the Dutch apple-pies, ever since historically famous for their capacity to be thrown across a room without damage to either inside or outside.

Marshall's opportunities as a student of law were on a par with his educational opportunities generally. Meagre as the knowledge and training thus acquired would seem to be, they sufficed to procure him his license, and in 1780 or 1781 he began to practice.

In this period arose and were settled the novel and difficult questions following in the wake of the War of Independence, questions of vital moment to each State as well as to the country at large. Marshall was in the thick of every discussion and every struggle. He was a member of the Virginia Assembly; an Executive Counsellor; general of militia; delegate to the State convention which adopted the Federal Constitution; member of Congress; envoy to France; and when he was appointed chief justice at the end of January, 1801, he was Secretary of State in John Adams' cabinet.

Contrast the poverty of this preparation with the greatness of the work before him. He probably did not appreciate it himself—it is certain, I think, that his fellow citizens and contemporaries were far from appreciating it.

The work Marshall was destined to undertake can be estimated only by considering its inherent character. All minor features being disregarded, there are two of capital importance. In the first place, here was a ship of state just launched which was to be run rigidly by chartby sailing directions laid down in advance and not to be departed from, whatever the winds or the waves or the surprises or perils of the voyage-in accordance with grants and limitations of power set forth in writing and not to be violated or ignored except at the risk and cost of revolution and civil war. The experiment thus inaugurated was unique in the history of civilized peoples and believed to be of immense consequence both to the American people and to the human race. But there were also wheels within wheels, and the experiment of government according to a written text entailed yet another, namely that of a judicial branch designed to keep all other branches within their prescribed spheres. To that end it was not enough to make the judicial branch independent of the legislative and executive branches. It was necessary to make it the final judge not only of the powers of those other departments, but of its own powers as well.

It was a national judiciary of this sort of which John Marshall became the head one hundred years ago. That he dominated his court on all constitutional questions is indubitable. That he exercised his mastery with marvelous sagacity and tact, that he manifested a profound comprehension of the principles of our constitutional government and declared them in terms unrivaled for their combination of simplicity and exactness, that he iustified his judgments by reasoning impregnable in point of logic and irresistible in point of persuasiveness—has not all this been universally conceded for the two generations since his death and will it not be found to have been universally voiced to-day wherever throughout the land this centenary has been observed? "All wrong," said John Randolph of one of Marshall's opinions-"All wrong-but no man in the United States can tell why or wherein he is wrong."

His Thousand Dollars

It was on the train between Pulaski, Va., and Bristol, Tenn. The bright little boy with two ladies was put across the aisle.

"Mamma, if I had a thousand dollars, do you know what I would do with it?"

"No, dearie."

"Well, I would give papa four hundred, 'cause he needs it."

"Yes, dearie."

"And I would give you five hundred, 'cause I love you."

"Kiss me, dearie."

"And I would give Aunt Mary one hundred dollars

if she would keep away from our house, and not come a visitin' there never anymore."

"Hush, dearie."

But somehow I knew that the third party was Aunt Mary.

-A. W. Hawks.

Repentance*

BY WALTER HACKETT.

OMMY sat alone in a darkened room of the deserted home, waiting. Oddly enough, for he was only a little child, he did not cry. He had lived alone in the darkened house for more than two weeks now. At first, after his father had been taken away, he

had had some company. Then one by one the servants had found other situations and departed, leaving him solitary and alone. He had stayed so until the day before, when a man had come and informed him that he could no longer remain in the house—it belonged to someone else now—and that he must go to an orphan asylum. He was waiting now for the man to come and take him there.

Tommy's mother had died when he was much younger. Her death had brought him so much closer to his father than children usually are. Their love for each other was very strong and very wonderful.

They had never even been separated until the night three weeks ago when the men had come for his father and taken him away. Why they had come or where they had taken him, Tommy did not clearly understand. In his childish mind he vaguely imagined that he had gone to his mother, so little did he understand of death. Often in his conscience he had pictured them meeting there with the sun shining and great trees throwing a cool shade all about. He wished so much that he might be with them. He had asked his father that night to take him, too; but for the first time his father had not

^{*}Reprinted from The Sunday Magazine, by special permission.

heeded him. Why, he did not, could not, understand. But then there was much about that night that was a mystery to him.

Just as always, his father had heard his prayers and tucked him in bed, and he had fallen asleep. Then, after a long time, though it was still dark, he had been awakened by unaccustomed noises in the house. He had paid no heed to them, for his sleep was heavy as is the sleep of childhood; but in a vague way they made him restless. Then suddenly the light in his room was switched on, and when he blinked open his stubborn eyes, his father, fully dressed, stood beside his bed. There were strange men there, too, men with heavy features and coarse faces who kept their hats on. Tommy did not like them.

His father knelt down beside the bed and took Tommy in his arms. Afterward Tommy remembered that his face was very pale, and the gentle voice trembled as he spoke. He said that he was going away for a long time, and that Tommy must be a brave boy, and a good boy always. The lad begged that he might be taken, too,

and clung to his father passionately.

Afterward the servants told Tommy that his father would never come back any more, and Tommy's childish mind conceived the idea that he was dead like his mother. He wished he was with them, and oh, how he wished it now as he sat there waiting to be taken to the orphan asylum! Then suddenly a shadow fell across him. Slowly he raised his tired little face and then gave a glad cry of surprise; for lo! his father stood before him. He stood there just as he used to stand when he was hearing Tommy's lessons, and yet not quite the same. About his face there was a subtle change. It had grown much older, somehow, and grimmer, and he was very white and worn; but the love light in the eyes was the same—so eloquent, so tender.

Tommy noticed all these things in the instant that he sat wondering and looking. Then he flung himself into the loving arms, and at last the tears that had denied him burst their gates, and he cried his little heart out against

his father's breast.

Presently he raised his face and looked in his father's eyes. "They told me you would never come back," he sobbed.

"They thought that I never would," his father replied gently, "but they did not know. They did not understand that love, true love, is the strongest thing in all the world; stronger than bolts or bars or life or death or shame and disgrace. And oh! my boy," he went on, his voice trembling strangely, "I love you very dearly. I have wronged you, Tommy, very deeply; I have wronged you. Just how you are too young to understand now, but when you are older you will remember what I say and think what my repentance must be when I know that the thing I love must suffer for my sin. Only those we love can wrong us past all help; but oh! believe that from their shame may spring the noblest and the purest love in all the world."

Tommy could not understand all this. Indeed, the only thing he gathered was that his father still loved him, more perhaps than ever, and it made him very happy. So he clung to him the more closely and began to weep afresh. The father let him cry for a time, and then stooped over him.

"There, there!" he said with something of his old soothing manner—"there, there! You must brace up now, Tommy, for I've come to take you away."

"Oh! are we going to mamma?" cried Tommy, bright-

ening.

A shade crossed the man's face. "No," he said, "not yet—not quite. But we are going far away, just you and I, and we are going to be together for a time; until I know that you are cared for. They could not hold me unless I knew that."

"You'll never leave me again," said Tommy promptly, taking the man's hand; but he did not see the look of pain that shot momentarily across his face.

Then the man told the boy that they would steal away quietly, so that none might know the way they had gone or could follow them and intercept them. They were going to be entirely alone. The boy clapped his hands as he heard the plan. They made him very happy.

At last they started. They left the house by an unfrequented way, and, dodging through alleys and vacant spaces, gained the open country. Once there, they did not follow the main traveled roads, as Tommy would have done, but climbed fences and walked through fields

and over steep hills or through thickets. When night fell the city lay far behind them, and they were in a grove through which there flowed a stream of clear, cool water. Then the father made a fire and cooked some bacon and coffee. When they had eaten they went to sleep upon the bare ground, clasped in each other's arms.

For many days they lived like this—Gypsy life, tramping over the country, avoiding houses and settlements, and resting beneath the open sky. The boy thrived in the new life. The natural savage and nomad within sprang to meet the call. Those roving days were his happiest. With the man it was different. Older and more settled, the exposure told upon him. Each day he grew more weary and more wan, until at last, after a harder tramp than usual, he lay down upon the grass and said, "I can go no farther."

In the distance there was a farmhouse. The boy pointed it out to his father. "You can rest there, father," he said.

The father assented with an oddly submissive gesture, an action that seemed to indicate the powerlessness of man against fate, and they approached the farm. The farmer and his wife, good simple people who were bent and aged by a life of unremitting toil, welcomed them and made them comfortable.

Here they stayed for many days. The boy played among the trees, while the man rested and tried to regain his strength. But it seemed as though it could never be. The lassitude which had fastened itself upon him would not be shaken, and as he realized it he grew more wan and pale. One day he took the boy in his arms.

"I promised to stay with you, Tommy," he said, "until your future was secure; but oh! I am so afraid, so afraid!"

The farmer and his wife were very poor. Their farm was under a heavy mortgage, and the sterile soil refused to yield enough to pay the interest. Their failure to do so meant that it would be taken from them; and, barren and bleak as it was, it was their home.

The man, as he lay upon his bed of pain, used to hear them talking of it. He used to hear them join their prayers to the all-merciful God to spare it to them. He envied them that they could pray. One day he heard them while he was idly reading a newspaper which the farmer had bought. Suddenly his eye fell upon a paragraph that made his whole frame tense and his breath come quickly. It related the full incidents of the escape from prison of a bank cashier who had been convicted of embezzlement, and stated that a reward of five thousand dollars would be paid for information leading to his capture. The man lay gazing at it for a long time. He lay there and heard the farmer and his wife pray, and then he heard Tommy enter the room and tell them that he loved them better than anybody in the world but his father.

The farmer said, "If we had had a son like this" (they were childless), "it might have been different,

Ethel."

And as those sad words drifted to his ears, his jaws set and in his eyes there came a great resolution. Presently, when the wife and the boy had gone beyond hearing, he called the farmer to his side.

"Listen," he said: "the mortgage on your farm falls due next week, and you have no way to meet it. That is

true?"

The farmer bowed his head.

"If you do not secure the money, you and your wife must leave here and wander forth with no covering to hide you from the bitter winter that is coming on so fast."

Again the farmer bowed his head; but the man could see that his face had grown gray with the anguish of it.

"Listen still more," he continued solemnly. "If I should show you how you could obtain this money honorably—not enough to pay the interest only, but the principal as well—if I should show you the way, would you swear by the God who is above you to do what I ask?"

"I would be grateful all my life," said the farmer brokenly. "If you know a way, for God's sake tell me, tell me at once!"

"Wait," said the man, raising his hand—"wait! It is my boy of whom I am thinking. If I tell you how to secure this money, promise me that you will watch over him all the days of your life; promise me that you will cherish him and love him; that you will teach him to

walk in paths of honor and righteousness; that you will show him that only the hard way of duty leads to happiness; that you will bring him at last to man's estate as a man should come, strong and brave and gentle."

The farmer raised his hand. "All these things I

promise, so help me God!" he said.

For a long time the man gazed at him. At last he spoke. "I am a fugitive from justice," he said, "a criminal. There is a price upon my head."

The farmer gazed at him in wide-eyed amazement and started to speak, but the man raised his hand authorita-

tively.

"No!" he commanded. "Hear me to the end. I said there was a price upon my head. It is five thousand dollars. Oh, I am not lying; you will find it in the paper there. Go to the nearest town, tell them I am here, and claim the reward; it is more than you need. And then afterward," he paused for a brief moment, "look after the boy."

The farmer rose and strode up and down the room. "Don't ask me! Don't say any more!" he exclaimed.

"I couldn't! It's blood money!"

The man looked at him curiously. "Think!" he exclaimed. "Sooner or later they will take me. I cannot escape them always, and then the boy will be uncared for. Now I know he will be safe, and I can gladly do what I must do. Oh, man, man?" he cried passionately, "I have counted the cost; I must stand my punishment. But as you love the God to whom you pray, do not make my load heavier to bear!"

All that evening the farmer and the man talked in whispers. The following morning they had another talk, and then the farmer hitched his horse and drove away

toward the village.

After he had gone the man seemed happier and stronger than he had been in many days. He managed to go for a ramble with the boy, and he talked to him of many things; of the high ambitions of his boyhood, of the happy days of his married life, of the boy's mother. All his life the boy remembered that talk and cherished it as his most blessed memory. Then they returned to the house and went to their room. There the man made the boy go down upon his knees and pray for himself and

his father. When he was done, his father took him in his arms and made him promise that never, no matter what temptations came, would he forget his honor. He was still holding the boy when there came a knock upon the door. The man opened it, and, seeing the farmer there, stepped quickly into the hall and closed the door behind him.

"Well," he asked breathlessly, "did you succeed?"

The farmer nodded. "The men are waiting for you downstairs now," he answered.

The man gasped, and for a weak moment leaned against the wall.

The farmer motioned toward the room. "Don't you

wish to say good-bye?" he said.

"No," the man answered; "I can't bear any more!"

Then he gathered himself together and started to descend. Once he paused. "You will keep your promise?" he asked, looking fixedly at the farmer's face.

The latter returned the gaze solemnly. "I will, so

help me God!" he replied.

That was all. Without another word, the man walked through the door and climbed into the wagon in which some strange men were waiting. At once they drove him away, and sadly the farmer turned and started up the stairs to the little boy, who sat waiting for his father to return.

You may know that the man's sacrifice was not in vain, for there came a time when Tommy was elected Governor of his State and honored by all who knew him. It was Tommy himself who told me his father's story. He had died in prison; but Tommy had had the body removed to a quiet country churchyard, and placed over it a stone with the man's name, under which were these words, "There is a repentance more noble than innocence itself."

As we stood beside the grave when he had finished, Tommy turned to me suddenly and said, "He died in prison a convicted felon; but I think he was as good a man as ever lived."

The Fleet*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

This is the song of the thousand men, who are multiplied by twelve,

Sorted and sifted, tested, tried, and muscled to dig and delve.

They come from the hum of city and shop, they come from the farm and field,

And they plow the acres of ocean now, but tell me! what is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet the battle and gale,

And in every one we have thrown away a Harvard or a Yale.

In them are the powers of Pittsburg, the mills of Lowell, and Lynn,

And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe, but tell me! what do they spin?

This is the song of the myriad miles from Hampton to the Horn,

From the Horn away to that western bay, whence our guns were proudly borne;

A royal fleet and a host of hands to carry these rounds of shot?

And behold! they have girdled the globe itself, and what is the gain they have brought?

This is the song of the Wasters—well, "Defenders," if you please,

Defenders against our fellows, with their wasters, even as these,

For we will not learn the lesson known since ever the years were young,

That the chief defense which a nation needs is to guard its own hand and tongue.

This is the song of our folly that we cry out a glad ac-

At these slaughtering ships in the shadow of which we should bow our heads in shame.

That we clap applause, that we cry hurrahs, that we vent our unthinking breath,

For oh, we are proud that we flaunt this flesh in the markets of dismal death!

This is the song of our sinning (for the fault is not theirs, but ours,)

That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships, as the symbol of our powers;

And we crown men brave, who on land and wave fear not to die, but still,

Still first on the rolls of the world's great souls are the men who have feared to kill.

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A Fallen Star

BY ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Thirty years ago I was a fav'rite at the "Vic."

A finished actor, not a cuff-and-collar shooting stick.

I roused the house to laughter, or called forth the silent tear.

And made enthusiastic gods vociferously cheer.
Those were the days, the palmy days of Histrionic Art;
Without a moment's notice I'd go on for any part.
I do not wish to gas, I merely state in self-defence,
The denizens of New Cut thought my Hamlet was immense.

Thirty years ago! I can hear them shout "Bravo!"
When after fighting armies I could never show a scar.
That time, alas! is gone, and the light that erstwhile shone
Was the light of a falling star.

From patrons of the circle, too, I had my meed of praise. The ladies all admired me in those happy, halcyon days.

My charm of manner, easy grace, and courtly old-world air,

Heroic bursts of eloquence, or villain's dark despair.

I thrilled my audience, thrilled 'em as they never had been thrilled!

And filled the theatre nightly as it never had been filled! Right through the mighty gamut of emotions I could range,

From classic Julius Cæsar to the "Idiot of the Grange."

Thirty years ago! I was someone in the show,

And now I pass unrecognized in a crowded street or bar,

The firmament of fame holds no record of my name, The name of a fallen star!

The Dramas that I played in were not all upon the stage, Nor did I in an hour become the petted of the age.

Oft in my youthful days I've sung "Hot Codlins" as the Clown,

And turned my face away to hide the tear-drops rolling down.

And when the pit and gallery saw I'd wiped the paint

They shouted: "Go it, Joey!" "Ain't 'e funny? Hip hooray!"

My triumphs and my failures, my rise, and then my fall! They've rung the bell, the curtain's down, I'm waiting for my call!

Bills—not those I owe—but old play-bills of the show, My name as Hamlet, Lear, Virginius, Shylock, Ingomar! The laurel on my brow—a favorite—and now

Forgotten! A fallen star.

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A young lady residing at Glass, Ill.,
Said to her best beau, "Alas, Will,
You call night and day
And have so much to say
That the neighbors call you my Gas Bill."
—Chicago News.

He Worried About It

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more—
And he worried about it.

It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before—
And he worried about it.

It will surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientifical books he had read,
And the whole boundless universe then will be dead—
And he worried about it.

And some day the earth will fall into the sun—
And he worried about it—

Just as sure and as straight as if shot from a gun—
And he worried about it.

"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps,
Just picture," he said "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps"—
And he worried about it.

And the earth will become much too small for the race—
And he worried about it—
When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space—
And he worried about it.
The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,
That there won't be room for one's tongue to stick out,
Nor room for one's thoughts to wander about—
And he worried about it.

And the Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrider—

And he worried about it—
Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida—
And he worried about it.

Our ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens, And crocodiles block up our mowing machnes. And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans—

And he worried about it.

And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt— And he worried about it—

Our supply of lumber and coal will give out— And he worried about it.

Just then the ice-age will return cold and raw, Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in

As if vainly beseeching a general thaw—And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing—half a dollar a day— He didn't worry about it—

His daughter sewed shirts the rude grocer to pay— He didn't worry about it.

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub, He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub— He didn't worry about it.

Liberty Jack*

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

(London, Easter, 1900.)

I saw him tumble out of the train in his jacket of navy-blue,

Hero of Ladysmith landing safe in the bustle of Water-loo.

And bang, bang, bang went the slamming doors, guards whistled and engines screamed,

While he stood in the whirl of the surging throng and buttoned his jacket and beamed;

He carried his luggage all serene in a handkerchief neatly tied,

And the schoolboy getting a play-box out looked up at his cap with pride,—

Looked at the name perched over the keen blue eyes of Liberty Jack—

^{*}From "The Handy Man, and other Verses."

Letters of faded gold that loomed on a ribbon of rusty black.

Home again from fighting, home from battle's toil Standing glad and hearty once again on English soil, Merry as a schoolboy, modest as a maid—

He who dragged his gun and lent a stricken town his aid!

I saw him swing up a Surrey lane, his little red load in his hand,

He blew great clouds from his pipe to sail o'er the ripple of meadow-land,

He held his head in the air and drew the breath of the soil to his lungs

As he strode to the village that gave him birth, and the music of English tongues;

I saw him pause at a cottage door, under a roof of thatch,

Pause with a smile, for an eager hand was fumbling the clumsy latch.

Then I heard the door on its hinges creak—a cry, and a sudden run;

And the mother had opened her trembling arms and gathered her gallant son.

Home again from fighting, home from off the sea, Kissing dear old mother with the children round his knee, Joining in the laughter, leading in the game—

He who manned his gun and saved a town from bitter shame.

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Following Orders

There is a funny story told about Mr. Hadley, of Yale, who one day left the railroad station in great haste, dashed into a cab, and shouted, "Drive fast, drive fast." Up one street and down another they went, until he called to the driver:

"Are we nearly there?"

"Damned if I know; where are you going?"

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BY

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ANDRES REQUEST TO WISHINGTON	Doles	$\tilde{25}$
THE MOURNER	Daly	20
MY LITTLE BOY	Joyce	25
ONE LIT' LAMB	Young	25
WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH TO THE DANDELION ALL HIGHLAND MARY THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN TWO LOVERS THE PATRIOT ROSA MOTHER AND POET LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT THE QUAKER WIDOW MY YOUNG UN MY WIFE AND CHILD A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS THE BLIND BOY ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY A BACHELOR'S SUPPER I USED TO KNOW YOUR MA A SONG OF THE FACTORY THE BOY WHO SAID "G'WAN" BLACK SHEEP THE END OF THE TASK THE PRINCE OF ILLUSION ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON THE MOURNER MY LITTLE BOY ONE LI'L' LAMB THE WAIFS	Foley	25
INE WAIRS	Dila	$\widetilde{25}$
"MOTHER"	Riley	
THE DREAM AND THE DEED	McNally	25
MY LITTLE BOY ONE LI'L' LAMB THE WAIFS "MOTHER" THE DREAM AND THE DEED A ROSE THE STORY OF THE WRINKLES	Bates	25
THE STODY OF THE WRINKIES	Neshit	25
THE STOKE OF THE MELLEDES		

PEACE AND PAIN O'Reilly THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN Tarkington AFTERWARDS Maclaren ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA Whittier	. 25
THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAINTarkington	25
AFTERWARDS	26
ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA	26
HELENE THAMRE	26
OLIVER TWIST STARTS OUT INTO THE WORLD	26
MRS. MAVOR'S STORY Connor MADONNA OF THE TUBS Phelps	26
WADONNA OF THE TIPS Phelos	27
I ADDIF	$\overline{27}$
LADDIE THE SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE. Buckham THE MEASURE OF THE GHETTO Lopez	27
THE MEASURE OF THE GHETTOLopez	27
THE DETIEN OF EVOLUTIONS TENDINGON	28
DAVID COPPERFIELDDickens	28
DAVID COPPERFIELD Dickens THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR Thackeray	28
THE IVY GREEN	29
THE CRACKAJACK STORYKellock	29
KALLUNDBORG CHURCH Whittier WHEN THE COWS COME HOME Mitchell	29
WHEN THE COWS COME HOMEMitchell	29 29
THE STOLEN SONG Williams THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY Cary	29
MOTHERHOOD Recon	$\frac{29}{29}$
MOTHERHOOD Bacon THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY Maclaren A WOMAN'S QUESTION Browning THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER Browning	30
A WOMAN'S OUESTION Browning	30
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER Browning	30
URISTINABrowning	30
AFTERMATH Allen NIXIE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD Daulton	30
NIXIE OF THE NEIGHBORHOODDaulton	30
GOD LOVED THE LILIES. Preston CHARLES DICKENS Hodge THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY Hale	30
CHARLES DICKENS	30
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY	31 31
DOLL CALL CHARD Chaphard	31
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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. Finch	31
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THE PAGE 13TH CHARLES	
THE ROSE AND THE GARDENERDobson	1
THE CAP THAT FITS Dobson	1
THE CURE'S PROGRESS Dobson THE RECESSIONAL Kipling	$\frac{1}{3}$
THE HINT Roker	4
THE HUNT Baker BALLADE OF FRANCOIS VILLON Swain	$\overline{4}$
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB Love	$\overline{4}$
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB Love THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD Warren	5
THE STIRRUP CUPLanier	5
THE STIRRUP CUP Lanier DAS KRIST KINDEL Riley	5
OPPORTUNITYSill	7
LULLABY Foley THE BRAVEST BATTLE Miller	7 7
THE BRAVEST BATTLEMiller	
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MY SHIPS Wilcox IO VICTIS Story DOORS OF DARING Van Dyke	8
BEDOUIN LOVE SONG Van Dyke Taylor	8 8
DEDOUGH LOVE SONG1 aylor	0

THE SONG OF THE MAN Abbott 8 YOUTH AND LOVE Stevenson 9 TO HELEN Poe 9 MY WISH Rogers 9 UP-HILL Rossetti 9 THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS Chester 9 OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT Moore 9 THE LOST LEADER Browning 11
THE THROSTLE Tennyson 12 THE LADY OF SHALOTT Tennyson 12 COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD Tennyson 12 CROSSING THE BAR Tennyson 12 EVOLUTION Tabb 12
EVOLUTION
SLEEP Mrs. Browning 13 WATCHWORDS Coxe 13 SPRING Thaxter 17 OUT IN THE FIELDS Mrs. Browning 17 THE DIVINE FIRE Gilder 17 ONLY A MAN Hopper 22 THE BROOK IN THE HEART Dickinson 24 A VAGABOND SONG Carman 24 BEFORE THE GATES Stanton 24
BEFORE THE GATES Stanton 24 THE VAGABOND Stevenson 25 INISHAIL Anon 25 SING HEIGH-HO! Kingsley 25 THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN Blake 25 THE MOUNTAINS Tynan 26
CHILD LIFE AND FOR CHILDREN Of the 120 selections in The Speaker No. 14, over 100 are
suitable for children to recite.
ONE, TWO, THREE Bunner 1 THE SHAVE STORE Cooke 3 THE MOO COW MOO Cooke 3 BROTHER WOLF & THE HORNED CATTLE Harris A SUMMER LULLABY Bumstead 3 THE FIRST NOWELL Old Carol 1 TINY TIM ("CHRISTMAS CAROL") Dickens 3 THE FAIRIES Allingham QUEEN MAB Hood 3 THE STAR SONG Herrick 3 O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM Brooks 3 SANTA CLAUS Anon 3 THE FLAG GOES BY Bennett 3 POCAHONTAS Thackeray A FAREWELL Kingsley 3 TODAY Carlyle 3 BE TRUE Bonar 3

GOOD BOY LAND	Riake	3
GOOD BOY LAND	Al	3
THE FIR TREE	.Anderson	0
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE	Stevenson	3
THE LAYD OF YOU	Stevenson	3
THE LAND OF NOD	Fermison	ž
THE LAND OF NOD AULD DADDY DARKNESS THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT	.1 CI guson	9
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT	Lear	3
THE ANCEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT THE ANGEL'S WHISPER THE LOST DOLL WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? PO' LITTLE LAMB LITTLE BROWN BABY AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.	Kingsley	3
THE LOST DOLL	Child	ğ
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST:	Cima	ี
PO' LITTLE LAMB	Dunbar	3
TITTLE BROWN BARY	Dunbar	3
AN THE DROWN OF THE EDENCH CAMP	Proming	3
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAME	.Diowing	ő
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF	Scon	9
CONCORD HYMN	Emerson	3
CONCORD HYMN A HOWDY SONG	Harris	ත ත ත ත ත ත ත ත ත ත ත ත
DIDIO TAIDY TAID	Riley	3
BUD'S FAIRY TALE	Classes	9
THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN'	51055011	3 3
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY	.Tennyson	3
UADDV IN MV IOT	Ewing	3
DALLI IN MI DOI TOTALLO	Anon	3
A HOWDY SONG BUD'S FAIRY TALE THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN' WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY HAPPY IN MY LOT THE VICTOR OF MARENGO MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF	D 1	3
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF	Konerts	9
TITTLE NELL	Dickens	3
DADCIEAL THE PURE	Wagner	3
TARSIPAL THE TORE THE TRINK	Violing	4
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRONK	Kripiting	4
THE OWL	. I ennyson	
LADY MOON	.Houghton	4
ITAN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
TYP OF DOLL	Thomas	$\bar{4}$
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF. LITTLE NELL PARSIFAL THE PURE HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK. THE OWL LADY MOON HYMN OF A CHILD THE OLD DOLL LITTLE CHRISTEL DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY THE LARK AND THE ROOK. A LITTLE KNIGHT ERRANT A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA THE PLAY'S THE THING. THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN ARDELIA IN ARCADY	Inomas	4
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THE LARK AND THE ROOK	Anon	4
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A LITTLE ANIGHT EARTH I		
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA	Martin	55555
THE PLAY'S THE THING	Martın	ð
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ARDELIA IN ARCADY CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR. LULLABY UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Daskam	5
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DICES LEGISTANI DEFINI	Cillian	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS	Guman	19
THE SLEEPY SONG	Daskam	13
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A DOI 3 FLEDGE	Dallacin	19
A TEMPERANCE SUNG	paidwin	
WHEN I'M A MAN	Douglas	19
THE BOTTLE IMP	Thaver	19
TITTE CICTED	Gileon	20
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